Liberty

SEPT. 11, 1943 10c

Book: GRAHAM GREENE'S MINISTRY OF FEAR

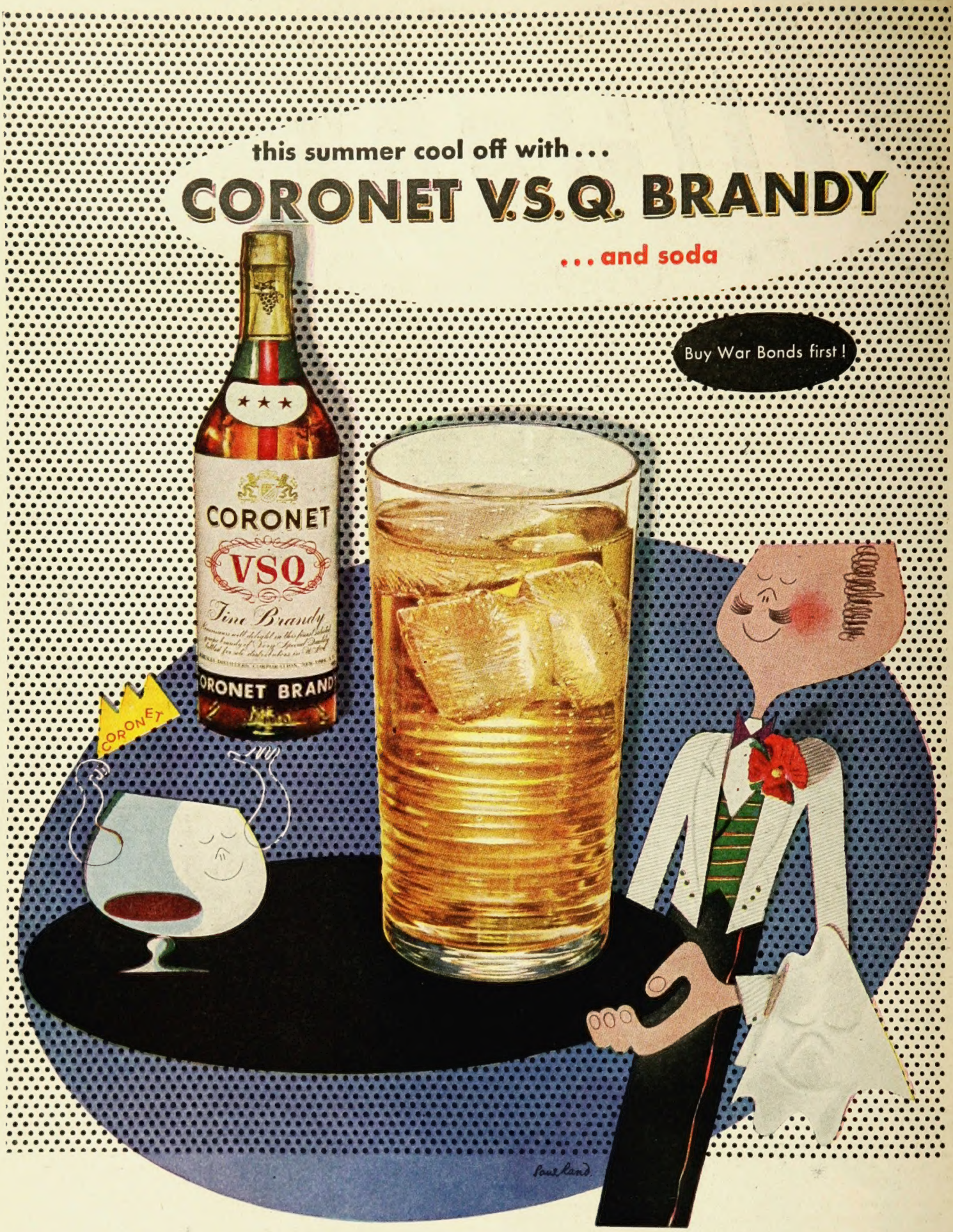
WHAT'S AHEAD FOR THE MOTORIST by Harold L. Ickes

this summer cool off with . . .

CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY

. . . and soda

Buy War Bonds first!



Ah!* Coronet Brandy *and Soda on a summer's day! Cooling . . . refreshing . . . as you sip . . . and after.* Coronet Brandy *gives you everything you enjoy in a delicious tall drink . . . plus the rich aroma of a distinguished brandy. Try it . . . now!

The torch of liberty, don't dim it. Buy U. S. War Bonds to your limit.

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To the World—a Woman of Virtue · · but ASK the Men in her Life

THIS ASTOUNDING STORY OF A "MAINE CLEOPATRA"

the truth known only to her husbands, her sons, her lovers

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BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

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Doubleday One Dollar Book Club,
Dept. 9L, Garden City, New York.

Please enroll me free for one year as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me at once THE STRANGE WOMAN FREE. With this book will come my first issue of the free monthly Club magazine called, "The Bulletin," describing the one-dollar bargain book for the following month and several other alternate bargains which are sold for $1.00 each to members only. Each month I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selection and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the alternate bargains at the Special Club price of $1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. And I pay nothing except $1.00 for each selection received, plus a few cents handling and shipping costs.

Mr.
Mrs. .....
Miss (PLEASE PRINT)

St. & No. .....

City..... State.....

If under 21,
Occupation..... Age please.....

Slightly higher in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto

This one's going to hurt!

Invasion comes high—in blood and money.

Part of the cost must be paid with human life. That means deep and lasting hurt for many and many an American family.

Part of the cost must be paid in cash . . . this September. And *that's* going to hurt, too!

The 3rd War Loan Drive is here!

To pay for invasion—to get the money to keep our fighting machine going—you, and every man or woman in America, are asked to invest in at least one extra $100 Bond in September.

$100 EXTRA, mind you—for *everybody!*

No man or woman can hold back. No one can point to his Payroll buying and say, "They don't mean me!" No one can say, "I'm already lending 10% or 12% or 20%—I'm doing enough!"

Sure—it's going to hurt. It's going to take more than spare cash this time—just money that might have gone for fun. It's going to take money you have tucked away. It's going to take part of the money we've been living on—that might have meant extra clothes or food! Money that might have gone for *anything* that we can do without!

Sure—it'll be tough to dig up that extra money. But we've got to do it—and *we will.*

We'll do it partly because of the look that would come over the faces of our fighting men if we should fail. We'll do it partly because the cheapest way out of this whole rotten business is to chip in all we can and help end it quick. We'll do it partly because there's no finer, *safer* investment in the world than a U. S. War Bond.

But mostly, we'll do it because America is right smack in the middle of the biggest, deadliest, dirtiest war in history.

And we're Americans.

Back the attack with War Bonds

This space contributed to the Third War Loan Campaign by

"Liberty Magazine."

In This Week's Liberty

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COVER: DEL HOLCOMB

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Liberty, September 11, 1943. Vol. 20, No. 37. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at th Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow thirty (30) days for Liberty to reach you.

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

7 things you should do to keep prices down!

If prices soar, this war will last longer, and we could all go broke when it's over. Uncle Sam is fighting hard to keep prices *down*. But he can't do it alone. It's up to *you* to battle against any and every rising price! To help win the war and keep it from being a hollow victory afterward—you must *keep prices down*. And here's how you can do it:

1. BUY ONLY WHAT YOU NEED

Don't buy a *thing* unless you *cannot* get along without it. Spending can't create more goods. It makes them scarce and prices go up. So make everything you own last longer. "Use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without."

2. PAY NO MORE THAN CEILING PRICES

If you do pay more, you're party to a black market that boosts prices. And if prices go up through the ceiling, your money will be worth less. Buy rationed goods only with stamps.

3. SUPPORT HIGHER TAXES

It's easier and cheaper to pay for the war as you go. And it's better to pay big taxes *now*—while you have the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to bid for scarce goods and boost prices.

4. PAY OFF OLD DEBTS

Paid-off debts make you independent now . . . and make your position a whale of a lot safer against the day you may be earning less. So pay off every cent you owe—and avoid making new debts as you'd avoid heiling Hitler!

5. DON'T ASK MORE MONEY

in wages, or in prices for goods you have to sell. That puts prices up for the things all of us buy. We're all in this war together—business men, farmers and workers. Increases come out of everybody's pocket—including *yours*.

6. SAVE FOR THE FUTURE

Money in the savings bank will come in handy for emergencies. And money in life insurance protects your family, protects you in old age. See that you're ready to meet any situation.

7. BUY WAR BONDS

and hold them. Buy as many as you can. Then cut corners to buy more. Bonds put money to work fighting the war instead of letting it shove up prices. They mean safety for you tomorrow. And they'll help keep prices down today.

KEEP PRICES DOWN . . .

Use it up . . . Wear it out . . .

Make it do . . . Or do without.

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

HOW DRY WE ARE!

ELMHURST, N. Y.—The bottle held in the hand of the Mullin cartoon character in Paul Hunter's editorial (Victory Through Triviality, July 24 Liberty) is erroneously labeled.

Fine (pronounced Fin) Champagne is a liqueur brandy distilled from grapes grown in the champagne region of France, and has never, to my knowledge, been used in the christening of ships.

The word Brut (pronounced broot) is never used in connection with brandy but rather in connection with wines—notably champagne.—*Dan W. O'Connor.*

Being teetotalers, naturally we wouldn't know. So thank you, Mr. O'Connor.

ATASCADERO, CALIF.—Victory Through Triviality, Paul Hunter's editorial, speaks volumes. I have just resigned from a government job because I became so utterly disgusted at seeing every day such criminal waste. I worked on that job for two years and know whereof I speak. If any corporation or business were run in such a manner it would go in the hands of a receiver in no time.—*Ernest Y. Strong.*

LAKE PLACID, FLA.—Victory Through Triviality is an amazing showing up of the damn-fool dumbbells in the line-up of the New Deal, raw deal, or misdeal—whichever way it is looked at.—*F. G. Baldus.*

TOPS—AND SO'S THE SERGEANT

APO 709, c/o POSTMASTER, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I read the condensation of John Hersey's novel Into the Valley

in June 5 Liberty. I enjoyed reading it so much that I recommended it to my entire company as a "must" on their reading list. Every man agreed it was "tops."—*Donald R. Richards, 1st Sergeant, 113th Ord. Co. (m.m.)*

PAGE THE OPA

GAINESVILLE, TEX.—This town I'm living in is a small town. Before the Army set up a camp about four miles out, the people made their livings mostly by farming. Since the Army has arrived they're getting rich.

Nine months ago the cab fare here was $1 from town to camp for a cab-load of soldiers. Today it's $3.50. They rent ordinary everyday tourist cabins to the soldiers' wives at the outrageous prices of $14 to $20 a week. A month's rent at that price from a soldier's pay doesn't leave much. Nine months ago a steak the size of an ordinary plate was 50 cents. Today a steak much smaller and much less tasty costs from $1.25 to $1.75. Everything else has climbed in proportion.

If it were any other than the armed forces, who are giving so much for so little in return and giving it gladly and without hesitation, I'd say, let it go; but I do wholeheartedly object to this treatment of the United States soldiers and I do think something can and should be done.—*Betty J. Bowman.*

THE VOTES ROLL IN!

QUEENS VILLAGE, N. Y.—Three cheers for Charles B. Hendershot for suggesting more articles on musical personalities (August 7 Vox Pop). Who would be a better person to profile than the King of Sing, Frank Sinatra?

I'm always anxious to read Liberty, but I am looking forward to an article on "Our Boy" Swoonatra.—*Marie Smith.*

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—I would like to read about Frank Sinatra. I would like some good pictures of him, too.—*Julia Andrews.*

AVON, N. J.—I agree with Charles Hendershot that you should have more articles about stars of the music world. How about Frank Sinatra? Here's hoping.—*Anne M. Counidan.*

HICKSVILLE, N. Y.—How about a story on Frank Sinatra?—*Sherry Steward.*

UNIQUE—LIKE THE STORY

DELPHOS, OHIO—Among all the war articles it's refreshing to read a down-to-earth story like Ozark Justice (July 17 Liberty), but its author made one glaring mistake.

Here in Delphos, Ohio, where we have probably more old-time handle-makers than any other city, we never heard of an elm ax handle. We have made hickory handles, especially from shellbark and pignut hickory, that while green could be bent double without breaking and would spring back and, even after drying, would still retain their spring.

But a "green elm handle with the spring of a buggy whip"—well, we agree with author Colter, there never was "another like it."—*F. S. Bowers.*

SOCIAL SECURITY

WATERBURY, CONN.—I read with much interest Ray Giles' article about our Social Security system. It was the first thorough explanation I had seen in the press. That it benefits the majority of our workers below the $3,000 yearly income bracket I do not doubt. But how about the millions left out? I was seventy-one in 1935 when it was first adopted, working in one of our large factories. In 1938 I was laid off.

The small pension the factory had previously paid men with twenty-five years' service was discontinued when the first Social Security system went into effect in 1935.

Let us have a fair Social Security system for all the people.—*Thorlef Johnson.*

PLEASE EXCUSE

In July 31 Vox Pop Miss Edith Pearson of Colorado Springs, Colorado, offered the suggestion that, as Winston Churchill had referred to Hitler by his former army title of "corporal," that title was no longer worthy to be borne by any American soldier, and that for the future the word corporal be replaced by the Indian word "sachem," meaning "chief."

Perhaps under the influence of the terrifically hot weather we have had, the artist misinterpreted Miss Pearson's letter, for he pictured Hitler as an Indian—which was certainly the last thing Miss Pearson or Liberty intended. We extend the artist's and Liberty's apologies to the members of all the tribes of American Indians, whose record in this war, as in World War I, is an enviable one.—VOX POP EDITOR.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

SUPPOSE YOU

were told you had to play the part of a gorilla in Central Park, what would you do? The young lady on the left, a mail clerk with Republic Pictures, was suddenly given that part without any warning, and she played it to the hilt for that illustration on page 14.

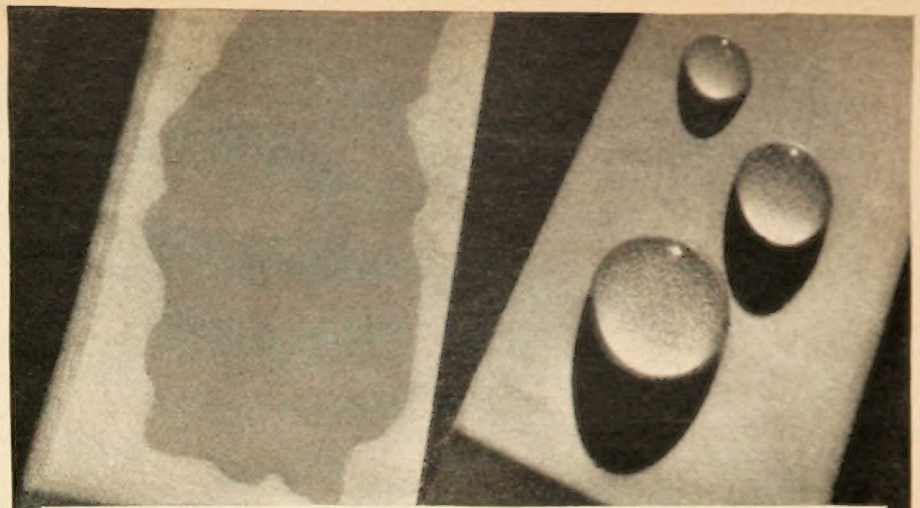
AS USUAL,

Harold L. Ickes gives it to us straight from the shoulder in What's Ahead for the Motorist in this issue, but as we went to press he was promising a better deal. Like many another curmudgeon, as he likes to call himself, his growl can hide a grin.

THOSE WHO

read her Let Them Eat Snails in June 5 Liberty will be eager to relish Paula LeCler's touch of humor in Let Them Wear Lace! elsewhere in these pages. Paula is very much of a roving correspondent, having spent time in twenty-five countries in the Old World and made three separate trips to the fighting zones.

THE EDITORS.



Enlarged close-up of two porcelain insulating plates. The left, untreated, is made useless by a film of water. The right, treated with G-E Dri-film, repels the water, and the three remaining drops will roll off if the plate is tipped.

How to cure a Flying Radio's LARYNGITIS

THERE USED TO BE a lot of trouble, every time an American pilot in a dogfight dropped a radio set 20,000 feet. Not crash trouble, for in the cases we're talking about the radio was in the plane and the pilot pulled out of the dive.

But sometimes the radio lost its voice. For the sudden plunge

from cold to warmer air produced condensation of moisture—like the fog that collects on your glasses when you come indoors on a winter's day. A film of moisture formed on the radio's insulators; the film let the electricity leak away; the radio quit dead! And that was bad—since a modern fighting plane depends almost as much on its radio as it does on its wings.

But not so long ago General Electric scientists found a way around this difficulty. For if a porcelain insulator is exposed, for just a few seconds, to the vapor of a composition called G-E Dri-film—then the whole nature of the insulator's surface is changed. It looks just the same, but moisture doesn't gather any longer in a conducting film. Instead, it collects in isolated droplets that don't bother the radio a bit. The set keeps right on talking.

Today the voices of most military radios are being safeguarded by treating their insulators with G-E Dri-film. And the research that cures a radio's laryngitis is the same kind that has licked the problems of the turbo-supercharger, and has packed the driving power of a destroyer into turbines not much bigger than a couple of trunks. It's the kind of research we're counting on, tomorrow, to turn the discoveries of wartime into peacetime products we can all use. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.*

The best investment in the world is in this country's future—

BUY WAR BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Hear the General Electric Radio Programs: The "Hour of Charm" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" News, Weekdays 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS

Capt. S. H. de Kantzow (right) pointing to Chungking area where he and Capt. H. Woods, chief pilot of the China National Aviation Corp., fly passengers and vital cargo over hazardous routes. The C. N. A. C. is a joint operation of the Chinese government and the Pan American System.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Postwar Preview

Two new types of airplane will receive much attention from aircraft designers after the war. One has already been widely publicized but is not as near to becoming an aerial vehicle as most people think. That's the helicopter, of which only a handful have actually been built so far in this country. The helicopter holds great promise, and can be a very practical machine for war purposes right now. But many refinements are needed before you can buy it on Main Street for $500 down.

The other type has not been in the limelight, but, take our word for it, it will be. It's the "flying wing," a tailless type of plane which the engineers maintain is the true flying machine to get the best aerodynamic results with greatest efficiency and pay load. It is purely experimental right now, but one of these days you'll be quite surprised to learn of the work already accomplished. Like the helicopter, it's a far cry from the conventional type of airplane you are used to seeing.

The helicopter apparently has a limitation on its size, hence it will be useful for short hops with small passenger or cargo capacity. It's an up-and-down machine. But the flying wing, if it proves out, is capable of huge size and can be used for long-range transport flights.

Neutralizing Airfields

For several years the news dispatches from England have told of frequent bombing raids over airfields in occupied France. Some of these fields and airports have been mentioned so many times that one wonders if there could be anything left of them, or, if so many attacks are needed, why air power isn't more effective.

Most of these airfields are near the English Channel, and they are important to hit because this is where the German fighter strength is based and where the Germans can do the most damage to our bombers flying farther inland. It isn't easy to neutralize permanently a small landing field disguised as a cow pasture without a terrific all-out raid which plasters the entire area in the way that American planes plastered airfields in Sicily. And, unless the job is done thoroughly, patches in the runways can be made in short order.

Actually, these consistent attacks on French fields are part of a well worked out plan. The Nazis are kept busy, and in many instances they have had to take their fighters farther inland, and as long as the fighters are far back from the coast they are handicapped in intercepting our bombers.

It can also be added that neutralizing of airfields in the first fifty or hundred miles is the first step in invasion; for fighter planes have short flying ranges and it is important to push them back from the area of operations. Also these constant attacks are good practice procedures for pilots in training for bigger missions.

Dutch Air Service

Another bit of evidence that the airplane is bringing all nations closer together is a recent addition to the air-line services landing in the United States. K. L. M., the Royal Dutch Airlines, is one of the oldest air transport systems in the world but has been known chiefly for its extensive flying in Europe and from Amsterdam to the Netherlands East Indies. Much less well known is a smaller division of the Dutch air line in our own back yard in the Caribbean.

In 1934 this West Indies division was created to connect the several Dutch islands with Dutch Guiana in South America, and the network later spread to Venezuela and Colombia. Recently the Dutch were granted permission to fly to Miami, and today Dutch pilots fly U. S.-built airplanes with a strangely foreign insignia in and out of Miami, carrying passengers and cargo between our mainland and the Dutch West Indian islands. What does K. L. M. stand for? If you *really* want to know, here it is: Koninklijke Luchtvaart Maatschappij voor Nederland en Kolonien. Satisfied?

Soviet Hero

Recently on this page we reported that the Russians like our Bell Airacobras, the P-39s, the best of any of our aircraft. That's because they are best adapted for the low- and medium-altitude fighting that goes on in Russia. Here's a sequel to our earlier report, and it comes from the Russian Air Corps newspaper called Stalin's Eagle.

The paper described the exploits of one pilot who single-handed had downed no fewer than twenty-five German Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs, and whose plane had a total of thirty-one stars painted on its fuselage, each representing a German plane that had fallen beneath the Airacobra's guns. This is believed to be a record for a single fighter plane. The pilot: hero of the Soviet Union, Captain A. Pokzishkin.

Work to Reduce

Here's the latest wrinkle in persuading women to take jobs in aircraft plants—or, to put it another way, here's the way one aircraft plant is trying to get women to take off the wrinkles. Fairchild Aircraft at Burlington, North Carolina, is popularizing factory work by telling the fair sex (and demonstrating, too) that one way to keep slim is to do work that provides exercise.

For example, sawing on an airplane part in the sheet-metal department provides plenty of exercise, while tool designing means stretching to reach the top of the drawing board. Working on the final assembly line requires reaching up high on one's toes and leaning back into the fuselage to tighten up a part.

Odds and Ends

Private airplanes used to be called flivvers, grasshoppers, put-puts—and all sorts of names. Light-plane manufacturers are now dignifying their planes by calling them "personal airplanes" to distinguish them from commercial and military aircraft.

NEXT WEEK

GERMANY'S STRATEGY OF DEFEAT

By William van Narvig

The boastful, strutting, threatening Germany is no more. The Nazis are promising nothing and fearing everything. William van Narvig explains the switch to a strategy of defeat and how it will affect our invasion attempts.

ALIAS X-17

By George Sessions Perry

Conceited, self-centered, mischievous, and just plain ornery prankster. That's a capsule description of the autobiographer whose two-part story starts next week. Movie idol? No, so help us, it's a *training plane!*

THE KID FROM BROOKLYN

By Madeline Thompson and David Greggory

It isn't what he says—it's the way he says it that makes Danny Kaye the sensation of show business. Follow him with us from Brooklyn through the borsch circuit to Hollywood stardom.

SICILIAN COMEDY

By C. W. Dodge

Ciccu couldn't be blamed for wanting to kill the Nazi. But sometimes revenge is best served by following orders.

BIRTH OF A NEW BRITAIN

By Frank S. Stuart

The Duchess mops the floor and Eton faces the prospect of accepting longshoremen's sons. It's a new England.

REVOLUTION IN THE THREE R'S

By Dr. Alonzo F. Myers and Benjamin Fine

New York children now keep teacher after school—so engrossed are they by a new educational system that is producing a generation of Quiz Kids.

DAWN OVER THE AMAZON

By Carleton Beals

Liberty's Book Condensation. A South American setting in the year 1950, a man with ideas, a girl who loves him, and—the Nazis and Japs are still around.

GOOD TASTE

...for gracious living

Wherever discriminating people gather—in exclusive clubs, in fine hotels, in gracious homes—there you'll find Blatz Pilsener Beer. For this superlative brew is the natural companion of better living.

Try the distinctive flavor of Blatz, dry but never bitter, full-bodied but never sweet. Then you'll know why Blatz is the natural choice of those who know and appreciate the best of everything.

Milwaukee's Most Exquisite Beer

Blatz
MILWAUKEE

BLATZ BREWING CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
In our 92nd year

Buy MORE War Bonds

A MESSAGE FOR THOSE ENTITLED TO BUY "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

The W.P.B. has tried to protect your needed equipment - have you?

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BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

You've heard a lot of rumors, half-truths and rosy talk. Here are the facts about the gasoline situation from the one man who knows

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

WHAT'S AHEAD FOR THE MOTORIST

WHEN I am asked, "What's ahead for the motorist?" I discover that there are two questions for which I must find answers before I can reply intelligently. The first one is: "What sort of a motorist?" and the second: "Where is he from?" It makes a difference, you know, and I despair of ever getting some people to understand why it does.

I may say that, without exception, there is *nothing ahead for the non-essential driving, no matter where the driver comes from, but a lean diet of gasoline.* Nor should there be. Any one who deliberately and regularly burns gasoline in order that he may pleasure himself as usual is—and I am being as cheerful as possible—not helping to whip the Axis. He must be stopped in his tracks.

Those hard-working workers in war plants who, obviously, must have periodic breathing spells are entitled to some leeway, but in justice even they must exercise great self-restraint as to consumption of gasoline if we are to accomplish the greatest good for the greatest number. I do not go so far as to say that no one, without exception, should drive a mile for pleasure. What I do say is that the "ration evaders," both male and female, who dissipate gasoline to no purpose must be kept off the highways. "No gasoline" for the duration is ahead for them unless we are able to bring in greatly augmented supplies—as, of course, we are constantly trying to do—and I am in favor of "getting tough" if necessary to see that they don't get what we can't afford to let them have.

If the answer to the second question, "Where is he from?" is "The East" ("the East" for purposes of the Petroleum Administration for War being anywhere in the District of Columbia and the seventeen states on the Atlantic seaboard stretching *from Florida to Maine*), I smile blandly and "point with pride" to the completion of "Big Inch," which has recently improved the Eastern motorist's gasoline supply.

If the answer, on the other hand, is "The Midwest," I suggest hopefully that the motorists there will acclimate themselves to recent adjustments which have increased the flow of gasoline to the Eastern seaboard and reduced the amount of gasoline available in the Midwest and Southwest areas. I am sure that the people of the Midwest and the Southwest will not object to sharing some of their gasoline with the less fortunate East, which has been struggling courageously on short rations almost since Pearl Harbor, and which now, with the completion of the twenty-four-inch pipe line from Texas, is able to feel its first relief. The Easterner is still going to have to be frugal in his gasoline consumption, but so will everybody else.

I realize that the adjustment is not popular, except possibly in the East, but I am confident also that when the critical supply situation is understood, there will be general approval of it. The petroleum supply situation is so serious at the moment that, despite the optimistic assurances of other government agencies—which, incidentally, know much less about conditions than the Petroleum Administration—something is going to have to be done to tighten restrictions in all sections of the country, and those restrictions will have to be implemented with teeth that will bite.

In order to provide an adequate supply of petroleum products, we must (1) have enough crude oil each day, not in the ground but on top of the ground, in tanks or in pipe lines. We must (2) have means to transport that crude oil to our refineries. We must (3) have refining capacity to convert it into products

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MR. HUBER

Introducing Private George McKeller, a new Liberty character with sharp wits and a distaste for regulations. The first of a series of hilarious adventures in this man's Army

BY LIEUTENANT STANLEY DISNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

NOW, maybe I ought to call him "Private Huber," but he looks more like a mister and less like a private than any one I ever see. He is a small man with a thin skim of hair spread over his head, and he sags down inside his uniform like it is something he gets for a masquerade and not for being without dependents.

I meet him this way. I am at Fort Dix, which is a reception center where men are sent right after they are selected by their neighbors. Well, on this day I mean, I am asked if I want any government insurance. I say yes. And George, who is my tent mate, says he would like to hear about the proposition.

We are marched into a room where half a dozen soldiers are seated at desks. George and I look at the blank-filler we draw. There is a sign on his desk which says he is "Mr. Huber."

"I suppose you want some insurance," he says to me, like he is handing out underwear or socks.

"The full amount," I answer. I am proud to take this much, and I expect him to smile maybe. But he does not smile. He only picks up a form and starts reading me questions and filling my answers in the blanks. He does not miss a question. Like he asks if I have ever been married and I answer, "No." Then he reads the next question, Am I living with my wife, and, if not, is she dead or are we divorced? He does not even put down the date without asking me.

When he finishes, I try a joke.

"Now I guess I am worth more dead than alive," I say, with a grin. Maybe it is not a very good gag, but there is no need for him to be so sour about it.

"Undoubtedly!" he says. "But not until after May first. Your insurance doesn't start until then."

Now this is in March, so I ask why it takes until May 1 for my insurance to go into effect. He explains like he is talking to a baby:

"You always pay for insurance in advance. Now, you will not get any pay until you have been in the Army for one full month, which is April. See? Since you will not be paid until April 30, the money for your insurance cannot be deducted until then. Consequently your insurance can't start until May 1. See?"

"Oh!" I say. "And what if I die before May 1?"

He looks like he thinks this is a good idea.

"You will just not have any insurance," he says wearily. Then he turns to George. "And how much insurance do you want?" he asks gloomily.

"I'm not sure that I want any insurance," George answers. "I just want to find out whether it is a good investment."

Now, that is like George. He is a guy who will not buy even postage stamps without comparing prices. Now, when he says this, I expect Mr. Huber to blow a fuse. But I am wrong. Mr. Huber brightens and lets go with a long spiel that is so pat it sounds like it is memorized. I hear mention of "low rate or premium," "protection," and "you owe it to yourself" before I stop listening.

It is very peaceful, and George and I sit there and smoke, and George asks a question now and then to keep Mr. Huber running. But everything has to end. The corporal who comes with us thumbs us on.

"You got four months to buy that insurance, soldier," he says to George. "But there is a war on, in case you forget. And you cannot spend it here."

Now, I can tell George is not in the market for any insurance.

"Why string Mr. Huber along with all them questions?" I ask when we get outside.

"Bub," George says to me, "maybe I am not going to buy any insurance. But I have learned already that any time I am sitting down in this man's Army I am well off. And if I can continue sitting just by asking questions like I do of Mr. Huber, I got a hell of a curiosity."

I DO not expect to see Mr. Huber again, but he walks into our tent one night a week later. He is carrying some thick books. He hardly smiles at me, though I buy as large a policy as he can sell. But he gives George a big smile and a personality handshake.

"I'm very happy to find you still here, Private McKeller," he says to George. "I had considerable difficulty in finding where you were located. I've brought some actuary books I had sent from home, and now I'm ready to show you what a bargain the government insurance is."

Now, George has a very suspicious nature.

"What's your angle, Mr. Huber?" he asks. "Why are you so hepped up about selling me some insurance? You don't get any rake-off, do you?"

"Heavens, no!" Mr. Huber answers. He is horrified. "I won't get a cent. But, as you may have guessed, I was an insurance agent for twelve years before I entered the Army. Those were the days, with prospects slamming the door in my face, or ducking out the back way to dodge me." He shakes his head sadly. "But everything is changed," he rambles on. "Now it is a nightmare because it is so easy. It is so long since I have given a sales talk I am afraid I will forget how. Imagine it. All day long, soldiers come in and ask to buy insurance. That is why I am so happy you are a tough prospect, Private McKeller."

George clicks his tongue like he is

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I run like hell after him down the alley.

"It was just my drunken friend falling out of his chair," George cracks.

CLIFF-HANGERS

"NOW, this afternoon," said the assistant director to Kay Aldridge, "there's a gorilla, and the gorilla chases you. You fight like hell, then come out of the clinch when the pillar gives way and the roof falls on you. Got that?"

Miss Aldridge, who a few years ago was earning her living in a refined way as a Powers model, stepped over the very real python with which she had been struggling during the previous scene and looked up Bill O'Sullivan, her producer. "A gorilla, he says," she told him.

"Yeah."

"Is it all right?"

"Sure. The gorilla's only Emil Van Horn with a little make-up."

"Is Emil all right?"

"You got me, darling," O'Sullivan said.

They shot the scene. The gorilla grabbed Aldridge, Aldridge fought like hell, and the roof fell in. At least, some one upstairs let fly with a spectacular amount of papier-mâché and old plaster which got in everybody's hair and photographed like the San Francisco earthquake. The rest was done on a process stage, in miniature.

With the addition of a title advising the audience to come next Saturday and view the remains, another chapter of Perils of Nyoka, an A-1 class Republic serial, was in the can.

It had taken the boys three and a half days and a year off Miss Aldridge's life to shoot. One stunt man, recently turned down by the Army because of varicose veins, had misjudged his terrain a fraction of an inch while falling over a fifty-foot cliff and in consequence was wearing tape on his ankle. The leading man was in the hospital with a case of poison oak, but they were going to comb his double's hair and use him instead for the next installment.

Anyway, no one relaxed. The word is anathema in O'Sullivan's company. For one thing, if any one relaxed for a minute, the mood might steal into the picture, thus creating a corresponding minute of relaxation for the audience—in which case Republic would just have to junk the serial. It couldn't afford to do that. The four chapter epics it whips up each year represent the bread part of the studio's bread and butter.

In 1934 Republic's annual film budget was $1,000,000. This year it is $15,000,000. Its present owners inherited Gene Autry (now lost to the armed services), a piece of San Fernando Valley, and a serial mill. Today the erstwhile vacant lots are covered with a studio city rivaling the largest in Hollywood. Cliff-hangers

Kay Aldridge, cover girl, is also the first lady of the cliff-hangers.

MAKE A COMEBACK

BY HOWARD SHARPE

accomplished that. Strictly from the viewpoint of consistent financial returns, they have always been the *crème de la crème* among film productions, netting a steady average 100 per cent on the investment. Some, like The Lone Ranger, cost $500,000, grossed $1,500,000.

Of course, Republic is not the only studio ladling in the gravy from serials. Universal and Columbia each turn out from two to four each year —but especially now, since the war started, there are more than enough markets to go around. When American and British troops had finished occupying North Africa, a request came through from London for movies to show in the native picture houses of Algiers and Casablanca and Bizerte. Serials recut as features were specified, because they couldn't offend any one politically; because they were all action and no conversation and so needed very few title inserts; because they fascinated the masses and made them happy; and because all the Americans in them were superhuman heroes. Fifty per cent of 1943's serial output will go to Russia. A large market has also been opened in South America.

Furthermore, it has been lately discovered that the White House private theater regularly shows (for a certain distinguished addict of detective stories) as many serials as can be crowded in among the Westerns unreeled there. And just after Pearl Harbor, when Republic's G-Men vs. the Black Dragon hit with happy timing as a bloodcurdling exposé of Jap sabotage activities in the United States, the piece played first-run Washington theaters to large audiences of congressmen.

Upon being advised of this, one of Republic's seven serial writers remarked bitterly, "My Lord, have we got to lower our intelligence standard?" The comment was less a slur on the congressional I. Q. than a compliment to the rising intellectual level of the American twelve-year-old, to which all serials are slanted.

SCHOOL kids, supporters of the Saturday matinée, supply the millions of dimes that add up to the millions earned by O'Sullivan's fifteen-chapter nightmares. Ten years ago you could give them The Great Train Robbery with Pearl White touches, refilmed a dozen different ways, just as a decade before that their parents took The Great Train Robbery and, indeed, Pearl White straight. Now the kids, sated by radio and on intimate terms with Superman and Flash Gordon via the comic strips, demand more sophisticated, or at least more mechanically marvelous, fare.

They get it. Dick Tracy, one of Republic's most successful horrors, has as its heavy a man with a head made of shoe blacking, who, by means of a portable electronic device, can make himself invisible. His first dastardly deed is to attempt the destruction of New York City by bombing a subterranean earth fault from an airplane, causing a tidal wave. At the close of Chapter One the Statue of Liberty is up to her neck in it.

This ingenious cause and effect apparently is more plausible, certainly more satisfactory, to the young

Movie houses echo to the sound of screams and gunfire as chiller-thriller serials again captivate the nation

of America than anything resembling the Perils of Pauline. In any case, Pauline would be pretty rugged watching, because she wore too many clothes. The newest generation likes its women draped, but lightly. Sarongs preferred, with leopard skins a close second.

Miss Aldridge is an ex fashion magazine plate who fortuitously never had to depend on padding or girdles for a figure and thus is unhampered in the free expression of her art. In addition, she possesses the two other qualities required of all successful serial queens: a naturally wacky approach to life, and a limitless sense of humor. The boys with whom she works consider her an excellent sport. In proof they offer the story of a recent Saturday night in a Western range town where the one hotel was large enough to house only Kay, O'Sullivan, Director Spencer Bennett, and three stunt men. Kay got the room with the bath.

She decided to use it. In another room, separated from the bath by a flimsy wooden wall, the stunt men decided to play poker and get pie-eyed. A couple of town men joined them, one of whom remarked finally that he could lick any guy in the room. The honor of Republic being at stake, a stunt man arose and knocked the loud-mouthed gentleman through the partition, where he curled up beside the tub and seemed to sleep.

After her first shriek of dismay, Kay ordered the boys to turn their backs while she worked up a good suds. Concealed in the result, she watched while the body was carried away and a blanket hung over the hole in the wall. Then she finished her bath.

She has not yet been known to grouse at the death-defying falls she is asked to make on occasions when it would be impossible to use her double. It is, of course, not true that what seems to happen to her at the end of each episode really happens. If it did, there wouldn't be any Aldridge, much less any serial. In Perils of Nyoka, for instance, she seemingly succumbs when her chariot goes over a cliff, when she falls into a pool of lava, when she is lowered into a pit of flames, when she is caught in a landslide, when she burns to a crisp at the stake, when the stampeding Arabian horses trample her unconscious body—and so on for nine other installments.

Aside from what is known as the "cheater cut," which at the start of each chapter flashes back to show how she really escaped by the skin of her beautiful teeth, she does necessarily have to suffer the beginning routine of sudden death. That is, she has to be in the chariot when it disappears over something, however shallow an embankment, and there are times when there's nothing for it but to push her down the traditional cliff or hang her by an uncomfortable rope above a fire.

THAT she apparently is made of india rubber and asbestos seems the more astonishing because she was once a delicately nurtured Virginia girl who in her youth was given the Scarlett O'Hara treatment by three maiden great-aunts and who later, as a Powers cover girl, was labeled by Billy Rose "the most beautiful girl in the world."

Kay's movie career got off to a false start five years ago, when Elsa Maxwell chose her for a role in Hotel for Women. It was here discovered that, although she photographed like anything, she couldn't act—a minor point to Republic. They picked her from among two hundred contestants to be their Queen of the revived cliff-hangers. This was a step up from being Apple Blossom Princess at St. Mary's Female Seminary in Maryland, which she once was. Anyway, her Republic contract will shortly be paying her $750 a week. In her opinion, that's worth a few Charley horses.

What happens to her in the serials is largely controlled by a list of do's, a longer list of don'ts, based on the proved preferences of the fans. A first-rate money-making cliff-hanger of today must have an indestructible hero and heroine, who are drawn together not by sex but by a common cause. Characters must be strong silent types (600 words per episode is the maximum allowance, with 300 preferred) who pursue

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The knife blade was almost grazing her neck. "Give it to me," she said in her deep quiet voice. "Give me the knife."

MY BROTHER MARTY

He was a boy with a full-grown chip on his shoulder and he dared the world to knock it off. When his teacher accepted his challenge, a bright new vista opened before him

BY

GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

IT was the first day of the new school term, and we were all waiting in the schoolroom for the new teacher. Mr. Henty was in the Army and wouldn't be back, and we'd heard there was a woman coming to take his place, men being so scarce now. But we could hardly believe it. We'd run through four or five men teachers that I knew of, until big Mr. Henty came. The first thing he had done was to grab two squabbling boys by the backs of their necks with his great muscular hands and knock their heads together. That was why he'd lasted.

Now there was so much noise in the room, the boys shouting, leaping over the seats to scuffle with each other, falling against the blackboards, that the new teacher was there a few minutes before most of them noticed her. She just stood watching, taking it all in.

Miss Wilmot, her name was, Lee Wilmot. But I didn't know that then. I didn't know anything about her at all, except that she was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. I understand now that if you were to pick her apart you mightn't call her beautiful at all, with her high wide cheekbones and her large mouth and her pointed chin, but I still think the

same. Maybe it was the way she looked around the room, her wonderful dark eyes seeming to see everything and know everything in that first minute; or maybe it was the way she stood, so straight and yet easy, so that you would have thought she was tall and commanding, though she was really quite little. There was good sense in her face, and humor, and something that I know now was dignity.

The first words she said were what any teacher might have said: "Girls and boys—" But her voice was not like any voice we'd ever heard. It was low and rich, with music in it. For a minute you could hear the children's breathing and the rustle of pages turning by themselves. Then my brother Marty cleared his throat in a loud exaggerated way, and the boys around him laughed, and everything broke loose.

I DON'T know how it started, or whether it was a real fight or just make-believe for Miss Wilmot's benefit, but the next thing I knew there was a free-for-all in the back corner of the room, with fists flying and boys piling over one another, and my brother Marty in the center of it.

For a second Miss Wilmot just stood there, and her face turned the gray color of chalk dust. Then she took up the long wooden pointer, walked down the aisle to where the fight was, and picking out the back of Marty's pants from among all the others, gave a good healthy whack right across them with the pointer.

Marty spun around fast, with the funniest surprised look you ever saw, and the rest of the boys gave way. But then I saw his look change, and the dark red color come up into his face as if it had been dipped in dye, and I gripped the edge of my desk so hard my arms hurt.

"Don't you do that," Marty said, low. "No woman's goin' to whack me."

"I've already done it," she answered. "But if necessary, since you think it's a man's job, I'll be glad to tell your father to finish it for me."

I don't know whether what Marty did then was from shame of being whacked by a woman before all his friends, or her mentioning pop and making the grief go through him again, or what. His hand went to his pocket, something flashed in the sun from the schoolroom window, and the quick sound of drawn-in breaths was sharp and loud as shots in the sudden quiet.

Marty was standing back from Miss Wilmot, that black look on his pale thin face, and his penknife open in his hand, pointed at her.

I tried to get up from my seat. I said, "Marty." But my legs were water and my voice was a dry thin whisper. No one moved. It seemed like hours to me that no one moved, the girls huddling together at one side of the room, the boys in a group at the other, and Marty in the middle, with his knife a couple of inches from Miss Wilmot's throat.

As long as I live I'll never forget it. Just the smell of chalk dust can flash the picture into my mind, clear and terrible, and make me feel all over again the cold stiffening fear. . . .

Then Miss Wilmot took a step. Not away from the knife, but toward it. She looked at Marty, and she had to look up, but in that minute you'd never have thought of her as being smaller than he was. She held out her hand, under the knife blade that was almost grazing her neck.

"Give it to me," she said in her deep quiet voice. "Give me the knife."

You could hear Marty's breathing, quick and uneven. Then, for a second, it stopped, and then came out again in one long moaning sound, a kind of sob. The knife slid out of his hand to the floor, and he turned and ran from the room with his head down, moving in a crooked line as though he couldn't see.

Miss Wilmot walked back to her desk and sat down. She looked around the room, her eyes resting on each of our faces for a second.

"Is there any one else," she asked, "who has anything to say?"

There wasn't a sound. It was the same as the first morning with Mr. Henty. Only with Mr. Henty it was fear that made the quiet. With Miss Wilmot it was something else—something even the biggest, roughest blockhead of a boy could feel when he saw her stand up to Marty, with a knife at her throat, and never move a hair.

I waited after class till all the others had gone, and then I went up to her desk.

"Miss Wilmot," I said, "I'm Beth Lamson, Marty's sister."

SHE looked at me. She had a way, I found, of looking at new people carefully before she spoke to them, finding out all about them first with her calm dark eyes that seemed to understand everything.

"Marty," she said in a minute. "He's the one who—left?"

"He's not a bad boy, Miss Wilmot. He's unhappy and mixed up, but he's not bad. There's so much that's gone wrong . . ."

"Sit down, Beth."

I took one of the seats near her desk and she leaned toward me with her little pointed chin in her hand.

"Many people who seem bad," she said, "are only unhappy and mixed up. Tell me about it."

I told her, then, that our mother had died when I was born, and that Marty and pop had always been such pals, and how hard Marty took it when pop was killed in an accident at the airplane plant eight months before. Uncle Steve, pop's brother, took us to live with him, but he was much younger than pop, and a bachelor, and he didn't know anything about kids. Besides, he was too busy with war work. He was superintendent at the plant, working sometimes ten, eleven hours a day, and coming home too tired to even eat.

"Who keeps house?" Miss Wilmot asked me.

"I used to," I told her, "but Uncle Steve thought I ought to—well, he said I was getting to be a little old lady and I should have some fun, so he sent for Aunt Mary. She's the sister from the East, and she gave up everything to come here and take care of us, and she says Marty's going to end up in jail."

"She—tells him that?"

"Well—she means to help him, I guess, because she worries about him, and cries sometimes when he won't behave, and she always stays up nights till he comes home. But Marty thinks she hates him."

"Yes," Miss Wilmot said. "I see. It's a wonder he hasn't run away." She stood up, smiling at me. "That's your doing, I suppose. But you shouldn't have this burden." The smile left her face, and she didn't seem to be talking to me any more. "A child like you, trying to be sister and mother and father—it's an outrage." She stopped and thought a minute. Then she said, "Beth—tell your aunt and uncle to be at home this evening. I'm coming to see them."

MARTY was out somewhere when Miss Wilmot came, and I was in the kitchen doing my lessons. Trying to, anyway. I could hear every word from the parlor, no matter how hard I thought about the words in the book, so in a little while I gave it up and just listened.

Uncle Steve hadn't wanted to see Miss Wilmot at all. He had enough to do, he said, without listening to what he called "a schoolmarm's drivel." But he had a way of giving in to Aunt Mary, and she was anxious, she said, to get a look at the kind of woman who could come out to a wild factory town like ours to teach a lot of young hoodlums. Neither of them knew, of course, what Miss Wilmot was coming for. I guess they thought it was just a social call.

I opened the door for her and showed her to the parlor.

"Good evening," she said, looking in that careful way from Aunt Mary's plain sharp-nosed face to Uncle Steve's dark thin one. Aunt Mary said good evening back, snapping her mouth shut after each word, and leaving a little space between the "good" and the "evening." But Uncle Steve just got up slowly from his chair, sort of unwinding his long arms and legs, and looked at Miss Wilmot. Then he smiled, and little lines sprayed out around his eyes, white against the sunburn. He had a nice smile.

"If you knew," he said, "how I pictured you, Miss Wilmot." He took her hand, and then he said good evening too, not in Aunt Mary's way, but with the "evening" coming out

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CALLING ALL CARS!

BY LEWIS B. FUNKE

THE other day a trade association executive snorted, "This is the wackiest era in the history of the horseless carriage." He wasn't exaggerating.

One week after Pearl Harbor the requiems had been said for New York's famous Automobile Row. Throughout the country the crape was hung. The automobile business was dead. The 45,000 dealers in the industry as a whole, selling cars at a rate of well over 4,000,000 a year, faced the alternative of jumping into defense plants or off the nearest trestle. When the National Automobile Dealers Association convened in Chicago in January, 1942, the pervading conviction of the mournful attendants was that they had come to hear their own wills and witness their own funerals.

And now, as of the present moment, those condemned men are the liveliest bunch of ghosts this side of the River Styx. The vast majority of the 45,000 have remained in business. The government's monthly 1-percent allowance on the cash value of the dealers' new car inventory has helped. But it is mainly through adaptability and initiative that they have survived. With staffs depleted by entry into the armed forces, they have turned their shops to the task of wartime maintenance and have done an important job in keeping essential transportation on the road. They have made scrap-collection depots of their parking lots, set up service departments as official tire-inspection stations, and in some cases even transformed their equipment into small war plants. And right now, having kicked open their coffins, they are engaged in the most spectacular business burgeoning on the home front—trading in used automobiles.

The fat profits on used-car deals have, of course, steamed up a lot of high-pressure easy money boys.

With the stock pile of new cars severely rationed and dwindling, and the defense and farm areas crying for transportation, plus the calls from the loose change clinking around in the less stringently gas-rationed sections, dealers are frothing all over the landscape in a mad effort to supply the demand. Over the radio, through the advertising columns of the press, by mail and telephone, they are giving out with such heart-stirring appeals as "You've Got Something We Want," "OPA Bans Pleasure Driving. It's Foolish to Hold On to Your Car Any Longer," and "Let's Not Quibble—Our Highest Price First." Many have spies in dead-storage houses, in garages, and at gas stations who immediately relay to headquarters (for a fee) any clue to a prospective seller.

In Kansas City every Wednesday afternoon some 300 dealers gather around an auction ring in a one-story garage and to the singsong chant of an auctioneer (who auctions cattle on Thursdays) heatedly bid for the precious petrol buggies. From 300 to 400 vehicles are knocked down at each session and between $150,000 and $175,000, cash on the barrel head, changes hands in less than nine hours.

And the boys, who with confounding persistence used to strain their larynxes trying to sell automobiles, now are paying fantastic prices trying to get those same cars back. The N. A. D. A. book, which in peacetime was one of the bibles for the trade, listing fair price values to be paid for secondhand cars, has gone out the window. The popular makes of 1940 and 1941 vintage are bringing sellers close to what they paid for them and are being retailed in some instances for even more than the original list price. So chaotic has the price situation become that two different dealers can be as much as $200 apart in their quotations.

A telling sample of what is going on occurred when a car owner, about to be drafted, phoned a local dealer for an estimate on his 1940 Chevrolet which had gone 36,000 miles. The prospective inductee was prepared to be reasonable. The dealer offered $500 sight unseen. Slightly taken by surprise, the caller momentarily failed to reply, whereupon the anxious voice flashed back, "All right, I'll add fifty to that." The owner said he'd have to think about it. Twenty-four hours later came an urgent call, "O. K., mister. Bring her in. I'll give you six hundred."

This willingness to buy cars over the telephone is neither so reckless nor so cockeyed as it sounds, although it is easy to recall when dealers used to inspect every inch of chassis and engine before quoting an offer. Today, with the clamoring demand, they figure that, particularly in the case of the later models, at worst there can't be too much amiss. All that really matters now is how well the car looks and how good its rubber is. A New York dealer turning automobiles over in wholesale lots to Western dealers, two and

SPOT CASH FOR CARS

CARS WANTED FOR EXPORT

2500 CARS WANTED

WE WILL PAY CASH

Used cars are booming and fly-by-night dealers outshout each other offering fantastic prices. Will you really get what they promise you for the old buggy?

TOP PRICES — NO BICKERING

HERE'S MY DEED

Don't Se

three thousand miles away, is relieved of all personal headaches. Whatever guaranties will be given will have to come from the retailer and the latter will have the service problems out of which he may make a fair penny anyway.

Besides being a life-saving plasma for the dealers, the used car has brought to many the gold that even in better days was just a Detroit mirage. Not long ago, for instance, one of them, with $35,000 bulging in his pockets, bounced into New York, hustled around town for ten feverish days, purchased fifty automobiles, skipped home, unloaded his wares, and within a month was back in Gotham begging for more. Having paid a mark-up of approximately 20 and 25 per cent, he'd tacked on an average of 20 per cent for his profit in the selling price and the little transaction had netted him a cool $7,000.

Prospects of such lucrative turnover naturally have been a powerful magnet for the easy-money boys who infest all booms. Scratch one of them and it is no surprise to find that he's been a press agent or promoter of one sort or another. Former sales managers and commission salesmen of cars, able to round up sufficient capital for setting up shop, also have entered the picture in a bid to scoop off some of the gravy from the veteran dealers. The results frequently are none too happy. Not only are they putting the squeeze on the men who have managed to weather the storm, but they also are damaging the reputation of the trade.

To be sure, the used-car business always had a somewhat larcenous career. The gypsies of the trade operating from city to city never were too reliable. The stunts they pulled, such as selling cars whose frames were bent in wrecks and whose engines had been "burned up" in taxicab service, have been exp sed. In the current boom the Johnny-come-latelys are operating according to the worst traditions. Stories already are rife of the gyp practices. Where the buyer got stuck before, the seller is getting knifed now.

Twisting of telephone conversations is a favorite trick of the unscrupulous dealer, who, as a student of psychology, knows that a planted doubt is a potent ally. Take the case of the fellow who has had his car in storage for months. He's been paying insurance and rent; the car's been eating more than its keep is worth. It takes a long time, but finally the family conference decides that the old bus will have to go. The innocent calls a dealer whose blatant ad promises a high price and purchase by phone. The price proffered is high enough, say $700. The owner goes to his garage, puts the car back on the ground, has it washed and cleaned, and drives to the dealer.

Whereupon begins his "education," so dubbed by the boys. Exceedingly suave and courteous, the dealer assumes a look of extreme disappointment. "Oh, I'm so sorry," he begins. "I thought you said you had a four-door car. That's a two-door job. We can't give you what we said. But I need the car. How about five fifty? That's the best we can do, especially since that dent in your rear fender is going to need repair." Before the spiel is over the owner concedes he must have been mistaken. By that time, too, thoroughly tired of the whole business, he's ready for compromise.

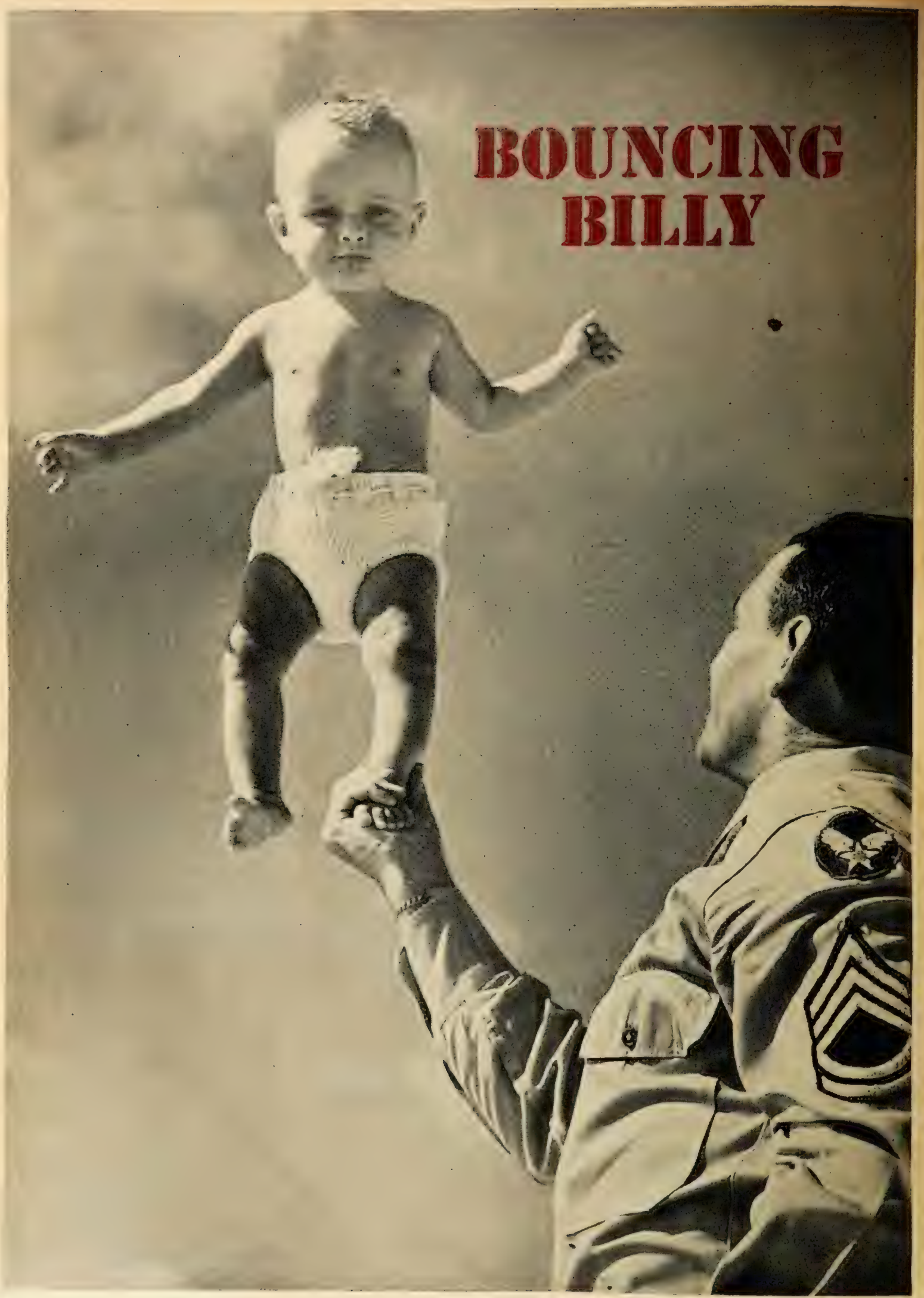
This is gentle compared with other "treatments." A car owner is on the verge of selling but hasn't quite made up his mind. The gracious "phony" asks for his registration paper and hands it to some one else while the final dickering goes on. In the end the owner decides the price isn't high enough and is ready to pull out. Thereupon, with profuse apologies, he's shown that his registration has been transferred. "We thought the deal would be closed," the rascal says. The owner, not thinking as fast as the boys and probably unaware that for a dollar he can get a new registration blank, argues futilely and succumbs.

There is the case of the owner going to a lot and turning his keys over to an attendant to drive around for a test, meanwhile bargaining with the dealer. The car is driven onto the lot and the attendant disappears with the keys. Should the owner decide not to sell, he discovers that he can't drive away. There's a frantic search, but the attendant can't be found. Full of remorse, the dealer goes to work on the sucker, who gives up rather than go through the trouble of hanging around or going home and coming back.

The latest wrinkle being indulged in by the sharpies is really a lulu. An owner calls to say he'd like to drive his car down to the show-

(*Continued on page 61*)

In New York, L. F. Jacod (right), long a well known used-car dealer on Broadway, inspects a car.


BOUNCING
BILLY

Billy takes off, to fly from Mrs. Adler to Sergeant Smith.

Here he is in a tail spin—and enjoying every second of it.

WILLIAM ADLER, Jr., son of Lieutenant William A. Adler, Assistant Adjutant of the Miami Beach Training Base of the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command, has been adopted by officers and men at the base as their acrobatic mascot. They vie with one another in helping him with his daily workout, which consists of a series of aerial stunts and just any rough-and-tumble that will keep him in motion. The one thing eight-months-old Billy doesn't like is being static. In the picture on the opposite page he defies the force of gravity—with the help of Sergeant Smith—by holding himself erect on one foot in the air. Try it sometime!

INTERNATIONAL PHOTOS

He doesn't look too pleased here—probably because he's being pulled ashore and the fun will soon be over.

I'M TARGET NO. 1

Before each offensive, pictures of every enemy trail and installation are studied by our command. The little known heroes who snap them are America's nerviest, cagiest, and most colorful birdmen

BY PHOTO RECONNAISSANCE PILOT "X"

as told to William Fleming French

"DON'T fall off the bridge with those eggs." That was a screwy phrase to have running through my head while the Zero on my tail was trying to get close enough to knock me off with his 20-mm. cannon. But old "Gramma" Sullivan's stock warning to her grandson Danny when he crossed the high trestle to take her eggs to our hilltop store fitted my predicament.

Every time we went out, the skipper would warn us not to get shot down with our film. But at the moment, like Danny, I was more concerned about my neck than I was over what I was carrying.

While the rest of our unit was photographing every inch of Guadalcanal to set the stage for the Marine show, I was making shots for a mosaic map of Bougainville Island. On my way home I had dropped through a cloud and into Tojo's lap.

Now my ears were back and I was kicking up sky dust. But I was heavy with cameras and the Jap was creeping up. I could imagine his grin when he discovered this. He had recognized my reconnaissance plane by the camera window, and there's nothing in the world a Jap would rather see through his gun sight than a photo reco ship. They don't like us to take pictures of what they are doing. So we rate even over bombers in priority as sky targets.

I shed my belly tank. Nearly empty, it had generated enough gas vapor to blow my engines back to Los Angeles if even a machine-gun bullet punctured it.

For the thousandth time I wished they'd let us carry a gun—just one little .50-caliber. But that was out. Our film was all precious and they wanted us to bring it back.

"A photo reconnaissance pilot has to outfly, outthink, and outclimb anybody in the air. He must live by his wits and his flying skill, and have the nerves and the guts to take it and keep on taking it while he goes about his business without blowing his top and starting to dish it out. He must remember that it is more important to save his film than his face, and he must have the courage to run when he wants to slap somebody's ears back. He is the custodian of our sight. Without him we are blind—and helpless. He must—"

That's the Hippocratic oath of the reconnaissance pilot, so to speak. The "old bologna," we called it. But I don't think any of us ever forgot, and we are as close to being resigned to running instead of fighting as an American can be.

But sometimes it's just no good to run any more. Without a wisp of cloud in the sky except the bank I'd left behind, and with the Jap edging up, mentally patting his 20-mm. and drooling for the kill, I would soon be a clay pigeon for him if I kept running.

Jamming the throttle for even torque, I made the turn we'd discovered the P-38s could almost do on a dime, and faced the Zero head on.

I know all about the Japs thinking that being killed in action skyrockets them to glory, and about their walking into the ocean and drowning themselves rather than be captured—but I've never seen a Jap pilot that will kiss props with a P-38.

Maybe its churning twin propellers look too much like meat choppers for his stomach. Anyhow, he always dodges. This one dived, and I headed for the clouds. Once there, I made altitude and lost him.

A photo reco pilot has to learn to shake fighters before they get close enough to rattle his tail off. Almost every day he has to outfox or outrun them.

After the fall of Bataan, and before that soul-satisfying September 8 when the skipper said, "Gentlemen, we are taking control of the air tomorrow"—and we took it—there were only four P-38s in our reconnaissance unit, and the Japs were thicker overhead than mosquitoes.

It was no trick at all to get half a dozen Zeros on your tail. One day, on my way home from a mission over Rabaul, I thought I'd drop down and see if anything around Buna needed photographing.

I came down through a hole in the clouds right into the middle of a fight. A B-17 was in a swarm of Japs and getting hell kicked out of him.

As I passed near him I saw the big bomber was on photo reco—probably coming home from a long-range mission. I knew it must be carrying a set of horizon-to-horizon cameras, a motion-picture outfit, and one of our powerful vertical cameras with lenses of 40-inch focal length. By blowing up the film it shot at 35,000-

He passed out—and came to at 3,000 feet in a valley surrounded by mountains.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. LEYDENFROST

foot altitude you could tell what kind of rifles the snipers in the treetops were using.

We couldn't afford to lose that sort of equipment, and it was a cinch his film was more important than mine. So I banked and circled back. The B-17 had stingers, and I knew that when the Japs saw I didn't have as much as a broom handle sticking out they'd take after me. Six of them did.

I started over the mountains and began calling our field. "Got six on my tail," I called. "Will you please take 'em off?" I repeated the call several times, giving my location and direction of flight. Then I asked if they heard me.

"Sure we hear you," came a Texas drawl. "Why don't you flatten your ears and run?"

"Take them off me, you bastard," I called, "or I'll bring them right over your field!"

"You haven't looked back lately, have you?" asked the drawl.

I twisted my head around, and saw that the Japs on my tail apparently hadn't looked back, either. About five hundred yards behind and above them was a flight of our fighters. They took those Zeros dead center with .50-calibers.

THE ace of them all at shaking fighters was Colonel Karl Polifka. He was over New Guinea three or four months ahead of the rest of us, and he had been playing tag with Tojo so long he was positively nonchalant about it. A tricky lone wolf, he could always outfox them.

He liked to photograph from 8,000 feet, just drifting along between the range of their light and heavy ack-ack, getting their camouflage, their equipment, their trenches, their armament, and what they were doing and planning to do, on film. Other times he would fly at a couple hundred feet above the water a mile or two out—just where their flak couldn't reach him. A favorite trick of his was to hover near an air base or a carrier and draw the enemy fighters. He'd take them to sea till their gas was getting low, then lead them through a cloud bank where our fighters were waiting to knock them down.

Buzz Wagner and a couple of other crack fighter pilots worked this racket with Polifka overtime. Enemy planes outnumbered us ten to one, and we had to find ways to whittle down the odds.

The Japs were always willing to chase the elusive Polifka. Not only because he wasn't armed and reco photo pilots are priority No. 1 targets, but because they knew he brought back film that showed their snipers and machine-gun nests sitting up in the treetops like monkeys on a stick.

When prints of that film were given to the artillery and fighter units, they really cut the tops of the trees to shreds. It wasn't by chance that all the foliage was blown off the trees in New Guinea and Guadalcanal. We deloused them with shrapnel and machine-gun fire.

The Japs didn't like us because we photographed everything they did or planned to do in the Buna-Gona area. We photographed the barges at sea that they were slipping in to dock at night. At dawn, when they were about half unloaded, our flyers, guided by our maps and with nice snapshots of their targets, would fly over and give them hell. They would bomb and strafe everything in sight, and if the Japs managed to sneak a few cases and kegs into the jungle they were lucky. When they took to cover, our flyers would bomb and sink their barges.

They also knew we had photographed New Britain Island and the Bismarck Archipelago, and that we

mapped every move of their fleet. Later we got some shots of their convoy out of Rabaul for New Guinea, and delivered the film in time for Allied bombers to catch that convoy in the Bismarck Sea and sink every ship.

While photographing Guadalcanal to make maps for the Marines to use in their invasion attempt, I discovered three Zeros on my tail. So I started for home, hoping to run into some of our fighters on a mission over the Louisiade Archipelago or the D'Entrecasteaux Islands.

But not a plane of any kind did I see, except the Japs who were maneuvering to get me in their cannon sights. All the way from Guadalcanal to within sight of the New Guinea coast I kept dodging and running—and they kept shooting and chasing. Then a flight of our planes scared them off.

Why they hadn't made a bull's-eye with their 20-mm. I'll never know. And I'll never know how a plane so full of machine-gun holes could keep flying. I landed—nicked four times, but not seriously enough to prevent me from walking to my quarters. My phenomenal luck that day is one of the mysteries of war I can't explain.

But another mystery of the South Pacific theater of war I can shed light on. That one is how, after being driven up and over the Owen Stanley Mountains, the Aussies and a scattering of Americans could suddenly turn and drive the powerful enemy from his mountaintop back to Buna.

That Japanese army, which had overcome every resistance we could offer against its advance up an almost impassable mountain, not only retreated but finally fled in disorder—deserting its equipment and wounded.

I think I can explain why it did.

KARL POLIFKA was always bringing ideas to the skipper. One day when the defenders of Port Moresby were bracing themselves for the expected overwhelming rush of Japs down the mountain Polifka said that when the weather would let him have enough ceiling to go over the mountain and get vertical pictures he thought he could spot the Japs, their munition dumps, and their mule corrals. He said he thought he could trace their trails, as they had to bring everything over the mountains to build up their supplies for their last drive into Port Moresby. He said he believed he could show us a way to beat the Japs.

The skipper laughed and said: "You've been trying to win this war single-handed for six months. But go ahead and try out your scheme."

So we started photographing the Japs and spotting their trails on the mountainside and in the jungles. We would see a little streak of trail through the jungles and a thread of road on a cliff. Because we knew that along those trails were camouflaged dumps, bridges, and corrals that no human eye could see, we shot through color filters that distinguish between real and artificial foliage.

The weather was stinking—but going and coming from missions we kept shooting the trails, and our photo-interpretation unit strung those broken trails together and studied them under powerful glasses. This way we found all their camps, mule corrals, and supply caches.

We made a complete mosaic map of the whole district. The interpreters circled the various targets in red. Bombers were given mosaic maps to fly by that showed landmarks by which they could find their targets. Then they were supplied with blown-up prints of those targets.

The first day that was clear enough, the bombers left in time to be over their targets when it was light enough to bomb. Within an hour they had killed all the mules, and then they systematically destroyed everything the Japs had. By noon they were blowing up the trails.

After that, all we had to do was start advancing. The Japs had no ammunition and no supplies. They also had no mules to bring up anything, and there was no way supplies could reach them from Kokoda. They were completely cut off.

That also explains the mysterious sailing away of the Japanese convoy and supply ships from Buna. They couldn't send anything up to their forces, and all they could do was get blown out of the water by our raiding bombers.

Once the Japs started to retreat, they worked themselves into a dead run. They left about 10,000 dead behind them in the mountains. Not killed by bullets but by starvation and dysentery. That's what a little photography and a little bombing did to them.

In photographing Jap positions we tried to keep high enough, when fighters were around, so we'd have a chance to run for it, and high enough not to get knocked down by their ack-ack. But in trying to get definite shots of their naval forces or what they were doing, we'd sometimes forget and drop lower. I did that one day over Milne Bay.

The Jap antiaircraft guns were located in a beautiful, peaceful-looking old plantation. But suddenly those coconut groves began to spit fire, and flak was breaking all around me. I was bounced around like a cork in a washing machine. I remember yelling to myself, "I got to get the hell out of here!"—but how I did it I don't know.

Other times we'd have to drop down under low clouds to photograph enemy installations. The Japs recognized us as unarmed photo planes and, instead of running and diving into slit trenches, they would shoot at us with rifles and machine guns.

They made it so tough for us that one of the boys said we'd have to do something about it. So he bribed a light-fingered Botany Bay Longheel (U. S. Army slang) to lift a couple of dozen hand grenades from the Australian supplies.

NEXT day three of us made a low run over the Japs that had been using us for clay pigeons. We could almost see them grinning as they ran out into the open with their rifles and machine guns.

When we finished unloading our hand grenades, even those that were still in one piece didn't know just what had happened.

Next time we went over they dived for their holes, evidently expecting to be blasted again. That made shooting low oblique film much safer. Oblique or slanting shots let our interpreters not only estimate height of objects but also break down all sorts of camouflage.

As we had quite a lot of low oblique shooting to do over this sector where the Japs were building installations, we wanted them to keep thinking we were dropping bombs and to take cover when we flew over. So one of the fellows experimented until he found that by circling over our objective and dropping three empty beer bottles tied together he got a whistling effect like the falling of a big delayed-action bomb.

When he tossed the bottles out his window, the Japs would dive for cover and stay there, waiting for the delayed explosion. Then we could come down and do our photographing in peace.

The engineer officer who was building us a base right up against the enemy lines developed a scheme for protecting his native labor. He made a deal with their hunters to keep the Japs away. He gave presents to those who did the most to prevent the Japs raiding his camp. As these were Papuans, once regarded as the world's most avid head-hunters, they liked to bring the colonel souvenirs to prove their efficiency.

His rule was, no shooting—they must get their game quietly. This suited them, and the Jap snipers

(*Continued on page 62*)

If you like stories of daring men and beautiful women, of swift action against a colorful background, read

DAWN OVER THE AMAZON

By Carleton Beals

a vivid novel of love, intrigue, and adventure on the mysterious and exciting continent of South America.

Coming Next Week

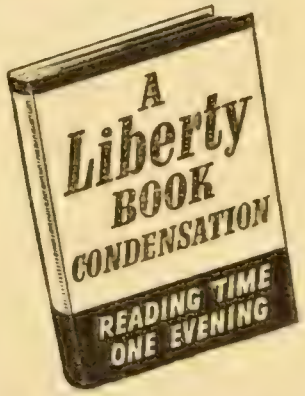
in a Liberty abridgement to a reading time of one evening

The Ministry of FEAR

A Condensation of the Novel by

GRAHAM GREENE

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN



It began harmlessly enough when Arthur Rowe won a cake at a charity bazaar—

But it led to murder, to horror, to spying and counterspying — into one of the strangest stories to come out of England at war, a tangled adventure that set an ex-murderer against the Ministry of Fear.

THERE was something about a fete which drew Arthur Rowe irresistibly, bound him a helpless victim to the distant blare of a band and the *knock-knock* of wooden balls against coconuts. Of course this year there were no coconuts because there was a war on: you could tell that too from the untidy gaps between the houses.

He looked wistfully over the railings. The fete called him like innocence; it was entangled in childhood. It all seemed perfect in the late summer Sunday afternoon.

Arthur Rowe hesitated like an intruder, or an exile returned after many years and uncertain of his welcome. He was a tall stooping lean man with black hair going gray and a sharp narrow face with a nose a little twisted out of the straight, and a too sensitive mouth. His clothes were good but uncared for.

"The charge," said the middle-aged lady at the gate, "is a shilling, little enough in a good cause."

"What exactly is the cause?"

"Comforts for free mothers—I mean mothers of the Free Nations."

Under a little awning there was a cake on a stand surrounded by a small group. A lady was explaining, "We clubbed our butter rations—and Mr. Tatham was able to get hold of the currants."

She turned to Arthur Rowe and said, "Won't you take a ticket and guess its weight?"

He lifted it and said at random, "Three pounds five ounces."

"A very good guess, I should say. Your wife must have been teaching you."

He winced away. "Oh, no. I'm not married."

There remained nothing of consequence but the fortune teller. A lady caught his arm and said, "You must. You really must. Mrs. Bellairs is quite wonderful."

He lifted the curtain. It was very dark inside the tent, and he at first could hardly distinguish Mrs. Bellairs.

"Sit down, please, and cross my hand with silver."

Copyright, 1943, by Graham Greene. Published by the Viking Press, New York. Price, $2.50.

He found a half-crown and sketched a cross upon her palm.

"Your hand."

He held it out and felt it gripped firmly. She said, "First the character, then the past; by law I am not allowed to tell the future. You're a man of determination and imagination and you are very sensitive—to pain, but you sometimes feel you have not been allowed a proper scope for your gifts. Now your past."

He said: "Don't tell me the past. Tell me the future."

It was as if he had pressed a button and stopped a machine. The silence was odd and unexpected. He pulled his hand away. Then Mrs. Bellairs said, "My instructions are these. What you want is the cake. You must give the weight as four pounds eight and a half ounces."

"Is that the right weight?"

"That's immaterial."

He was thinking hard and staring at Mrs. Bellairs' left hand which the light caught; a square ugly palm with

short blunt fingers. Who had given her instructions? And why had she chosen him to win the cake?

"You can go now," Mrs. Bellairs said.

"Thank you very much."

At any rate, Arthur Rowe thought, there was no harm in trying the tip. Although the garden was nearly empty now, a little knot of people surrounded the cake. He said to the lady at the stall, "You won't think me greedy if I have another sixpennyworth?"

"No. Please."

"I should say, then, four pounds eight and a half ounces."

He was conscious of an odd silence, as if all the afternoon they had been waiting for just this but hadn't somehow expected it from him.

The lady behind the stall announced, "This gentleman has won. He is not more than a fraction of an ounce out. That counts," she said with nervous whimsicality, "as a direct hit."

Again he was aware of an odd silence as the cake was handed over. They all came round and watched—three middle-aged ladies, the clergyman; and, looking up, Rowe saw the gypsy's curtain lifted and Mrs. Bellairs peering out. He said, "Thank you very much."

"We've left it very late, very late," wailed an old lady in a print dress to her ankles and a floppy hat.

But late as it was, somebody had thought it worth his while to pay his entrance at the gate. A taxi had driven up, and its passenger made hastily for the gypsy tent. Arthur Rowe scarcely noticed him as he turned to leave. But before he could reach the gate the clergyman had intercepted him jocosely. "Not carrying that prize of yours away so soon?"

"It seems quite time to go."

"Wouldn't you feel inclined—it's usually the custom at a fete like this—to put the cake up again—for the Good Cause?"

Something in his manner offended Rowe. "Well, you haven't any visitors left, surely?"

"I meant to auction—among the rest of us." He squeezed Rowe's arm gently.

Rowe said obstinately, "It's not the way to run a fete—to prevent people taking their prizes."

"Well, you don't exactly come to these affairs to make a profit, do you?"

"I don't want to make a profit. Here's a pound note, but I fancy the cake. And now good afternoon."

But he wasn't to be allowed to go yet: a kind of deputation advanced, headed by the cake-stall lady. She said, smiling coyly, "I'm afraid I am the bearer of ill tidings."

"You want the cake too," Rowe said.

She smiled with a sort of elderly impetuosity. "I must *have* the cake. You see—there's been a mistake. About the weight. It wasn't—what you said." She consulted a slip of paper. "The real weight was three pounds seven ounces. And that gentleman," she pointed toward the stall, "won it."

It was the man who had arrived late in the taxi.

Rowe said, "That's very odd. He got the exact weight?"

She hesitated. "Well, not exact. But he was within three ounces." She seemed to gain confidence. "He guessed three pounds ten ounces."

"In that case," Rowe said, "I keep the cake because, you see, I guessed three pounds five the first time. Here is a pound for the cause. Good evening."

WHEN he reached home he rang for Mrs. Purvis, from whom he rented his furnished rooms. "Mrs. Purvis," he said, "I won this magnificent cake at the fete in the square. Have you a tin large enough?"

"It's a good-size cake for these days," Mrs. Purvis said hungrily.

When she was gone he sat down in an ugly armchair and closed his eyes. The immeasurable emptiness of the week ahead stretched before him. His proper work had been journalism, but that had ceased two years ago. He had three hundred pounds a year to live on. The Army wouldn't have him, and his short experience of civil defense had left him more alone than ever—they wouldn't have him either.

As Mrs. Purvis brought in the cake in a biscuit tin, he opened his eyes. "Let me have a slice," he said.

He couldn't bear the yearning way in which she handled it. "You can give yourself a slice, Mrs. Purvis," he said. People could always get things out of him by wanting them enough: it broke his precarious calm to feel that people suffered. Then he would do anything for them. Anything.

It was the very next day that the stranger moved into Mrs. Purvis' back room on the third floor. He was dark and dwarfish and twisted in his enormous shoulders with infantile paralysis. Mrs. Purvis brought him to Rowe's door, saying, "This gentleman wants to hear the news. I thought perhaps you'd let him listen. . . ."

"Come in," Rowe said.

The stranger hunched down in one of the two easy chairs and, without offering his case, lit a cigarette. A bitter tang of Caporal spread over the room.

"Will you have a biscuit?" Rowe asked, opening his cupboard door.

"Wouldn't you like the cake?" Mrs. Purvis asked, lingering in the doorway.

"I think we had better finish the biscuits first."

"I'm very fond of cake," the stranger said sharply.

"Then fetch it, Mrs. Purvis, and a pot of tea."

The stranger watched the cake being brought in. He kept his eyes on it while Rowe cut slices.

Rowe brought tenderly out of his pocket his last remaining treasure—a big schoolboy's knife. Far away on the outskirts of London the sirens began their nightly wail, and the stranger's voice said, "Now, you and I are intelligent men. We can talk freely . . . about things."

"About what things?" Rowe was puzzled.

"Come," said the stranger, "haven't we checked up on you? But even without that, I could have told . . . you're intelligent. . . ." It was as if intelligence was the password to some small exclusive society.

A gun in a square near by went suddenly off, shaking

the house. Then a whine began, came down toward them; but the bomb burst half a mile away.

"Have another piece of cake?" Rowe asked.

"No, thank you—that's to say, please, yes." The man had a curious way of crumbling his slice. It might have been nerves.

"You say you checked up on me, but who are *you?*" Rowe asked.

The stranger laid a hand on Rowe's wrist—a nervous bony hand. "You know there's been a mistake. That cake was never meant for you. They've sent me here to get it back. We'll pay in reason."

Rowe drew his hand away. "What are you all playing at?" he asked. "What good is the cake to you now? It's half gone. Forget it and have another cup of tea. I'll fetch the kettle."

When Rowe returned, the stranger was pouring out the milk, and had taken another piece of cake.

Rowe took a sip of tea: it was too hot to swallow . . . an odd flavor haunted him like something remembered, something unhappy. Looking up he caught the anxious eyes of the cripple fixed on him, waiting. He took another slow sip and then he remembered. His chief feeling was astonishment and anger that anybody should do this to *him.* He dropped the cup on the floor and stood up. The cripple trundled away from him like something on wheels. And then the bomb went off.

They hadn't heard the plane this time. The walls caved in. Then Rowe was lying in a strange position in the basement. The chair above his head was in his own room, and the cripple lay beside it, an arm swinging loosely. A warden called from the street, "Is there any one hurt in there?" and Rowe said aloud in a sudden rage, "It's beyond a joke; it's beyond a joke."

ORTHOTEX, the Longest Established Private Inquiry Bureau in the Metropolis, still managed to survive at the unravaged end of Chancery Lane. Arthur Rowe pushed open a door marked Inquiries, but there was no one there. He waited a minute and then explored farther, trying another door. A bald-headed man hurriedly began to put a bottle away in a filing cabinet.

Rowe said, "Excuse me. There seemed to be nobody about. I was looking for Mr. Rennit."

"I'm Mr. Rennit."

"Somebody recommended me to come here."

The bald-headed man watched Rowe suspiciously with one hand on the filing cabinet.

"You should have made an appointment."

"I'm sorry," Rowe said. "Apparently you don't want clients. I'll say good morning."

"Now, now," Mr. Rennit said, "you don't want to lose your temper. I'm a busy man, and there's ways of doing things. If you'll be brief . . ." He sat down at his desk and said as an afterthought, "Take a chair." He fumbled in a drawer and found a pad and a pencil.

"Name?" Mr. Rennit asked. "Present address?" At the name of a hotel he raised his head.

"The place where I live went last night."

"You don't say," Mr. Rennit said without interest, opening the filing cabinet and reaching for the bottle. "Now last week . . . at Purley . . ." He was like a man discussing his operations. "Not a hundred yards away . . ."

"We both deserve a drink," Rowe said.

"Ah, yes," Mr. Rennit said. "We'll just fill our cups and then to business. Now just tell me what's troubling you—as if I was your best friend."

"Somebody has tried to kill me. It doesn't sound important when so many of us are being killed every night—but it made me angry at the time. It all began," Rowe hastened on, "with a cake." He described the fete to Mr. Rennit, the anxiety of all the helpers to get the cake back, the stranger's visit . . . and then the bomb. "I wouldn't have thought twice about it," Rowe said, "if it hadn't been for the taste the tea had."

"Just imagination probably."

"But I knew the taste. It was—hyoscine," Rowe admitted reluctantly.

Mr. Rennit said calmly, "Of course there are a dozen explanations. Perhaps there was a genuine mistake about the cake. Perhaps it contained some kind of a prize . . ."

Rowe said with resentment, "In all your long career as a detective have you never come across such a thing as murder—or a murderer?"

"Frankly," Mr. Rennit said, "no. Murderers are rare people to meet."

"Perhaps," Rowe said, "I ought to tell you that I am a murderer myself."

"Ha-ha," said Mr. Rennit miserably.

"That's what makes me so furious," Rowe said. "That they should pick on me—me! They are such amateurs."

"You are—a professional?" Mr. Rennit asked with a watery and unhappy smile.

Rowe said, "Yes, I am, if thinking of the thing for two years before you do it, dreaming about it nearly every night until at last you take the drug out from the unlocked drawer, makes you one. . . . It was my wife I murdered," Rowe went on. "You needn't worry. The police know all about it."

"You were acquitted?"

"I was detained during His Majesty's pleasure. It was quite a short pleasure; I wasn't mad, you see. They just had to find an excuse." He said with loathing, "They pitied me, so that's why I'm alive. The papers all called it a mercy killing." He moved his hand in front of his face as though he were troubled by a thread of cobweb. "Mercy to her or mercy to me. They didn't say. And I don't know even now."

"I really don't think," Mr. Rennit said, swallowing for breath in the middle of a sentence and keeping a chair between them, "I can undertake . . ."

"I'll pay more," Rowe said. "It always comes down to that, doesn't it? A murderer is rather like a peer: he pays more because of his title."

He signed a contract to pay fifty pounds a week for a period of four weeks to carry out investigations. Mr. Rennit had explained that the expenses would be heavy—Orthotex employed only the most experienced agents—and permitted Rowe to see one named Jones. Jones was small with a thin pointed nose, soft brown hat with a stained ribbon, gray suit with pencil and pen on fasteners in the breast pocket.

An argument developed almost at once. Mr. Rennit, who obviously considered the whole investigation the fantastic fad of an unbalanced man, argued that Rowe himself should take no part.

"We start from Mrs. Bellairs: she told you the weight because she mistook you in the dark for the other man. It all boils down to finding Mrs. Bellairs. Jones will do that."

"It would be easiest of all for me to ask for her—at the Free Mothers."

Jones cleared his throat and Mr. Rennit said, "What is it?"

"Won't do, sir," Jones said. "Unprofessional."

"I agree with Jones," Mr. Rennit said.

ALL the same, in spite of Jones, Rowe had his way. He found the Free Mothers in a huge white modern block off the Strand, behind a door on the seventh floor marked "Comforts for the Mothers of the Free Nations. Inquiries." A stark efficient middle-class woman sat at a typewriter.

"I came," Rowe said to her, "to try and find out the address of a Mrs. Bellairs."

"No lady of that name works here."

"It was in connection with the fete. Apparently," Rowe said, "a mistake was made. I was given a cake which didn't belong to me. . . ."

"I'll inquire," the stark lady said and went into an inner room. In a moment she was back, and ushered him in to a girl.

The color of the hair and the figure—small and neat—made him hesitate just inside the room. There was more than a resemblance; there was a remembrance. But when the girl spoke, in the slightest of foreign accents, he felt the kind of astonishment one feels at a party hearing the woman one loves talking in a stranger's tone to a stranger.

She said, "You came about a cake?"

He watched her closely. Was she, after all, so like his wife? He said, "A man came to see me last night—I

suppose from this office. I had won a cake in a raffle at your fete, but there seemed to be some mistake."

"I don't understand."

"A bomb fell before I could make out what it was he wanted to tell me. I thought perhaps that if I found Mrs. Bellairs, one of the helpers at the fete . . . "

"They were all volunteers," the girl explained. "I dare say we could find the address for you through the organizers, but is it so—important?"

He had imagined they were alone, but as the girl spoke a young man came from behind a screen. He had the same fine features as the girl. She introduced him, "This is my brother, Mr. . . ."

"Rowe."

"Somebody called on Mr. Rowe to ask about a cake. It seems he won it at our fete."

"Now, let me see, who could that possibly be?" The young man spoke excellent English; only a certain caution and precision marked him as a foreigner.

"He must have been one of the voluntary helpers. You want to return a prize, is that it? A cake?"

"The trouble is," Rowe said, "the cake's no longer there. My house was bombed last night."

"I'm sorry. About your house, I mean. The cake can't seem very important now, surely?"

They were charming, they were obviously honest, but they had caught him in an inconsistency.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "it wasn't simply the cake which was worrying me."

The young man said, "Won't you sit down and tell us?" They reminded him of children who liked stories.

Rowe said, "I got the impression that whoever wanted that cake was ready to be—well, violent." He told them of the stranger's vehemence and the odd taste in his tea. The young man's very pale blue eyes sparkled. He said, "It's a fascinating story."

"Mrs. Bellairs told my fortune," Rowe went on, "and told me the weight of the cake—not the right weight."

"It's extraordinary," the young man said enthusiastically.

The girl said, "It doesn't make sense." She added, almost in Mr. Rennit's words, "It was probably all a misunderstanding."

Her brother turned to Rowe with an expression of glee. "Count this society, Mr. Rowe, as far as the secretary's concerned, at your service. This is really interesting." He held out his hand. "My name—our name is Hilfe. Where do we begin?"

The girl sat silent. Rowe said, "Your sister doesn't agree."

"Oh," the young man said, "Anna'll come around. She always does in the end." And opening the door he called through, "Dear Mrs. Dermody, do you think you could find the address of one of our voluntary helpers called Mrs. Bellairs? Try Canon Topling," he suggested.

Mrs. Dermody came to the door and said, "Canon Topling gave me the address. It's 5 Park Crescent."

HILFE was at the window looking out. He said, "Come here a moment, Mr. Rowe. Do you see that little man down there—in the shabby brown hat? He arrived just after you, and he seems to be staying. . . . There he goes now, up and down. Pretends to light a cigarette. And that's the second evening paper he's bought. It almost looks as if you are being trailed."

"I know him," Rowe said. "He's a private detective. He's being paid to keep an eye on me."

"By Jove," young Hilfe said, "you do take this seriously. We're allies now, you know—you aren't holding out on us, are you?"

"There is something—" Rowe hesitated, then said, "I think there was something in the cake."

"What?"

"I don't know. But he crumbled every slice he took." Rowe tried to explain, "It's nothing to do with me. I don't want their cake, but they tried—I'm sure they tried—to kill me. I know it sounds unlikely now, in daylight, but if you had seen that cripple pouring in the milk, and then waiting, watching, crumbling the cake . . ."

The telephone rang on Miss Hilfe's desk. She said, "It's Lady Dunwoody."

Hilfe, leaning quickly sideways, said into the telephone, "We are so grateful for your offer, Lady Dunwoody. We can never have too many woollies. Yes, if you wouldn't mind sending them here. Thank you. Good-by."

He said to Rowe with a rather wry smile, "It's an odd way for some one of my age to fight a war, isn't it?—collecting woollies from charitable old dowagers, but it's useful, I'm allowed to do it, and it's something not to be interned—my sister and I are Austrians, you see. Only—you do understand, don't you?—a story like yours excites me. It seems to give one an opportunity—well, to take a more violent line." He smiled at his sister and said with affection, "Of course she calls me a romantic. And now, what next?"

"Leave it alone." Miss Hilfe spoke to Rowe.

Hilfe said, "We can't do that. This is war."

"How do you know," Miss Hilfe said, still speaking only to Rowe, "that even if there is something behind it, it isn't just—theft, drugs, things like that?"

"I don't know," Rowe said, "and I don't care. I'm angry, that's all."

"What is your theory," Hilfe asked, "about the cake?"

"It might have contained a message, mightn't it?"

Both the Hilfes were silent. Then young Hilfe said, "I'll go with you to Mrs. Bellairs'."

WHEN they left the office it was by another door, dropping the detective Jones, who had no reason to suppose that his employer would try to evade him. Hilfe called a taxi and as they drove down the street, Rowe saw the shabby figure keeping vigil, and said, "I wish we had let him know. . . ."

"Better not," Hilfe said. "We can pick him up afterward. After all, we shan't be long." And the figure slanted out of sight as the taxi wheeled away, never to be seen again by any one who knew him.

Mrs. Bellairs' house was old and unrenovated, standing behind its dry and weedy garden among the To Let boards on the slope of Campden Hill. The snowy-white cuffs and apron on the maid who opened the door came as a surprise. Hilfe said, "Is Mrs. Bellairs at home?"

"If you are not one of the group . . ." the maid hesitated.

An elderly man with a face of extraordinary nobility and thick white hair came up the path. He was obviously one of the group, for the maid asked him into a room on the right and they heard her announce, "Dr. Forester." Then she came back to guard the door.

Hilfe said, "Perhaps if you would take my name to Mrs. Bellairs, we might join the group. Hilfe—a friend of Canon Topling."

"I'll *ask* her," the maid said dubiously.

The result was favorable. Mrs. Bellairs herself swam out into the little jumbled hall. "Any friend of Canon Topling . . ." she said.

"My name is Hilfe. Of the Free Mothers Fund. And this is Mr. Rowe."

Rowe watched. There was no sign of recognition.

"If you'd join our group," she said, "we welcome newcomers, so long as there's no settled hostility."

"Oh, none, none," Hilfe said.

Half a dozen people were in the room. One immediately attracted Rowe's attention—a tall, broad, black-haired man. It was his normality that stood out. "Mr. Cost," Mrs. Bellairs was saying, "this is . . ."

"Mr. Rowe." Hilfe supplied the name, and the introductions went round with a prim formality.

"And what," Mrs. Bellairs asked, "do you do, Mr. Rowe?"

"Oh," Rowe said, "I sit and think."

"I shall call you our philosopher," she said. "We have our poet, our critic . . ."

"What is Mr. Cost?"

"He is Big Business," Mrs. Bellairs said. "He works in the City. I call him our mystery man. I sometimes feel he is a hostile influence."

"You meet here every week?"

"Always on Wednesdays. Of course we have very little time because of the raids." She smiled. "We can't promise a stranger anything."

A telephone was ringing in another room. Mrs. Bellairs said, "Who can that naughty person be? All my friends know they mustn't ring me on Wednesdays."

The old parlormaid had entered. She said with distaste, "Somebody is calling Mr. Rowe."

Rowe said, "But I can't understand it. Nobody knows . . ."

"Would you mind," Mrs. Bellairs said, "being very quick?"

Rowe left a disapproving silence behind him. Hilfe was in the hall talking earnestly to Cost. He asked anxiously, "For you?"

At first Rowe didn't recognize the voice—a woman's. "Mr. Rowe?"

"Yes."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"Please will you leave the house as soon as you can?"

"It's Miss Hilfe, isn't it?"

The voice said impatiently, "Yes. Yes."

"Do you want to speak to your brother?"

"Please do not tell him. Leave quickly."

He was amused for a moment. The idea of any danger in Mrs. Bellairs' company was absurd.

"Why don't you tell this to your brother?"

"He would want to stay all the more."

Somebody was approaching. Rowe said, "I must ring off."

"They'll try to get you in the dark," the voice said. And then Hilfe appeared.

He said, "Come along. They are all waiting."

In the room a rough circle had been formed with the chairs, and every one had an air of impatience politely subdued. "Just sit down, Mr. Rowe, next to Mr. Cost," said Mrs. Bellairs, "and then we'll turn out the lights."

He said, "I'm sorry. I've got to go."

"Oh, you can't go now!" Mrs. Bellairs cried. "Can he, Mr. Hilfe?"

ROWE looked at Hilfe, but the pale blue eyes sparkled back at him without understanding. "Of course he needn't go," Hilfe said. "We'll both wait. What did we come for?"

Mrs. Bellairs locked the door and dropped the key down her blouse, saying, "We always lock the door."

Rowe moved through the circle and sat down on Cost's left like a criminal taking his place in an identity parade. On his own left side was a Miss Pantil. Dr. Forester was on one side of Mrs. Bellairs and Hilfe on the other. "Now," Mrs. Bellairs said, "we'll all hold hands."

The blackout curtains had been drawn and the darkness was almost complete. Cost's hand in Rowe's felt hot and clammy, and Miss Pantil's hot and dry. He wished Hilfe was beside him, and he was aware of the dark empty space of the room behind his back. In another room a gramophone began to play, something full of waves breaking in echoing caverns. Would he hear a step behind him and have time to snatch away his hands? He no longer doubted the urgency of that warning—"They'll try to get you in the dark."

A voice called suddenly, "Yes, I can't hear."

"Speak louder," the voice said; it was Mrs. Bellairs' with a difference: a Mrs. Bellairs drugged with an idea. "One of you is an enemy. He won't let it come through."

Something—a chair, a table—creaked, and Rowe's fingers instinctively strained against Miss Pantil's.

"Arthur."

He pulled at the hands holding him: that wasn't Mrs. Bellairs' voice.

"Arthur." The flat hopeless voice might really have come from beneath the heavy graveyard slab.

"Arthur, why did you kill . . ." The voice moaned away into silence, and he struggled against the hands. It wasn't that he recognized the voice; it was no more his wife's than any woman's dying out in infinite hopelessness, pain, and reproach. A light moved near the ceiling, and he cried, "Don't! Don't!"

"Arthur," the voice whispered.

He forgot everything. He implored, "Stop it, please stop it," and felt Cost rise from the seat beside him and pull at his hand and then release it. Even Miss Pantil let him go, and he heard Hilfe say, "This isn't funny. Put on the light."

It dazzled him, going suddenly on. A Mr. Newey said, "Cost. Look at Cost."

Cost was leaning forward across the table with his face sunk on the French polish.

"Get a doctor," Hilfe said.

"I'm a doctor," Dr. Forester said. After a quick examination, he said gently, "A doctor's no good, I'm afraid. The only thing to do is call the police."

"It must be his heart," Mr. Newey said. "Couldn't stand the excitement."

"I'm afraid not," Dr. Forester said. "He has been murdered."

"Impossible," Mr. Newey said. "The door was locked."

Dr. Forester said, "One of us did it."

"But we were all," Hilfe said, "holding . . ." Then they all looked at Rowe.

"He snatched away his hand," Miss Pantil said.

Dr. Forester said softly, "I'm not going to touch the

body again before the police come. Cost was stabbed with a kind of schoolboy's knife. . . ."

Rowe put his hand quickly to an empty pocket and saw a roomful of eyes noting the movement.

"The rest of you," Dr. Forester said, "had better stay here, I think. I'll telephone to Notting Hill police station."

For a long while there was silence. Nobody looked at Rowe, but Miss Pantil had slid her chair well away from him, so that he now sat alone beside the corpse.

Rowe said not one word to defend himself: the sense of guilt for a different crime stopped his mouth. Besides, what could he, a stranger, say to convince them that in fact it was one of their friends? He caught Hilfe's eye, and thought, I must see him alone. Surely he can't believe . . .

He said, "Would anybody object if I went to the lavatory and was sick?"

"I think," Hilfe said, "somebody should go with you. As a formality, of course." He rose.

The lavatory was on the first floor. "I'm all right," Rowe whispered. "But, Hilfe, I didn't do it."

There was something shocking in the sense of exhilaration Hilfe conveyed at a time like this. "Of course you didn't," he said. "This is the Real Thing." He urged Rowe into the lavatory and locked the door behind him. "Only, old fellow, you must be off out of this. They'll hang you if they can."

"What can I do? It's my knife."

"They are devils, aren't they?" Hilfe said with the same light-hearted relish he might have used for a children's clever prank. "We've just got to keep you out of the way till Mr. Rennit and I . . . By the way, better tell me who rang you up."

"It was your sister."

"My sister?" Hilfe grinned at him. "Good for her. She

must have got hold of something. I wonder just where. She warned you, did she?"

Rowe nodded, then asked, "Where can I go?"

"Oh, just underground," Hilfe said casually. "Give me only a week. Keep out of the way as long as that."

"The police will be here soon."

Hilfe said, "It's only a small drop from the window to the flower bed. It's nearly dark outside and in ten minutes the sirens will be going."

AFTER a sleepless night in an anonymous air-raid shelter, Rowe had breakfast in an A. B. C. in Clapham High Street. In the morning paper there was no reference to an "Alleged Murder at a Séance."

He paid his bill and asked the waitress, "Have you a telephone?" She indicated one near the cash desk, and he dialed Rennit. Of course the hour was too early. He could hear the bell ringing in the empty room.

He went back to his table and ordered another coffee and some notepaper. He began to write carefully in a spidery hand an account of everything that had happened. He left out Hilfe's name—you never knew what false ideas the police might get and he didn't want his only ally put behind bars. He was already deciding to post his narrative straight to Scotland Yard.

When he had finished it, he read it over. It sounded thin, until you got to Cost's body and all the evidence pointing to him. Perhaps after all he would do better not to post it to the police.

At nine o'clock he rang Rennit again, and got him.

"What have you done with Jones?" Mr. Rennit accused him.

"I left him yesterday," Rowe said. "outside . . ."

"He hasn't come back," Mr. Rennit said. "Jones is my right arm. What have you done with him?"

"I went and saw Mrs. Bellairs, and a man was killed."

"What?"

"And the police think I murdered him. You've got to advise me, Rennit. I'll come and see you."

"No." He heard Rennit's breath catch. "When?"

"At ten o'clock. Rennit, are you still there?" He had to explain to somebody. "I didn't do it, Rennit. I don't make a habit of murder." He always bit on the word murder as you bite a sore spot on the tongue: he never used the word without self-accusation.

A little before ten o'clock he was making his way down Chancery Lane. Nearly opposite Mr. Rennit's was an auction room which specialized in books. It was possible from before the shelves nearest the door to keep an eye on the entrance to Mr. Rennit's building. A man with an out-at-elbows jacket, the pockets bulging with sandwiches, followed Rowe in and looked carefully through a folio volume of landscape gardening; a clergyman was examining a set of the Waverley Novels; a big white beard brushed the libidinous pages of an illustrated Brantôme. All were obviously bookmen. But you couldn't mistake the police officer who had taken his stand behind a newspaper just outside the auction room. Mr. Rennit, Rowe thought bitterly, had lost no time in reporting their conversation to the police.

Rowe thought, Why should I bother about that cake any more? It may have contained just a lucky sixpence. . . . Perhaps that hunchback hadn't meant a thing; perhaps the taste was imagination. . . .

He dived into a telephone box and rang a number.

"I want to speak to Miss Hilfe. . . . Is this Miss Hilfe?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

He said, as though his name were a household word, "I'm Rowe. Would you meet me somewhere—for five minutes?"

She said, after a pause, "I can't get away."

It suddenly became of great importance to him. "Please," he said.

"It wouldn't be safe. My brother would be angry."

He said, "I'm so alone. I don't know what's happening. I've got nobody to advise me. There are so many questions. . . . I've written a letter to the police."

"Oh," she said, "you shouldn't have done that. Have you posted it?"

"No," he said.

"Wait and see," she said. "Perhaps there won't be any need. Just wait and see."

"Do you think it would be safe to go to my bank?"

"You are so helpless," she said, "so helpless. Of course you mustn't. They will watch for you there."

She had rung off. He put the receiver down and moved back into Holborn. Just ahead of him, with bulging pockets, went one of the bookworms from the auction room. He turned his money over in his pocket and found there wasn't much of it.

Late in the day he walked along the embankment toward Chelsea Bridge; the tide was low and the sea gulls walked delicately on the mud.

"They can't spoil Whistler's Thames," a voice said.

Rowe looked up. "I've seen you before," he said. "In the auction room in Chancery Lane."

Mild eyes turned to him. "It's a small world."

"Do you buy books?" Rowe asked.

"Buy and sell," the man said.

"You go in for old books?"

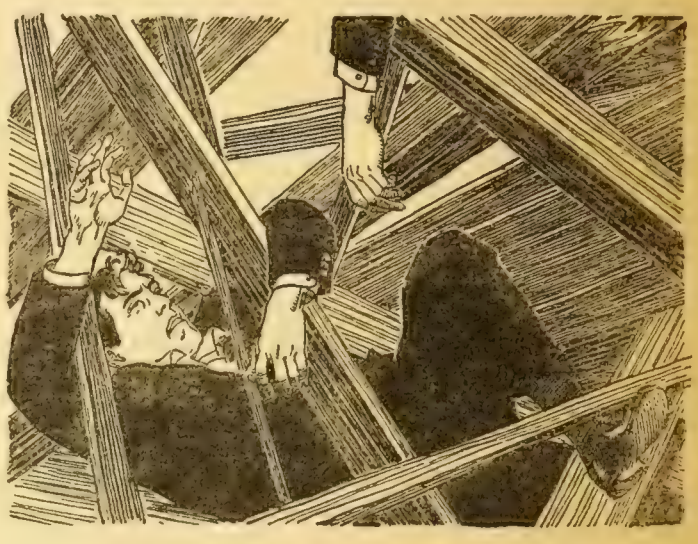
"Landscape gardening's my specialty. Eighteenth century. I've got a load of books here," he said, "I got from a lord's house. Salvage. If I don't deliver these to a customer at Regal Court before five, I lose a sale. Could you tell me the time?"

"It's four o'clock."

"I ought to go on," the old man said. "Books are heavy, though, and I feel just tired out."

"Here," Rowe said, "you'd better let me help you. There's no bus this side of the river."

"Oh, I couldn't bother you, sir. I really couldn't." But



there was no genuine resistance in him: the suitcase was certainly very heavy. The man said, "There's nothing so heavy as books, sir—unless it's bricks."

They came out of the park and Rowe changed the weight from one arm to the other. He said, "You know, it's getting late for your appointment."

The old bookseller said with distress, "I think—I really think I shall have to take a taxi. If I could give you a lift, sir, it would make it more worth while. Are you going in my direction?"

"Oh, in any," Rowe said.

They got a taxi at the next corner, and the bookseller leaned back with an air of blissful relaxation. He said, "I wonder, sir, if you'd do me one last favor. The stairs at Regal Court—well, they are a caution to a man of my age. If you wouldn't mind just taking up the bag for me. You needn't stay a moment. Just ask for Mr. Travers in Number Six. He's expecting the bag—there's nothing you have to do but leave it with him."

Well, Rowe thought, I may as well do a good deed.

They drew up outside Regal Court—an odd pair, both dusty, both unshaven. The bookseller had been right: it was a hard pull up the long wide stairs of the hotel.

The clerk at the counter eyed him carefully.

"I've brought books for a Mr. Travers in Room Six."

"Oh, yes," the clerk said. "He's out, but he gave orders that you were to be allowed in."

"I just want to leave the books."

"Page," the clerk called sharply, "show this man to Number Six. Mr. Travers has given orders that he's to be allowed in."

When the boy opened the door, Rowe said, "I'll just put the case down . . ." but the door had shut behind him. He felt some one watching him, and turned.

"Well," he said, "this beats all."

It was Anna Hilfe.

He asked, "Have you come to see Mr. Travers too? Are you interested in landscape gardening?"

She said, "I came to see you."

His heart beat at the sight of her, as though he were a young man and this his first assignation outside a cinema. She was wearing a pair of shabby blue trousers, ready for the night's raid, and a wine-colored jersey. He thought with melancholy that her thighs were the prettiest he had ever seen.

"How did you know I was going to cart a load of books here for Mr. Travers—whoever Mr. Travers is? I didn't know myself until ten minutes ago."

"I don't know what excuse they thought up for you," she said. "Just go. Please."

Rowe went to the front door and bolted it. He said, "Not till we've finished talking. Miss Hilfe, will you please tell me slowly—I'm a bit stupid, I think—first, how you knew I was here, and secondly, why you came?"

She said obstinately, "I won't tell you how. As to why—I've asked you to go away quickly. I was right last time, wasn't I, when I telephoned?"

"Yes, you were right. But why worry? You said you knew all about me, didn't you?"

"Mr. Rowe," she said, "I have seen so many bad people where I come from, and you don't fit. You worry too much about what's over and done. People say English justice is good. Well, they didn't hang you. It was a mercy killing, that was what the papers called it. Now go—please go."

"I suppose if I stay till Mr. Travers comes, he'll hand me over to the police."

"I don't know what they'll do."

"And that little smooth man with the books was in it too. What a lot of them there are."

"An awful lot. More every day."

"But why should they think I'd stay when once I'd left the books?" He took her wrist—a small bony wrist—and said sadly, "You aren't in it too, are you?"

"No," she said, not pulling away from him.

"I didn't think you were," he said, "but that means—it means they meant us both to be here."

She said, "Oh!" as if he'd hit her.

"They knew we'd waste time talking, explaining. . . . They want us both, but the police don't want you." He exclaimed, "You're coming away with me now!" He unbolted the door and opened it a little, and then very gently shut it again.

"THERE'S some one at the end of the passage waiting for us. His back's turned. I can't see his face."

"They do think of everything," she said.

He said, "I don't see how they can starve us out. And they can't get in. Except through the window."

"No, there's twelve feet of smooth wall."

"I'll ring up the clerk. Make trouble about something. Insist that he must come along, and then we'll walk out with him." He took up the telephone and listened. "I think the line's dead."

"We *are* besieged," she said. "I wonder what they mean to do." They neither of them noticed that they were holding hands.

It was cold and the room was darkening. The same thought struck both of them. "Try the light," she said, but his hand had already felt the switch. The light didn't go on.

"It's going to be very dark and very cold," he said. "Mr. Travers is not making us comfortable."

"Oh," Miss Hilfe said, putting her hand to her mouth like a child. "I'm scared."

He said, "If we had any weapon at all—a stick, a stone." He stopped and let her hand go. "If those aren't books," he said, "perhaps they are bricks. Bricks." He felt one of the catches. "It isn't locked. Now we'll see."

"I wouldn't touch it," she said.

He said angrily, "They've chosen the wrong man. But you've checked up on me. I'm a murderer, aren't I? You know that. I'm not afraid to kill. Give me any weapon. Just give me a brick."

Miss Hilfe said, "You're right. We've got to do something, even if it's the wrong thing. Not just let them do everything. Open it."

He gave her hand a quick nervous pressure and released it. Then he opened the lid of the suitcase.

THE sun came into the room like pale green underwater light. The light washed over the white clean walls, and the only sounds were a fountain dripping somewhere in the cool out-of-doors and the gentle voice of the earnest young man with rimless glasses.

"Don't think I'm not enjoying myself here. I am. You know it's a great rest. Only sometimes I try to think . . . who am I?"

"Well, we know that, Mr. Digby. Your identity card . . ."

"Yes, I know my name's Richard Digby, but who is Richard Digby? What sort of life do you think I led?"

"Now that needn't worry you, Mr. Digby. There's not a finer shell-shock clinic than this in the country, and when the time's ripe I expect the doctor will give you a course of psychoanalysis."

Each patient saw the doctor in his study for fifteen minutes a day, and it was now the turn of the man called Digby.

The doctor sat behind a bowl of flowers at his very simple unpainted desk and he waved Digby in as if this were a favorite pupil.

"Well, and how are you feeling?" the doctor said. "You look more yourself every day."

"Do I?" Digby asked. "But who knows really if I do? I don't, and you don't, Dr. Forester. Perhaps I look less myself."

"That brings me to a piece of important news," Dr. Forester said. "I have found somebody who *will* know. Somebody who knew you in the old days."

Digby's heart beat violently. He said, "Who?"

"I'm not going to tell you that. I want you to discover everything for yourself."

Digby wasn't sure that he was glad. He couldn't tell what responsibilities might descend on him when his memory returned.

It was an immense relief to see a stranger come in; a thin pretty girl with reddish hair, a very small girl.

"How you've changed!" she said.

"They tell me," he said, "that I look quite myself."

"Your hair is much grayer. And that scar . . . yet you look so much younger . . . happier."

"I lead a very pleasant easy life here."

"They've been good to you?" she asked with anxiety.

"Very good," he said. "Excuse me. It sounds so abrupt. But I don't know your name."

"You don't remember me at all?"

"No."

She said, "My name's Anna"—she watched him carefully—"Hilfe. You saved my life."

"How did I do that?"

"When the bomb went off—just before it went off—you knocked me down and fell on me. I wasn't hurt."

"I'm very glad. I mean," he laughed nervously, "there might be all sorts of discreditable things to learn. I'm glad there's one good one."

They talked in generalities a little while and then he said, "I suppose the doctor won't let you tell me anything. He says he wants it all to come through my memory, slowly and gently. But I wish you'd break the rule about just one thing. It's the only thing that worries me. I'm not married, am I?"

She said slowly, as if she wanted to be very accurate and not to tell more than was necessary, "No, you are not married. And now there's nothing left to worry you?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said. "Or only one thing—that you might go out of that door and not come back."

"You've changed so much." She made a remark he couldn't understand. "This is how you should have been." They shook hands like strangers. He said, "And you'll come back often?"

"It's my job," she said, "Arthur." It was only after she had gone that he wondered at the name.

In the mornings a servant brought him breakfast on a tray: coffee, toast, a boiled egg, and the morning paper.

This morning as he was reading, Johns, the interne, came in for a chat, and Digby, looking up from the paper, asked, "What's a fifth column?"

There was nothing Johns liked better than giving information. He talked for quite a while, bringing in Napoleon.

"In other words, people in enemy pay?" Digby said. "That's nothing new. I was just reading the questions in Parliament. They suggest there's another kind of fifth column—people who are blackmailed."

"The Germans are wonderfully thorough," Johns said. "They did that in their own country. It wouldn't surprise me if they'd done the same thing over here. They formed, you know, a kind of Ministry of Fear—with the most efficient undersecretaries. They get a hold on certain people."

"Apparently," Digby said, "this M. P. has got the idea that important plans have been stolen from the Ministry of Home Security. They had been brought over from a Service Ministry for a consultation and lodged overnight. He claims that next morning they were missing."

"There must be an explanation," Johns said.

"There is. The Minister says that the honorable member was misinformed. The plans were not required for the morning conference, and at the afternoon conference they were produced, fully discussed, and returned to the Service Ministry."

"These M. P.s get hold of odd stories."

"Do you think," Digby asked, "that by any chance I was a detective before this happened? Because there seem to me to be so many holes in the statement."

"It seems quite clear to me."

"Do you notice that the Minister doesn't deny that the plans were missing? He says that they weren't wanted, and that when they were wanted they were there."

"You mean there was time to photograph them?" Johns said excitedly. "Do you know," he said, "there was a suggestion of that kind made nearly three months ago. It was just after your arrival. I'll look it up for you. Some papers were missing then for several hours. An M. P. made a fuss—talked about photographs, and they came down on him like a sledge hammer. Trying to undermine public confidence. The papers had never left the possession—I can't remember whose possession. Somebody whose word you had to take."

Digby said, "You know I feel quite tired. The brain begins to tick and then suddenly I feel so tired I could lie down and sleep. Perhaps I will."

IT was a fine afternoon and Digby went for a solitary walk in the garden. Several days had passed since Anna Hilfe's visit, and he felt restless and moody, like a boy in love. By the pond he found a fellow patient, Major Stone. There was mud all over his tweed suit and mud on his hands. He was dragging a plank.

"It's sheer treachery," Major Stone said, "to leave a place like that unoccupied." He pointed to a tiny island in the pond. "You could command the whole house . . ." He slid the plank forward so that one end rested on a large stone. He looked Digby in the eyes as though he were sizing him up. "I've seen you about here a lot," he said. "I suppose you've been sick like the rest of us. Thank God I'll be leaving here soon. Able to be of use again. What's been your trouble?"

"Loss of memory," Digby said, and strolled on.

Major Stone called anxiously after him, "You haven't seen me, do you hear? You haven't seen me."

As Digby came in front of the house, Johns emerged. He said, "Have you seen Major Stone?"

Digby hesitated. Then he said, "No."

"The doctor wants him. He's had a relapse."

The camaraderie of a fellow patient weakened. Digby said, "I did see him earlier. . . . You might have a look round the pond."

"Thanks," Johns said and called out, "Poole."

"I'm coming," a voice said.

A sense of apprehension moved like a heavy dark curtain in Digby's brain. A man stood at the gate from the sick bay for violent cases, wearing the same kind of white coat that Johns wore on duty but not so clean. He was a dwarfish man with huge twisted shoulders and an arrogant face. "The pond," Johns said.

The man blinked and made no movement, staring at Digby. "Haven't I met you," he said, "somewhere before?" He watched Digby with a kind of enjoyment. "Oh, yes, I'm sure I have."

"No," Digby said. "No."

"Well, we know each other now," Poole said. He grinned at Digby and said with relish, "I'm the keeper," swinging a long simian arm toward the sick bay.

Digby said with violence, "I don't know you from Adam. I don't want to know you," and turned his back.

NEXT morning there was no paper on his tray. He was touched again by the faint fear he had felt the previous afternoon when Poole came out of the sick bay, and he waited impatiently for Johns to arrive for his morning chat and smoke. But Johns didn't come. Digby lay in bed and brooded for half an hour.

His mind returned to Anna Hilfe. When he thought of her it was with an absurd breathlessness. . . .

The door opened. It was Dr. Forester. "It won't do, Digby," he said, "it won't do. I'm disappointed."

Digby said, "I want my clothes. I won't be treated like an invalid or a child."

"You seem to have got it into your head," Dr. Forester said, "that you have a talent for detection, that you were a detective perhaps in your previous life. . . ."

"That was a joke," Digby said.

"I can assure you you were something quite different—quite different," Dr. Forester repeated.

"What was I?"

"It may be necessary one day to tell you," Dr. Forester said, as though he were uttering a threat.

"I'm leaving here," Digby said.

"My dear Digby," Dr. Forester said, "you must be reasonable. You are a very sick man, a very sick man indeed. Yesterday with Poole, and just now, you showed an excitement which I've feared and hoped to avoid." He put his hand gently on the pajama sleeve and said, "I don't want to have to restrain you, to have you certified. . . ."

Digby said, "But I'm as sane as you are. You must know that."

"Major Stone thought so too. But I've had to transfer him to the sick bay."

Digby felt like a chastised schoolboy. And the schoolboy planned rebellion. At about half past nine in the evening he heard the sound of a car and watching between the curtains he saw the doctor drive away. Or rather Poole drove and the doctor sat beside him. He became bold: he would visit Stone. The patients must combine against tyranny.

He opened the door of his room and took a quick look down the corridor. No one was in sight. . . . Farther down the passage Johns' door was open and the light was on. Taking off his bedroom slippers he passed quickly across the doorway, but Johns wasn't there.

Ahead of him was the green baize door he had never seen opened, and beyond that door lay the sick bay. The door pulled easily open and swung to behind him with a long sigh.

Everything spoke of neglect, in contrast to the spruce nursing home beyond the door.

He looked into a dim untidy room, which, he thought, must be where Poole lived. Whenever he thought of Poole he was aware of something unhappy, something imprisoned at the bottom of his brain trying to climb out.

Everywhere there was the smell of Caporal, and on the beds there were crumbs. Digby stared at the crumbs a long while; a feeling of sadness and disquiet and danger he couldn't place haunted him.

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LET THEM WEAR LACE!

Emaciated, clothes in tatters, shoes—if any—resoled with wood: the average youngster in Occupied France looks even worse than this one.

A carload of lamé for a ball of wool! That's what the French, who shiver and starve in unwanted finery, would today gladly exchange

BY PAULA LeCLER

"YOU Americans had better come soon if you want to find us still living," a Vichy schoolmistress told me before I left France. "For many it's already too late."

Life itself, from the cradle to the grave, is rationed in France under Hitler.

I gave the wife of a French journalist, an expectant mother, some warm American underwear I'd been wearing. She cut it into swaddling clothes—and kept thanking me with tears in her eyes each time I met her. Just before leaving France I promised a close friend who has a young baby to try to send back, through underground channels, whatever she most urgently needed. "Try to send me a meter of flannel, a needle, a tin of condensed milk, and if possible a little quinine!" she begged.

Wool, under the rationing law, can be sold only for layettes. But hardly any remains for even this purpose. France's sheep are in Germany.

In Cerbère and other small cities I talked with old, old beldames once considered long past their usefulness. They've been urged out of their dark chimney corners to revive an art which only they remember. From the wool of the few sheep left they're turning out a little cloth by hand spinning, carding, and weaving.

Cottons, rayons, and other utility fabrics are almost as scarce as woolens. In noted centers like Nimes and Lyons I saw France's great textile mills standing idle. They can get neither power nor materials. Many are just empty casings, their looms and other machinery removed to the Reich and its Bohemian "protectorate."

A Vichy decree last fall ordered every surviving hairdresser and barber to accumulate and turn in all loose hair on his premises; the government was going to make new, warm and durable textiles of it. Optimistic reports in France's two-page newspapers bolstered the hopes of the population, dreading winter. But nobody I know has seen a hair's breadth of those fabrics.

"No cotton, wool, or rayon? Let them wear tulle, delicate laces, and lamé!" That's how I found Hitler answering the acute everyday clothing need of foodless and fuelless Frenchmen. Unwanted by the Nazis, left-over stocks of these expensive, cruelly incongruous and unserviceable accessory stuffs are France's unrationed fabrics. They create an ironic false front of luxury in shops denuded of every staple. Unusable even in summer under today's conditions, they'll still be there when Allied armies come—for the shopkeepers have nothing to replace them with.

Any new dress I ever sighted was certain to be of extravagant, glittering, absurdly pretentious lamé. Its effect generally ended at the hemline—above the usual torn shoes and no stockings. Tarnishable, the new confections are soon a bilious mélange of colors. I've seen their wearers scrambling for dubious-looking turnips in the markets and trundling coal-piled perambulators through main thoroughfares.

In Paris, famous couturiers, supplied by the Nazis with the finest of France's silks, satins, and woolens are turning out authentically chic and captivating models. In France these are worn, without rationing formalities, by just a handful of renegade "Frenchwomen"—revue star and actress mistresses of Nazi officials, and the wives and "little friends" of the small ruling clique of Hitler-delivered "Frenchmen"; in Germany they are worn, behind closed doors, by a very few modish matrons, including Frau Göring and Frau Goebbels.

Meanwhile, France's martyred millions huddle in whatever rags and oddments of old wearing apparel they still can muster. Mothers wrap their last warm coats around their babies. On the iciest days practically nobody has gloves or stockings. France's huge specialty stocks of fine gloves and hosiery were all mopped

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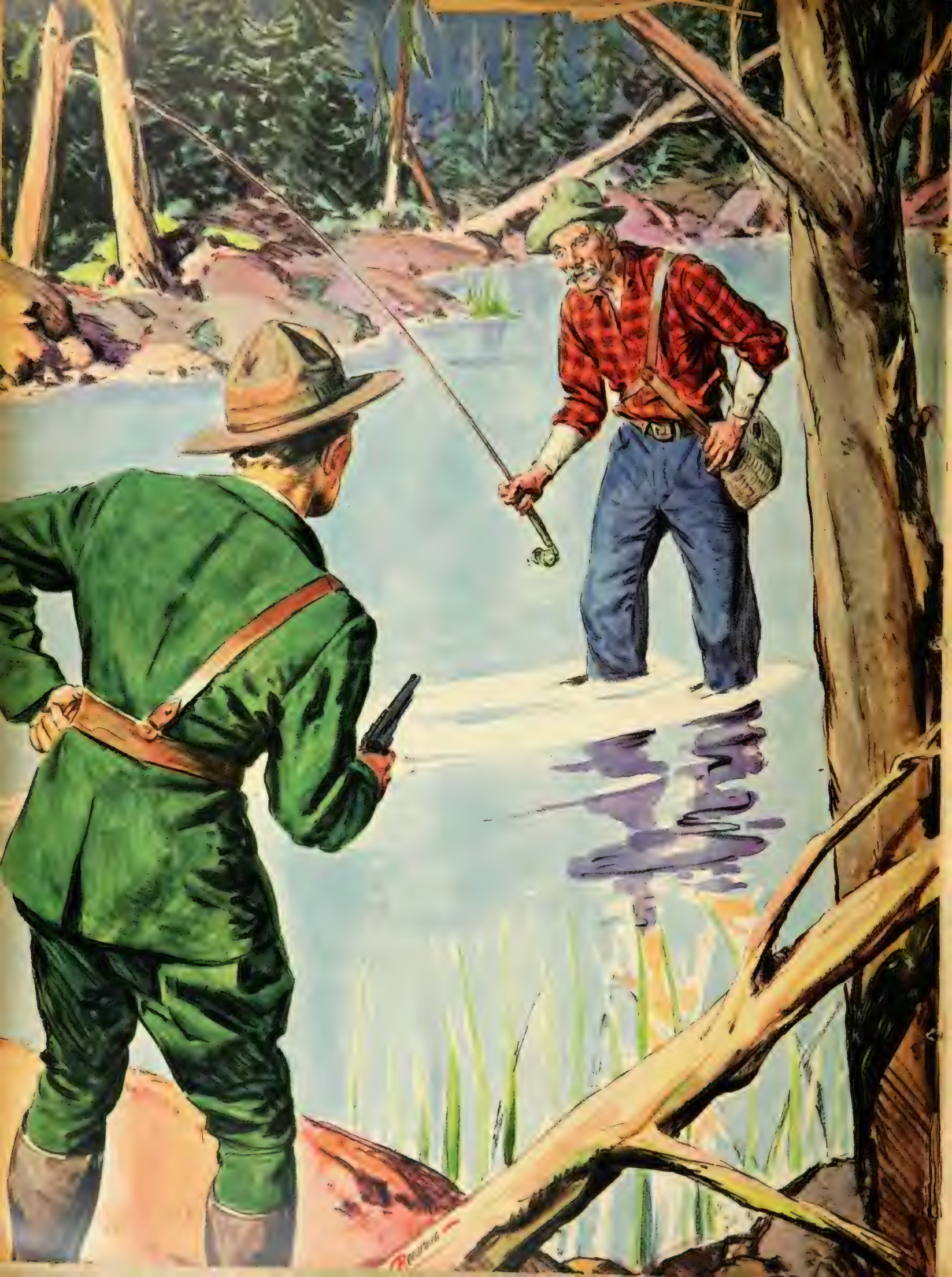

THE EDUCATION OF JOHNNY BING

Liberty's SHORT, SHORT STORY

Old Man Simpson looked like easy game to Johnny, but sometimes a brand-new game warden has something to learn from a wily old poacher

BY JIM KJELGAARD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

JOHNNY came up the Bucktail road at one o'clock that morning, and climbed over the rail fence to crawl through the dew-wet timothy hay into Old Man Simpson's barn. He sat down in the litter of straw and oat heads that had been gathering dust since Old Man Simpson kept a horse, a stolen horse, two years ago, and plastered his eye against a crack to watch Old Man Simpson's cabin. And Johnny settled himself to wait until Old Man Simpson made a misstep, which certainly would not be later than the next morning.

But maybe you should know more about Johnny Bing. He was the joedarnedest rip-snorting, ground-pawing warden as ever wrapped himself in a forest-green uniform. When he was two weeks out of warden school he run the Culloss gang to ground at a beaver dam they was poaching, and he shot it out with 'em. He took 'em in, too, four of 'em. Then he went up to Gadden County and got One-Eye Harredeen cold in less'n a week. There was lots more Johnny Bing done, and all of it together didn't send his personal opinion of himself any higher than an eagle could fly if he really set his mind on it. When he stepped off the train at Cutover, all situations was well in hand because Johnny Bing had come. He operated with his usual speed, too.

It took him one day to meet and fall hard for Jamie Garsen's kid, Elizabeth, and one day and ten minutes for her to give him the air. That cut Johnny right where he lived. This hick girl should of known right off what a wonderful man he was! But it made him mad, too. So one day and one hour after he come to Cutover, here he was, all ready to finish the job he had come to do.

The sun was just coming up when Old Man Simpson come out of his cabin. The darned old sinner stood there, pulling at his mustache and wary as an old buck coon just come out of its den. Watching him through the crack, Johnny Bing grinned. Old Man Simpson had never done an honest day's work in his life. He lived on what he took out of the woods and waters, in season and out, and thirty wardens sent to bring him in had all come back with their tails between their legs. But Johnny Bing was on the job now.

Old Man Simpson walked around the cabin, shied a rock at a raven sitting on a post, and come back to take a strung-up fishing rod from over the door. Johnny Bing fairly hugged hisself, he was that put out with pleasure. For the past forty years Old Man Simpson had hunted and fished here in the Cutover country, and never had troubled hisself to buy a license. He sure wouldn't have one this time. From now on Johnny Bing would be known as the man who had got the Culloss gang, the man who had arrested One-Eye Harredeen, the man who had put Old Man Simpson in jail. He would cover hisself with glory, be the mortal terror of lawbreakers all over the state, and maybe that would open Elizabeth Garsen's eyes, too!

JOHNNY waited until Old Man Simpson had took off down a path in the hemlocks, then sneaked out and went after him. The old woods rat, knowing he couldn't be followed, didn't even look around. He walked right past the head of Smarty Creek, three miles from his cabin, and he never even glanced at Blue Lake, six miles away. So he couldn't be after brook trout or bass.

He had to have his rod strung for the rainbows in Otter Creek, twelve miles away. As soon as Johnny Bing was sure of that, he ran back those six miles and got his car. He drove back to the fork, and up the tote road to Otter Creek. The first thing he saw, about six miles up, was Old Man Simpson up to his knees in Otter Creek. His rod was bent, and as Johnny Bing looked he brought an eighteen-inch rainbow to net and put it in his creel. That was enough. Johnny got out of his car, went to the edge of the creek, and hollered:

"I want to see your license!"

For a minute Old Man Simpson just stood there looking at the other side of Otter Creek as though gauging his chances of getting into the hemlocks. But Johnny Bing carried a gun, and it was in his hand. So Old Man Simpson came wading in. His Adam's apple worked up and down and his toothless gums were framed in a sick kind of grin.

"Well, well, well," he said. "A warden! I never even suspicioned there'd be a warden up here!"

"I don't expect you did," said Johnny Bing, "or you wouldn't of been fishing out there. Have you got a license?"

"Sure," said Old Man Simpson.

First he looked in the side pockets of his blue jeans. Then he looked in the back pockets. Then he looked in the pockets of his stag shirt. Then he pushed his hat back on his head and looked at Johnny Bing.

"I know I got it!" said he. "But I must of mislaid it!"

"Yeah?" said Johnny Bing. "I think you'd better come with me."

Old Man Simpson shrugged, helpless-like. "Well, if you insist."

Johnny Bing was higher than a cloud when they got in his car and started back down the tote road. This old renegade had a record dating back forty years, but one day and eleven hours after Johnny Bing got on his trail he was caught! But that was the way Johnny Bing worked, and if it boosted his stock with the game commission—well, a good man got what he earned. Johnny turned his car back up the road that led to Cutover, where there was a justice of the peace. But he was right in front of Old Man Simpson's house when the old reprobate said:

"Hey, wait a minute."

Johnny stopped the car and watched the darned old wolf take off his hat.

"I just remembered where I put that license," said Old Man Simpson. "See it, right here in my hat lining? Thankee for the ride, warden. I ain't as spry as I once was, an' twenty-four miles is a right smart hop."

THE END

"I want to see your license!" Johnny carried a gun, and it was in his hand.

They pushed him to the wall. "Rack!" Stump begged. "Take it easy!"

Broken River

Rack Tinker had a past to hide and a future to build, but the cards were stacked against him. A powerful and rugged story of love and conflict in the timber country

BY JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

RACK TINKER, woods boss of the Broken River Logging Company and adopted son of its president, Big Red Tinker, and Red's wife, Addie, returned to camp from Westburyport with plenty of trouble and a pretty girl in tow.

Part of Rack's trouble was caused by a lanky man who was trying to blackmail him for a secret that lay in his past. But the greater part had been handed him by the girl, Sara Bishop.

When Rack had started back to Broken River from Westburyport, he had been bursting with the good news he had to tell Big Red and all the men who had stood by the outfit during lean times. Clyde Prio, lawyer and friend of the Tinkers, had made a contract with Bill Bishop's widow for the Broken River Company to cut the spruce on the Bishop tract. The government needed that spruce—and needed it quickly.

"She drove a hard bargain," Clyde had said, "but she signed — because you've got the railroad and can get to the spruce faster than any one else."

There were snags. Broken River needed equipment, and the company's credit was none too good. But Clyde had put up the earnest money and Rack was sure they could manage.

That, however, was before he met Sara, Bill Bishop's daughter. Feminine as she looked, Sara had a mind of her own, and it was definitely set against allowing Broken River to have the job. She didn't, she said, think the company was sound.

"There's a contract. Remember?" Rack reminded her.

"But contracts have been broken," she replied coolly. "I'm going to do everything I can to break this one."

Her visit to the ramshackle camp strengthened her conviction that the contract was a mistake.

"You're tough," Rack told her.

"Yes," she said. "I have to be."

RACK and Big Red showed Sara Bishop the front room of the Tinker cabin while Addie prepared lunch. There were rag rugs scattered on a hard-scrubbed floor.

The furniture was simple. The fireplace was stone, big and often used, and above it well oiled guns lay in an antler rack. But these things you didn't see until you were done looking at the pictures.

The pictures were murals, painted on canvas that had been stretched on the walls from waist height to the ceiling. Sara found herself remembering the small brown man they called Angel Murphy. A section hand, that one, or a fruit peddler, or possibly a storekeeper. But not a painter. And yet he painted.

And he'd done well, all things considered. Nice draftsmanship, good composition, and fair detail. The scenes were logging operations: a slack-line rig, a high lead, and a sky line. There were "cats" dragging logs down incredible slopes. A Shay locomotive was shown, a string of flat cars, and an odd loading machine that Big Red identified as a jammer. And from unexpected places, holy characters cast a doubtful blessing over all.

"Addie's kind of a God-shouter," Big Red explained. "She hadda have 'em in there. An' what Addie wants she generally gets—"

"—or we don't eat," Rack finished for him.

Sara Bishop stopped before a panel of trees. She looked at the trees, her head tipped, eyes thoughtful. "Those aren't fir," she said, "or spruce, or hemlock."

"Myrtle," Rack said.

"We got a big stand of it south o' here," Big Red told her. "Big trees, worth a lot of cash."

"He means Addie's got it." Rack corrected. "It belongs to her. She's—well, holding it in trust for Broken River. It amounts to a savings account. Some day this will be a big camp. It will need capital to spread out."

Big Red said, "An' it ain't far off."

Sara Bishop looked at Rack. "You told him?"

Rack grinned. "Sure. But he doesn't believe you'll stop us either."

"The way I figure—" Big Red began.

Abruptly Rack broke in with, "Here we have a wood nymph. Murphy painted it for Red on special order."

"Where?" Sara asked.

"This blank piece here."

The space was near the bottom, about two feet square. The scene was among trees, and this much had been painted over so that nothing was left.

"What happened?"

Big Red's face grew pink. "Well—you know how wood nymphs are. They ain't much for wearin' clothes. This one—"

"Hadn't a stitch on," Addie said, from the kitchen.

Rack laughed. "Well built too."

"Addie was in town that day," Big Red explained. "She come home an' there it was. She like to had a fit. I couldn't live with her till I painted it out."

"It would seem out of place," Sara said.

"No more'n some of this other stuff," Big Red complained.

HE showed Sara next a likeness of a small, very ragged boy. "That's Rack," he told her. "This shows how I found 'im. I was huntin' up that way, an' I seen something under this here log. Thought it was a wolf at first. I grabbed onto him, an' then I knew it was. He like to bit my hand off."

Sara Bishop looked doubtfully at Big Red and then at Rack. Both men were straight-faced.

"I don't believe it!" she said.

"'S fact," Big Red said. "He was 'bout thirteen years old. The crumbiest-lookin' thing you ever seen—damn near naked, and dirty! All he had was a broken-bladed knife, a slingshot, a couple of eggs, an' part of a ham he'd swiped outa our cooler."

"I didn't swipe it," Rack said. "I smoked it myself."

Big Red said, "Maybe you laid them eggs?"

Sara turned to the kitchen door. "Addie," she said, "do you hear what these two liars are telling me?"

"'Bout Rack?" Addie asked. "It's true, all right. Anyway, that's how Big Red always claimed he got him."

Sara fixed Rack with a steady eye. "How did you get under that log?"

"I was born there," he said.

"Did you have a mother?"

"I can't say for sure," he answered soberly. "I might have. There was a she-wolf that used to come and lick my face. I often wondered—"

"A wolf!" Sara said. "That I can believe."

Big Red said, "He was sure wild in them days. I used to keep him chained to the back porch. One time he got away—chewed the link right outa the step. The only way I could get him back was to kill a chicken and lay it on a stump. When he come after it, I knocked him over with a rock . . ."

Sara stamped her foot. "The devil with you!"

"That's what I tell 'em," Addie said.

Sara went to the kitchen door. "Is there any truth in what they've been telling me? Honest, now."

"Some." Addie's long face was serious. "Jerome found him under a log all right. He'd been living there. Must have run away from somewhere, though he wouldn't ever say. We put his picture in all the papers, but nobody claimed him. We waited awhile, and then Jerome had Clyde Prio make out the adoption papers."

"He must have had a name."

"None he'd say. Jerome called him Tamarack. That's the only tree sheds its needles. And he'd sure shed his. There was nuthin' left on him but part of a pair of pants."

"It's a wild tale," Sara said weakly.

Big Red said, "I skipped the wild parts."

"Lunch is ready," Addie said. "Come 'n' eat."

They found seats around the kitchen table. Big Red waited only a moment, and then leaned close to Sara Bishop. "Look," he said. "Rack says you don't want us to log your spruce. How come?"

"You've very little equipment."

"What we got's good!" Big Red said.

Quietly she said, "I've seen it."

Big Red's face flushed. "Why, dammit—"

And Rack stopped him with a jerk of his head. He put his brown hands

flat on the table and spoke to Sara Bishop. "What gear we have is pretty well shot," he said evenly, "but we have something else—something more important than sky-line cable, or donkey engines, or cats. We've got a railroad that will reach your spruce. How long would it take another outfit to build a road over the hump and into God's Pocket?"

"Four months—"

"Six, at least," Rack said.

"My point is that—"

"Whoa!" Big Red's explosion cut her off. "That railroad ain't all—not by a pot o' pitch. We got somethin' else. We got the best damn loggers that ever wore calks. Right here in this camp. There's Rack. For five years he's been goin' from one camp to another, sittin' in on the toughest jobs they had. An' why?"

"I'm a short-stake man," Rack said dryly.

"Keep outa this," Big Red said. He pointed his chin at Sara. "He hunted the toughest jobs an' the trickiest ones, just so's he'd know how to handle 'em when we got a crack at a real stand o' timber. Olsen, Whitney's super, has been after Rack for two years to take Camp Six. That's the biggest camp Whitney's got. You think I'm lyin'? Ask Olsen—"

Sharply Addie said, "Watch your tongue!"

Big Red seemed not to hear her. He leaned forward, shoulders hunched, anger in the rough shape of his mouth. "An' there's Stump," he said. "Worked for your gran'dad, didn't he? Thirty years ago! If there's a rig he don't know, it ain't been thought of! An' White Hope—he c'n get his fifteen bucks a day from Olsen any time. Swede Berg—"

"Red!" Rack Tinker snapped. "Stop it!"

The front door banged open then.

"Rack," Stump called from the living room, "you an' Red come here a minute, will yuh?"

THEY found Stump standing with his back against the door. His good-natured grin was gone. "Horton's out there," he said in a husky whisper—"him an' that foreman from River Mill—that Lundeen."

Big Red's eyes swung to Rack.

"You gonna take it easy?" he asked.

Evenly Rack said, "That depends on Horton."

"Ain't we got trouble enough? He's here on account of this Bishop kid. She's got some devilment up her sleeve. We gotta go easy or she'll grab that contract out from under us!"

"Suppose she does," said Rack.

"I got a stake in this," Big Red growled. "The whole camp has. An' you ain't gonna clip us out of it just because you—" He put his fist under Rack's chin. "Keep your foot on the brake, boy, or we'll gang yuh!"

Rack Tinker turned and went back to the kitchen. "Miss Bishop," he said, "your friends are here."

Sara Bishop smiled. "Fine."

The front door was open now. Most of the Broken River crew had gathered on the porch. Sam Horton and Lundeen were coming up the walk. Lundeen, a leathery little bulldog of a man, whose face was half hidden by his down-pulled hatbrim, gave Rack a brief nod and a briefer grin. Sam Horton lifted one hand in greeting.

"Rack," he said, "long time no see."

He was big; his hair was close-cropped, yellow in the sun. The hat he carried was brown; his tweed jacket was another, softer brown. He wore logger's boots, black and new, and his slacks were rolled up to stag length. There was the roughness of a logger in Horton, but he covered it well with his careful tweed, with the confidence some big men have. He waited for Rack to speak, and when Rack let him wait he smiled. The smile meant little—the movement of

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There are several ways of testing whether a diamond is genuine or not, but the latest test to distinguish a genuine diamond from an imitation stone is to touch it with dry ice. The real gem will squeak when touched.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

strong lips across white teeth; his gray eyes were blandly undisturbed.

"You're such a cheerful host," he said.

Rack said, "Until people start crowding me."

"Sam," Big Red said quickly, "how's Old Jim?"

"He's feeling better," Sam Horton said.

"Good!" Big Red said. "I'm glad to hear it."

Sam Horton moved across the room to stand beside Sara Bishop's chair. Rack leaned back against the wide mantel of the fireplace. Big Red's unhappy glance went to him.

"Old Jim's one of God's best people," he said.

There was no break in the wooden bleakness of Rack's face. Big Red swallowed. He was no great hand at smoothing things over, but this time he'd been lucky. Mentioning Old Jim Horton had done the trick. Old Jim, the crusty old satyr—long of nose, with a wooden leg and a dry thin face. Nearing seventy now, but in the days that were gone he'd been a power in Westburyport.

He'd lost the leg in Roarin' Bill's Camp Three. The settlement for the leg had built River Mill. River Mill had built Westburyport. And the worst thing that had ever happened to either was Jeanne Horton. She'd given Old Jim three sons, but no more. There'd been a time when a committee of four had called on her—four loggers. "You ain't gonna do this to Jim," they'd told her. "Quit chasin' around, or by the Lord Harry we'll strap you good!"

Her answer had been to the point. She'd left Westburyport that same night. Left Jim with three small sons to raise. He'd done his best. But there was a lot of Jeanne in the boys. No one had been surprised when Jed, the oldest, was killed in a backwoods brawl. Or when Cecil had joined the Army rather than give the state five years of his life.

But all of that was in the past. Of late Old Jim Horton had run River Mill with the help of those who did business with him. "A fair deal," he'd say, "and a decent profit for both of us—that's all I ask." Then he'd turn the talk to Sam, his youngest. "Always done well, that boy. High marks in school, better marks in college, a good job with a big lumber mill up north." And he'd add, "Sam ain't like his brothers. There's no wild blood in him—not a drop!"

Sara Bishop said, "I've had several long talks with Mr. Horton. We have—well, a proposition to offer you now." Her voice was cool and distant again. "We all know the government needs the spruce badly. Your railroad will reach God's Pocket. But there's still the problem of the high line."

"Sky line," Rack said. "There's a difference."

FAINT color came to Sara Bishop's cheeks. "My point is this: you haven't enough cable to build the line, whatever you call it. You haven't the equipment to log the spruce. You've no capital."

"And no credit," Horton said.

Quietly Rack said, "You're wrong, but go on."

Sara Bishop looked at all of them before she spoke again. "I think you should rent or lease your railroad to Mr. Horton. I think—"

"T'hell with that!" Big Red cried.

Addie Tinker said, "Jerome!"

Rack said, "Go on, Miss Bishop."

"I think you should rent your railroad to Mr. Horton," Sara Bishop repeated coolly. "He'll log the spruce. He'll supply all the equipment and the—well, the supervision."

"We're not interested," Rack said.

Sam Horton slanted his head. "This's really a sweet deal for you," he said. "I'll supply everything. I'll do all the worrying. You people can work for me. I'll pay you the going wage, or a little better."

Bleakly Rack said, "No."

"You'll have to change your mind." Sara Bishop's hands tightened on her purse. "I mean that, Mr. Tinker."

Rack said, "We can get that spruce to the mill, to the aircraft factories, faster than any one else. That's one point, Miss Bishop. An important one. And there are others. The day of the timber hog is gone. We're tree farmers here; Broken River is a permanent camp. That means we plan for a perpetual yield—a year-after-year cut that takes only the timber ripe for harvest. Any one else would be here for a season or two—no more. They'd clean-cut, gut the land, and go. And God's Pocket

(*Continued on page 40*)

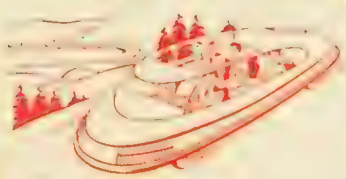
From horseless buggy to car of the future

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

1860 **STEAM CARRIAGE** built by Richard Dudgeon, carried ten passengers ten miles an hour and terrified people with its noise, smoke and fire. Corby's was introduced in Canada two years before.

1893 **HORSELESS BUGGY** built by pioneer automotive inventors, propelled by a 4 horsepower gasoline motor, weighed 700 pounds. At this time, Corby's was entering its 36th year.

1904 **TOURING CAR** built by leading manufacturer to sell for $1250, top and lights $125 extra. Some equipped with storm front curtain with a celluloid window. Then the name Corby's was 46 years old.



194? **FUTURE CAR**—leading designers and engineers are dreaming of the car of the future, planning with streamlining, lighter weight motors, high octane fuels. Corby's is carrying on its tradition of fine whiskey.

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PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

Automobile factories are devoted to war production today. Distilleries are also 100 per cent devoted to producing alcohol for war chemicals and synthetic rubber. Supplies of Corby's are being stretched. Don't blame your dealer if you can't get it every time. Everything possible is being done to maintain a fair distribution of the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name. *Occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after victory.*

Now I'm on every Corby's bottle asking you to BUY WAR BONDS

35 PROOF — 30.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA ILLINOIS

(*Continued from page 38*)
would be all through for a hundred years or more."

"That's a pretty speech," Sara Bishop said, "and a pretty theory. But this is business. The bank says you people are not financially able to log God's Pocket. I believe them."

Rack said, "You're forgetting the contract."

"No," she said. "But I've read the contract, and I don't think you have. You said your Mr. Prio made it iron-clad. He did—up to a point. You have the right to try to log the spruce. I can't stop you. Not now. But there's a stumpage payment of ten thousand dollars due just six weeks from today. That payment must be made if you haven't cut so much as a single tree. And if it isn't made on time, to the minute, then the contract breaks itself!"

"We'll see you in six weeks," Rack said.

Sam Horton said, "I was afraid of this, Sara. All these stump jumpers are alike. Give them the chance, and they'll grab everything in sight."

Rack said, "Keep out of this, Sam."

"No," said Horton pleasantly.

Old anger woke in Rack Tinker. A congested vein throbbed in his temple. "Don't crowd me, Sam," he said. "I won't take that from you—or any one!"

"Let's roll dice for the contract," Horton said. "After all, that's the way you got started here. I'll take a chance—just as long as we don't use your dice."

"Come outside," Rack said. "Now!"

Sam Horton smiled. "I like it here."

RACK was moving then, pushing himself away from the fireplace. Gray pallor underlay his tan; his mouth was a white and twisted line. He pushed a chair aside; the scrape of its legs against the floor was loud in the drawn quiet.

"Rack!" Addie cried. "Stop it!"

Big Red's hand shot out to catch Rack's shoulder. "Whoa, boy," he said. "We don't want no fights!" And as Rack fought free of his grip, Big Red yelled, "Stump! Come on, man. Lend a hand here!"

There was sudden violent movement at the door. Stump and White Hope were in it then, blocking Rack's way, forcing him back. Big Red locked his long arms around Rack from behind. His strength and the driving weight of the others proved more than a match for Rack's cold fury. Together they pushed him to the wall, to the corner near the fireplace, and held him there.

"Rack!" Stump begged. "Take it easy!"

Big Red spoke to Horton. "Get out o' here," he panted, "an' get out fast or, so help me, I'll use a ax on you myself!"

Sam Horton took Sara Bishop's arm. He smiled.

"Good-by, gentlemen," he said, "for now."

"Wait a minute," Addie said. "You're forgetting your hat, Mr. Horton. We'd have no use for that."

THE shadows of dusk lay deep in Rack's cabin when Big Red came up the walk. Rack stayed where he was, his chair tipped against the wall. Big Red stopped in the doorway, sheepish, uncertain.

"You give us a bad time," he said. "You went off the track for sure. You got to watch that crazy temper of yours, boy. You get so blind mad you might kill somebody."

Rack said, "It won't happen again."

"I hope you mean that," Big Red said.

Quietly Rack said, "I do."

There was silence for a moment. "What about this Bishop kid?" Big Red said finally. "Was she givin' us the straight dope on that stumpage payment?"

"I'm afraid so."

"What're we goin' to do?"

Rack said, "I'll guess with you."

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The typical American business man was born in the country, where he worked like hell so he could live in the city, where he worked like hell so he could live in the country.—*Don Marquis.*

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"What about Clyde Prio's earnest money?"

"That's gone—unless we meet the payment."

Big Red rubbed his face. "Lord!" he whispered, his voice husky. "I sure hate to let Clyde down."

"We haven't," Rack said; "not yet."

"But six weeks—" Big Red was scowling now. "We got to get gear. We got to rig the sky line an' get it to workin'. We got to get enough logs to th' mill to—" He broke off there, sighing heavily. "That Prio," he said—"he really bit off a chunk for us to chew!"

"That he did," said Rack.

After Big Red left, Rack still sat in his tipped-back chair while the early dusk deepened into full dark and a raw chill crept into the room. He made a cigarette and then let it smolder, forgotten, in his hand. The gate creaked and footsteps came up the walk. Rack snapped a match into flame and leaned across the table to light the lamp.

A voice said, "Is this Roughhouse's joint?"

"No," said Rack. "It's the next shack—"

And he stopped, for a man had come into the light. A thin and lanky man whose bony wrists hung from the sleeves of a ragged overcoat. A man who wore a soiled woolen scarf knotted tightly at his throat, whose lips held a loose grin.

"What are you doing here?" Rack said.

"I work here." The lanky man's grin widened. "The big redheaded guy up the street give me a job."

"Big Red hired you?"

"That's right," said the lanky man.

The loose smile stayed on his lips. There was derision in his face, in the slant of his head. And he was not afraid, for he did not move when Rack came around the table.

"I told you to stay away," Rack said.

"Sure. Sure you did." The lanky man laughed without sound. "But a man's got to eat. He's got to have a job. So I get the redheaded guy to put me on the pay roll. I'm goin' to take care of some cats."

"Maybe you are," said Rack.

"Why get hot? Why work up a beef? I ain't no Square-John, an' you ain't. You roughed me up the other night and I didn't get mad."

BLEAKLY Rack said, "The hell you didn't."

"O. K.," the lanky man said. "But look at it from my way. I think I got you in the squeeze. But you won't pay for what I know."

"The district attorney might," Rack said.

The lanky man laughed. "A lot of pork chops I'd buy with what he'd give me. I got to have dough, see? I got obligations like the next guy. If I'm workin' up here an' eatin' regular I won't be walkin' past the courthouse all the time. That ought to be worth somethin' to you."

"So a job's all you want?"

"Ain't that what I been sayin'?"

Rack Tinker was silent for a moment, thinking. "All right," he said at last. "You can bunk with Angel and Roughhouse till we can fix a cabin for you."

"Skip the cabin. I'll roost in a tree."

"I'm letting you stay," Rack said quietly, "but don't crowd me, man. And don't be funny!"

The lanky man said, "I don't want a cabin."

"Have it your way. We go to work at seven."

"I'll be here," the lanky man said.

He turned to the open door and went through it to the darkness of the porch. Rack called him back.

"What's your name?" Rack asked.

A crooked smile moved across the lanky man's lips. "I thought you'd get around to that," he said. "My name's Jaspers. Will Jaspers."

"It fits," Rack said.

He went back to his chair after the lanky man had gone. He cupped his hand above the lamp chimney and blew out the flame. He thought of the past again. For ten years he had known that one day certain facts would come to light, that wheels would begin to turn. And now they had. Jaspers had shaken static forces into motion; the end could not be long away.

Rack wondered why he had allowed the man to stay in camp when only trouble could come of it. Jaspers was lying, of course. Work was the last thing he wanted. So he had some other plan in mind, some deeper scheme. If he were here, in camp,

(*Continued on page 65*)

MR. HUBER

Continued from Page 13

sympathetic, but I can see he thinks Mr. Huber is a loony for wanting hard sales instead of easy ones.

"You do not know how tough it is," Mr. Huber replies. For a minute I think he is going to weep. "Why, only today," he says, "I sold two hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars' worth of insurance. More than I've sold some years outside. Think of it! All I had to do was sign the prospects up. There was no expense attached. No entertaining nor buying of dinners. Not so much as a glass of beer. It is a nightmare."

George sits up.

"Now that you mention beer," he says, with a merry laugh, "I think we can discuss my insurance needs more satisfactorily over a glass than we can here. What say we go to the village for peace and quiet and a bit of beer?"

Mr. Huber looks a little worried. This is much too swift for him.

"Aren't you restricted to camp for two weeks after you arrive?" he asks anxiously.

"Sure thing," George agrees heartily. "But don't let that bother you, Mr. Huber. If we're caught, it is Bub and I who will have to stand the K. P. Don't give it another thought, Huber, old boy, old boy!"

But Mr. Huber does give it another thought.

"I don't want to go if there is any danger of trouble," he says. "I'm in line for a p. f. c.'s stripe, and I don't want to endanger that."

"Forget it," George says. "Ready, Bub?" he asks me.

Now it is my time to worry.

"Hey," I start. I have no desire to go to the village, which is very definitely out of bounds. But, before I can express myself, George has popped out of the tent. So there is nothing for Mr. Huber and me to do except follow. Which we do.

NOW, the village is just a filling-station stop on the highway at the edge of Fort Dix. It is still early, and George leads us such a roundabout way, ducking between tents and crossing fields, we are stopped only once. And George talks us right past this soldier.

"We are members of the detachment stationed at the post," George lies boldly. "We are just going to town to get some stuff I left at the cleaner's. We didn't know we needed passes for that. See! Here is the cleaner's receipt."

George pulls out a slip of paper which, sure enough, is a cleaner's receipt, only for a cleaner in New York. But the soldier does not notice and he lets us pass.

Now, Mr. Huber is very anxious we are not seen. He leads the way into the back room of a beer joint. There is not much business and we have the room to ourselves.

We sit, and Mr. Huber orders a round of beer. And then he orders another. And pretty soon George orders one. And I order one. It does not make much difference, for Mr. Huber always grabs the bill. And all the time he is telling about how good this insurance is he is selling. He is so good that two or three times I forget I already buy all I can buy and offer to sign up for some more. And Mr. Huber, he forgets that too, for he signs me up three more times for the full amount.

But George, beer or no beer, he does not sign.

"If you like the insurance, Mr. Huber," George says generously, "you can have it. But for me—no."

"Private McKeller," Mr. Huber says for the tenth time, "I have taken all I can. Even though I have no wife and children, I have taken it. My policy is payable to my sister and her little children." He fumbles in his pocket and pulls out a picture of a rather faded woman and two kids. "That is my sister Millie," he says. "And the little girl is Kate. And the boy is Frankie, who is named after me. Now, Private McKeller, suppose these children were yours."

"But they aren't," George says. "Let's stick to fundamentals."

"Let's stick to beer," I say.

We all laugh. Maybe it isn't very funny, but we are in that pleasant state where it seems uproarious.

"It takes too long to get protection with government insurance," George says, soon as he stops laughing. "I can get immediate protection outside. Why take a government policy and risk waiting a month for it to go into effect?"

"It is like this," Mr. Huber says, trying to collect his thoughts. "The premiums are taken from your pay. And you aren't paid till you've been in the Army a full month."

"Yeh? And what happens if I die in the meantime?"

"But no one ever does," Mr. Huber says. He grins very smug, like he is pleased with this happy thought. "Look at me. I was drafted last month and took my insurance out right away. And here it is March 31 already, and my insurance starts tomorrow. And nothing has happened to me. Nothing ever happens to me."

Mr. Huber laughs very loud at his own joke. He teeters back in his chair and tries to hook his thumbs in a vest that is not there. The legs of his chair slip and he goes over backward. There is a crash as he hits the floor. George and I nearly fall out of our chairs laughing. But George's laugh peters out. I feel the silence, and I stop laughing too. Mr. Huber does not move. His neck is bent at a most peculiar angle.

"Help me set him up," George says.

Mr. Huber is most limp, and he keeps slumping down in his chair. George stands back of him and feels his neck. Just then the bartender comes in.

"I thought I heard some noise," he says. He looks around for broken glasses. He is suspicious.

"It was just my drunken friend falling out of his chair," George cracks. He bends forward over Mr. Huber's shoulder and asks, "What about another round of the same, Huber old man?"

HARDTACK

"What's the matter with him?"

Like mother - like daughter

BOTH SAY

"GOODBYE DANDRUFF"

Children and grown-ups alike are bothered with ugly, unsightly dandruff. Don't let this dandruff spoil your appearance! Keep your hair shining with natural life and color, *antiseptically clean*, and COMPLETELY FREE OF DANDRUFF, by using Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. Fitch Shampoo is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application. Effective in the hardest water! Good for all colors and textures of hair! Never requires an after-rinse! Fitch Shampoo reconditions as it cleanses!

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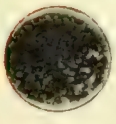

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I am very much relieved when Mr. Huber's head nods. He does not say anything, but I can understand that, with George massaging his neck like he is.

"Gee," I say, when the bartender has brought the beer and gone. "For a minute I was certainly scared. I thought Mr. Huber was hurt bad."

"He is," George says. "That was not him nodding. That was me shaking his head up and down. I didn't want the bartender asking questions."

We both laugh for a second at how George fools the bartender. Then I begin to wonder what am I laughing at. And I feel bad. Bad all over. George feels the same. He gulps his beer, so he is through first and can take Mr. Huber's. Then he fumbles around inside Mr. Huber's shirt. When George finally looks at me, he does not have to say it.

"Let's call an ambulance quick," I say, and start for the door. George stops me.

"THAT was his neck we hear pop," George says. "There is no need to hurry. He isn't going anywhere. Wait a minute. I want to think."

"Why wait?" I ask. I am beginning to get the creeps.

"Look at the time," he says.

"Ten forty-five," I answer. "And we ought to be in camp right now. You better let me get that ambulance."

"He is past helping," George says, very slow. "I am just thinking of his insurance. It will not go into effect until tomorrow. In an hour and fifteen minutes."

"Tough luck," I say. I mean it; it really is tough luck. Then I get what George is thinking. I feel what is coming, and I am very unhappy.

"If we can hide him for just an hour and fifteen minutes," George says, looking at the ceiling.

"Nothing doing!" I yelp, in panic. I want no part of this.

"Think of those kids," George says. He picks up the picture where Mr. Huber drops it. I think George is going to weep. "Think of Katie and Frankie," he says.

"Think of our skins!" I answer.

"Katie and Frankie," George repeats. "It means a college education for them."

"What about the M. P.'s?" I ask. I am weakening.

"M. P.'s!" George says, like I ought to be ashamed.

He looks around the room. I can see he is planning, weighing chances. I am hypnotized by his calmness. "Put these books in your pocket and climb out the window," he says. "I will drop Mr. Huber after you and then come around by the front door. All we got to do is keep him hidden until twelve and make it seem like he dies after then."

I still do not like the idea; but while I am feebly arguing, George hustles me to the window. I carry Mr. Huber along and hang him over

(*Continued on page 63*)

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

I AM not, and never was, a poet. But Private Robert A. Schultz is. From the station hospital at Camp Upton, New York, where he was a patient at the time, Private Schultz wrote us a poem. It's got an idea in it that I've been wanting to put across in this column for a long time. Here goes:

I'm a soldier now for the U. S. A.
I get lonely sometimes and begin to pray;
I look at the sky—it's always blue—

Club member

And I keep on praying for a letter from you.

I look at the clock as the hours roll by,
Then turn in my bed and begin to sigh;
The lights are turned out, the day is all through;
I'm waiting for a letter, a letter from you.

The mornings seem bright, birds sing all the day,
But as for me, I have nothing to say:
I do my duty to keep us all free,
Yet I'm waiting for something—something for me.

The hour draws near, there's a bedlam of joy;
I feel like a kid with a brand-new toy.
They just called my name! Now I'll never be blue,
'Cause I just got a letter—a letter from you.

Don't ever forget, we're fighting to win;
We need all your help, so won't you pitch in?
There's nothing much we ask you to do—
Only send us a letter, a letter from you.

How about reaching for the pen and paper right now? If you've got a loved one in the Army, Navy, Coast Guard, or Marines—whether here in this country or 10,000 miles away—write him a letter. Remember: when it comes to bolstering morale, the pen is mightier than the sword.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Recently five others and myself made a forced jump from a B-17 flying over South Dakota. We believe we are eligible for the Caterpillar Club. Could you please give me the address of the club?

Pfc. A. A. B., Rapid City, S. D.

Sorry to disappoint you, Private, but the Caterpillar Club no longer exists and never was much more than a mythical organization. Years ago, the manufacturers of parachutes used to send gold caterpillar pins to pilots or crew members who were forced to bail out. That was the origin of the Caterpillar Club. The Army Air Corps discouraged the idea some time ago.

* * *

How long does a soldier serve in the Army before his longevity pay starts? Also, when does it increase and at what percentage of salary? Does the Army allow double time on a soldier's service record for time in Alaska, Honolulu, etc.?

J. W. F., San Francisco, Calif.

That's a three-in-one question. Here's a three-in-one answer: Longevity pay starts after a soldier has completed three years of service. He gets a 5-per-cent increase in base pay, and for each subsequent three years of service he gets an additional 5-per-cent increase. There is no double time allowance for overseas service.

* * *

Just read in your column about "Bluejacket's" gripe on the Navy's white uniforms for enlisted men. He must be a drafted boot who doesn't have the proper pride and respect for his uniform. Maybe he was told he looks like a Good Humor man and given other ridings we take, but you never saw a real sailor who didn't have a good answer.

I don't think he reads the official Navy magazine, Our Navy, either. If he did he would have seen how the old-timers are against any change whatsoever in our uniform.

L. P. S. RT 3 C.
College Station, Tex.

Somebody once told me there were two sides to every question. I sure proved it when I printed that letter from "Bluejacket" about getting rid of the Navy whites. The letters are still pouring in, pro and con.

* * *

What ribbons am I authorized to wear? I served with the Royal Canadian Air Force from May, 1941, to May, 1942, as an American volunteer. Then I was transferred back to the U. S. forces. Now I understand that I am allowed to wear my R. C. A. F. wings as well as my American wings. Is this true?

I have also been told about a ribbon called the Allied Service ribbon. Do you know of any such ribbon?

Lt. R. J. F.,
MacDill Field, Tampa, Fla.

You've been given a wrong steer about those wings, Lieutenant. You may wear one set only—the American set. As to the "Allied Service ribbon," there is no such decoration in this war as yet. During World War I we had the Victory ribbon, which was the same thing, and chances are some such decoration will be authorized soon for this war. Of course, if Canada wanted to set up a campaign ribbon for its American volunteers, you'd be authorized to wear it. I'm in favor of it.

* * *

My husband, who is in the Navy, writes that he is in the "Amphibious Force, N. A. W.," but never says what it means, so could you please explain it to me?

Mrs. D. B., Providence, R. I.

Amphibious

The amphibious forces of the Navy are so called because they operate both on land and on the sea. In this war the landing operations require such forces. "N. A. W." means North African Waters.

* * *

What type of Bible does the Army issue for soldiers and where can I obtain one?

Cpl. C. C. J., Fort Sill, Okla.

I have a letter from Army Chaplain John A. Palm, of Fort Brady, Michigan, which answers that question to a t. Here goes:

"The United States Government Printing Office prints both Protestant and Roman Catholic versions of the New Testament and copies of Jewish Holy Writ which are distributed by the Army through the Chief of Chaplains' Office to the chaplains for distribution to the soldiers. The same is

true of the Navy. To obtain these, simply see your chaplain."

* * *

I am the mother of a boy who is stationed somewhere in Alaska over a year and have nobody to depend on. My husband is dead and I am allowed thirty-seven dollars a month. Twenty-two dollars is taken from my boy's pay and the government gives me fifteen dollars.

I read in your column that wives get fifty dollars a month, twenty-two from the husband's pay and twenty-eight from the government.

What I would like to know is, why do wives need more than mothers? Most wives are younger and can get work, but we older mothers don't get work. We are supposed to live and pay our debts with the little allowance we get. Don't you think we are entitled to as much as wives?

Mrs. E. M., Slatedale, Pa.

In cases where an aged mother has no one to depend on except a single son in the armed forces, I think you are right. She should get at least as much as a wife gets.

Come on, WD, how about doing something about this?

* * *

I have been informed that those getting a C. D. D. (disability discharge) cannot expect to get government employment. Is this true?

Pvt. P. A. S., Station Hospital, Fort Lewis, Wash.

No, it is not true. A C. D. D. has no effect whatever on a man's ability to obtain a government job, if he can meet the necessary qualifications.

* * *

How could I obtain information on transferring to the ski-trooper branch of the Army? Have been in the Air Forces eleven months.

Pfc. E. W., Keesler Field, Miss.

Write to the Ski Patrol, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York City, giving your qualifications in detail and your reasons for wishing to transfer. If they think they can use you, you will have to seek the transfer in the usual way. Go to your commanding officer, who will direct your request for transfer "through channels."

* * *

About a year ago a circular came out which dealt with enlisted men, saying that no more garrison caps or garrison belts were to be worn. I have been issued both, yet haven't worn either since the order came through. Now a circular has come out stating that enlisted men (not officers) are not to wear creases in their shirts any more.

What does the Army expect us to look like? We want to look neat the same as the officers or any one else. They talk about building up our pride and morale. Then why take away our pride bit by bit?

S/Sgt. "X," Camp Adair, Ore.

And there's our good, wholesome gripe for this week. What would the Army be without 'em?

* * *

I am an American, born of Jugoslavian parents. I have read that nationals of Jugoslavia have the right to serve under their own flag. So far, I have served thirteen months in the U. S. Army (armored forces) and I would very much like to transfer to the Jugoslavian Army. But I do not know how to go about it. What is the right thing to do?

Pfc. J. K., Nashville, Tenn.

* * *

The right thing—in fact, the only thing—is to stay right where you are and fight for the U. S. A. Being an American and not a Jugoslav national, you couldn't transfer in any case.

If you were a Jugoslav national, you could have requested—prior to your induction—to be allowed to join the Jugoslav Army. The rule is that aliens of co-belligerent nations may request to serve in the armed forces of their native lands. But in no case is such a request granted after induction into the U. S. Army.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York.

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THE MINISTRY OF FEAR

Continued from Page 32

At last the sense of danger reminded him of poor imprisoned Stone. He went down a passage calling softly, "Stone. Stone," and heard a voice answer, "Barnes. Is that you, Barnes?" coming startlingly from the door beside him.

"Hush," he said, and putting his lips close to the keyhole, "it's not Barnes. It's Digby. Are you all right, Stone?"

"I've had an awful time," Stone said. "They've got me in one of these strait jackets. They said I was violent. I don't think I was violent. It's just the treachery. . . ."

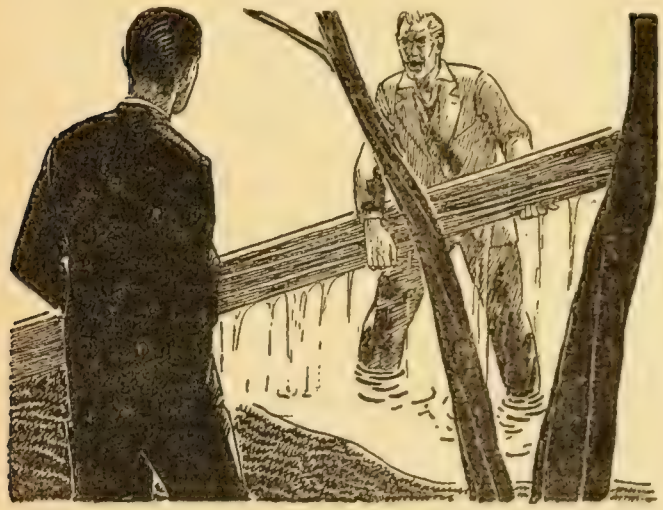
"What did you do?"

"I wanted to find a room to enfilade that island from. They'd begun to dig, you see, months ago. So I came through into this wing and went to Poole's room . . ."

"Yes?"

"The doctor was there with Poole. They were doing something in the dark . . ." The voice broke.

Somewhere from far away came the sound of a car. Digby put his lips to the door and said, "I can't stay,



Stone. Listen. You are not mad. Somehow I'll get you out. Just stick it."

"You're a good chap, Digby."

"I'll get you out. I don't know how, but I will."

A terrible sense of pity moved him. He felt capable of murder for the release of that gentle tormented creature.

He reached the green baize door safely, passed through and came again to Johns' open door. Johns wasn't there. The clock on his desk had only moved on twelve minutes. A pile of old newspapers lay in the lamplight. Digby went in and picked up one of the papers. The Minister of Home Security, he read, had replied months ago to a question about a missing document in much the same terms as in the later case. It had never been missing. There had been at most a slight indiscretion.

A rather frightening fascination lay in these months-old newspapers. He turned a page and read under a photograph: "Arthur Rowe whom the police are anxious to interview in connection . . ." The photograph showed a lean shabby clean-shaven man—photographs of criminals looked much alike.

A board creaked and he turned. Johns hovered and blinked in the doorway. "Good evening, Johns," Digby said.

"What are you doing here?"

"Reading the papers," Digby said. "There's no earthly reason why I shouldn't stroll down the passage to your room for a chat and a read, is there?"

"A patient ought to follow the treatment . . ."

"Or change his doctor. You know, I've decided to change my doctor."

"To leave?" Johns asked. There was fear in his voice.

"To leave."

"Please don't do anything rash," Johns said. "The doctor's a great man. He's suffered a lot—and that may have made him a bit—eccentric. But you can't do better than stay here, really you can't."

"Johns," Digby asked gently, "why should you be afraid of my going?"

Johns said uncontrollably, "I'm not afraid of your going. I'm afraid of his not letting you go."

"What's wrong with the doctor?" Johns shook his head. "There's something wrong," Digby pressed him. "Poor Stone saw something odd and so he's put away . . ."

"For his own good," Johns said imploringly.

"For his own good be damned. I've been to the sick bay and talked to him . . ."

"You've been *there?*" Johns said.

"Stone saw something odd and Stone's put away."

"No, no." Johns put out a weak hand. "If you only knew . . ."

A soft savage voice said, "I think he'll have to know." It was Dr. Forester.

Johns said, "Dr. Forester, I didn't give him leave . . ."

"That's all right, Johns," Dr. Forester said, "you are very loyal, I know. I like loyalty. I remember after Conway's suicide how you stood by me. Have you ever told Digby about Conway's suicide?"

"Never," Johns protested.

"But he should know, Johns. It's a case in point. Conway also suffered from loss of memory. Life, you see, had become too much for him—and loss of memory was his escape. I tried to make him strong, to stiffen his resistance so that when his memory came back, he would be able to meet his very difficult situation. But I'm human, Digby, and one day I lost my temper. I told Conway everything, and he killed himself that night. You see, his mind hadn't been given time to heal."

Digby said, "But my case is different, Dr. Forester. It was only a bomb that destroyed my memory. Not trouble."

"Do you really believe that?" Dr. Forester said.

"You have a revelation up your sleeve for me too, Dr. Forester?" Suddenly he asked, "What were you doing with Poole in the dark when Stone found you?" He had meant it only as a piece of impertinent defiance. He hadn't expected to halt Dr. Forester in the middle of his soft tirade. The silence was disagreeable. He tailed weakly off, "And digging . . ."

The old face watched him, the mouth a little open, a tiny dribble ran down the chin.

"You're a fool," Dr. Forester said. "You don't even know your real name." He tore a piece out of one of the papers and held it out to Digby. "There you are. That's you. A murderer. Go and think about that."

It was the photograph he hadn't bothered to examine.

Johns protested weakly, "Doctor, that's not the way . . ."

But Digby heard no more of what Johns had to say. He was running down the passage toward his room. He wanted a looking glass.

The lean bearded face looked out at him in the familiar room. . . . His heart beat and his head was confused. And suddenly he remembered Anna's voice saying, "It's my job, Arthur." He put his hand up to his chin and hid the beard: the long twisted nose told its tale. Yes, I'm Arthur Rowe.

ROWE followed the man in the blue uniform up the stone stairs and along a corridor lined with doors. The man opened one door and said, "Wait here, sir."

It was early in the morning, the steel rim of the window enclosed a gray cold sky. The effort of reaching this place had exhausted him. He couldn't even remember with any clearness what he had done—only the long walk through the dark countryside to the station. The collector had wanted his ticket and he had none. "I want to see the police," he had said, and the collector rebuked him mildly, "You don't have to go all the way to London for that, sir." There was a moment of dreadful suspense when he thought he would be returned like a truant child. Then the train drew away, laying its steam like a screen across the car.

Now all the trouble was over; all that was left was a trial for murder.

Rowe sat on; the steely sky paled and a few taxis hooted.

A little stout man came briskly in, followed by a secretary. He carried the slip Rowe had filled in down below. "So you are Mr. Rowe," he said sternly. "We are glad you've come to see us at last. You've come here, Mr. Rowe, of your own accord to volunteer a statement?"

Rowe said, "I saw a photograph in the paper . . ."

"We've been asking you to come forward for months."

"I've been in a nursing home. You see . . ."

Every time he spoke the secretary's pencil squeaked on the paper, making a stiff consecutive narrative out of his haphazard sentences.

"What nursing home?"

"It was kept by a Dr. Forester." He explained: "Apparently there was a raid." He touched the scar on his forehead. "I lost my memory."

"And your memory has come back now, I hope?" the little man asked sharply, with a touch—a very faint touch—of sarcasm.

"I can remember something, but not much."

"A very convenient sort of memory."

"I am trying," Rowe said with a flash of anger, "to tell you all I know. In English law isn't a man supposed to be innocent until you prove him guilty? I'm ready to tell you everything I can remember about the murder, but I'm not a murderer."

The plump man began to smile. "That's interesting, Mr. Rowe," he said. "You mentioned murder, but I have said nothing about murder to you, and no paper has mentioned the word murder . . . yet. Now tell us the name of the murdered man."

"I don't remember it."

"I see. Who told you we wanted to talk to you about a murder?"

"Dr. Forester."

The promptness of the reply seemed to take the detective by surprise. "Dr. Forester told you?"

It seemed to him that the detective's manner was a little more sympathetic. He said, "Just tell us—in any order—in your own words—what you do remember."

"I remember a lot of people sitting round a room and the lights going out. And I was afraid that some one was going to come up behind me and stab me or strangle me. And then all the lights are on, and a man's dead, and I suppose that's what you say I've done. But I don't think it's true."

"Would you remember the man's face?"

"I think I would."

"File Q-7, Beavis."

Beavis brought a paper-covered file and laid it on the table. The detective said, "Just look through these—you'll find a few loose photographs too—and see if you can find the murdered man."

The turning of the pages became mechanical. Only once he hesitated for a moment, but, "No, I don't know him." He turned on. There were not many more pages to turn—and then unexpectedly there the face was: the broad anonymous brow, the dark city suit. He said, "There," and lay back in his chair, giddy, feeling the world turn around him. . . .

"Nonsense," the detective said. "That man hasn't been murdered. He's just as alive as you are."

"Alive?"

"Of course he's alive. I don't know why you picked on him."

"But in that case I'm not a murderer." All his tiredness went: he began to notice the fine day outside.

As Rowe looked at the photograph it came back in vivid patches. He said, "Wonderful Mrs.—Mrs. Bellairs. It was her house. A séance. Why . . . Dr. Forester was there. He told us the man was dead. They sent for the police."

"The same Dr. Forester?"

"The same one."

"And they let you go?"

"No, I escaped."

The little plump man sighed. "This isn't for us, Beavis," he said. "We'd better take him across to 59."

He didn't care a damn that they walked on either side of him, an obvious escort. He was a free man still and he hadn't committed murder, and his memory was coming back at every step. He said suddenly, "It was the cake he wanted," and laughed.

"Keep your cake for Prentice," the little man said sourly.

They came to an almost identical room in another block where a man in a tweed suit with a drooping gray Edwardian mustache sat on the edge of a chair. "This is Mr. Arthur Rowe we've been advertising for," the detective said and laid the file on the table. "You'll be interested to hear he saw Cost murdered."

"Now that *is* interesting," Mr. Prentice said with middle-aged courtesy. "Not *my* Mr. Cost?"

"Yes. And a Dr. Forester attended the death."

"*My* Dr. Forester?"

"It seems likely. This gentleman has been a patient of his."

"Take a chair, Mr. Rowe. Now, would you say Dr. Forester runs a *good* nursing home?"

"So long as you didn't quarrel with the doctor."

"Ha-ha . . . exactly. And then?"

"You might find yourself in the sick bay for violent cases."

IN his blind flight he had temporarily forgotten Stone. He felt a sense of guilt, remembering the tired voice behind the door. He said, "They've got a man in there now. He's not violent."

"A difference of opinion with our Dr. Forester?"

"He said he saw the doctor and Poole—he's the attendant—doing something in the dark in Poole's room. He told them he was looking for a window from which he could enfilade—" Rowe broke off. "He *is* a little mad, but quite gentle, not violent."

"Go on, go on," Mr. Prentice said.

"He thought the Germans were in occupation of a little island in a pond. He said he's seen them digging in."

"And he told the doctor that?"

"Yes."

"Well," Mr. Prentice changed the subject, "go on about Poole."

"He came to me once—I don't know how long ago—and wanted a cake I'd won. There was an air raid on. I have an idea that he tried to kill me because I wouldn't give him the cake. Do you think I'm mad too?" he asked with anxiety.

Mr. Prentice said thoughtfully, "I wouldn't say so. Life can be very odd. And at this very moment I'm looking—oh, most anxiously—for something which could be hidden in a cake . . . very good, why not? But he didn't kill you."

"There are so many blanks," Rowe said.

Mr. Prentice said gently, "Now let's go back to the murder of—Cost. Of course that might have been staged

to send you into hiding, to stop you coming to us. But what came next?"

Mr. Prentice took out the photograph over which Rowe had hesitated.

"You wouldn't think it, Mr. Rowe, but you and this man—let's call him Jones—had something in common. You both disappeared. But you've come back again. What was the name of the detective agency that employed him?"

"Not the Orthotex?" Rowe asked. "I once had a friend . . ." and stopped.

"It comes back, doesn't it, Mr. Rowe? His name was Jones, you see. And he did belong to the Orthotex. What made you go there? We can tell you, even if you don't remember. You thought that some one had tried to murder you—about a cake. You went to find out where a Mrs. Bellairs lived—from the offices of the Fund for the Mothers of the Free Nations, and Jones followed. But you must have given him the slip somehow, Mr. Rowe, because Jones never came back, and when you telephoned the next day to Mr. Rennit you said you were wanted for murder."

Rowe sat with his hand over his eyes—trying to remember? Trying not to remember?—while the voice drove carefully and precisely on.

"And yet no murder had been committed in London during the previous twenty-four hours—so far as we knew—unless poor Jones had gone that way. You obviously knew something. Perhaps you knew everything. We advertised for you and you didn't come forward. What made you lose your memory? What do you know about that?"

"Only what I've been told."

"And what have you been told?"

"That it was a bomb. It gave me this scar."

Mr. Prentice stroked his mustache. "Now, were you ever a habitué of the Regal Court?"

"Why do you ask about the Regal Court?"

"It's a shot in the dark," Mr. Prentice said. "We have so little time."

"Time for what?"

"To find a needle in a haystack."

Mr. Prentice had dropped his enigmatic statement into the air and was out of the room almost before the complete phrase had formed, his long legs moving stiffly like stilts. Then suddenly he was back, followed by a man in black who held a bowler hat in front of him. He came to a stop inside the door and glared at Rowe. He said, "That's the scoundrel. I can see through the beard. It's a disguise."

The man with the bowler said, "He carried in the suitcase and he wanted just to leave it. But I had my instructions. I told him he must wait for Mr. Travers. He didn't want to wait. Of course he didn't want to, knowing what was in the suitcase. Something must have gone wrong. He didn't get Mr. Travers, but he nearly got the poor girl . . . and when the confusion was over, he'd gone."

"I don't remember ever seeing him before," Rowe said.

Mr. Prentice said, "I'll explain in the taxi." He made for the door.

IN the taxi Mr. Prentice said in a low voice, "I just want you two gentlemen to behave naturally. We are going to a city tailor's where I'm being measured for a suit. I shall go in first and after a few minutes you, Rowe, and last, you, Mr. Lloyd." And he touched the bowler hat with the tip of a finger where it balanced on the stranger's lap.

"But what's it all about, sir?" Lloyd asked.

"We are looking," Mr. Prentice said, "for a little roll of film—probably a good deal smaller than a cotton reel. Smaller than those little rolls you put in Leica cameras. You must have read the questions in Parliament about certain papers which were missing for an hour. It happened twice. The first time the roll was hidden in a cake and the cake was to be fetched from a certain fete. But you won it," Mr. Prentice nodded at Rowe. "The password, as it were, was given to the wrong man."

"Mrs. Bellairs," Rowe said.

"She's being looked after at this minute." He went on, "The attempt failed. A bomb that hit your house destroyed the cake and probably saved your life. They had to wait until the next chance came. Another big man and another fool. He had this in common with the first fool—he went to the same tailor."

The taxi drew up at the corner of a city street.

Mr. Prentice said, "If those photographs leave the country, there'll be a lot of suicides . . . at least, that's what happened in France."

"How do you know they haven't left?" Rowe asked.

"We don't. We just hope, that's all." The taxi stopped. "Watch when I go in. Give me five minutes with our man in the fitting room, and then you, Rowe, come in and ask for me. Then, Lloyd, you count a hundred and follow. *You* are going to be too much of a coincidence. You are going to be the last straw."

They watched the lean stiff old-fashioned figure make his way up the street. Presently, about fifty yards along, he turned in.

Finally Rowe said, "It's time for me to be moving." His pulse beat with excitement. He looked suspiciously at Lloyd, who stood there with a nerve twitching in his cheek. He said, "A hundred and you follow." Lloyd said nothing. "You understand, you count a hundred."

War had hit the tailoring business hard. A few rolls of gray inferior cloth lay on the counter; the shelves were nearly empty. A man in a frock coat with a tired lined anxious face said, "What can we do for you, sir?"

"I came here," Rowe said, "to meet a friend." He looked down the narrow aisle between the little mirrored cubicles. "I expect he's being fitted now."

"Will you take a chair, sir?" and, "Mr. Ford," he called, "Mr. Ford." Out from one of the cubicles, a tape measure slung around his neck, a little bouquet of pins in his lapel, solid, city-like, came Cost whom Rowe had last seen dead in his chair when the lights went on.

"Yes, Mr. Bridges?"

"This gentleman has come to meet the other gentleman."

THE eyes swiveled slowly and rested—did they rest a shade longer than was absolutely necessary? Then Mr. Ford—if that was now to be his name—walked slowly up to the counter. A telephone stood there. Mr. Ford picked up the receiver and dialed. The dial faced Rowe. He watched with care each time where the finger fitted. B A T. He felt sure of the letters, but one number he missed.

"Hullo," Mr. Ford said, "hullo. This is Pauling and Crosthwaite."

Along the length of the window toward the door dragged the unwilling form of the man with the bowler hat. Rowe's hands tightened in his lap.

"The suit was dispatched this morning, sir," Mr. Ford was saying, "I trust in time for your journey." He clucked his satisfaction calmly and inhumanly down the telephone. "Thank you very much, sir." His eyes shifted to the clanging door as Lloyd looked in. "Oh, yes, sir. I think when you've worn it once, you'll find the shoulders will settle. . . ."

"Mr. Travers!" Lloyd exclaimed with astonishment.

Carefully putting his hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone, Mr. Ford said, "I beg your pardon, sir?"

"You are Mr. Travers." Then Lloyd, meeting those clear calm eyes, added weakly, "Aren't you?"

"No, sir."

The hand left the receiver and Mr. Ford quietly, firmly, authoritatively continued to speak on the wire. "No, sir. I find at the last moment that we shall not be able to repeat the trousers." Again his eyes met Rowe's and wandered like a blind man's hand delicately along the contours of his face. "Personally, sir, I have no hope. No hope at all." He put the receiver down and moved a little way along the counter. "If you can spare these a moment, Mr. Bridges . . ." He picked up a pair of cutting shears.

He passed Rowe, not looking at him again, and moved down the aisle, without hurry, serious, professional, as heavy as stone. Rowe quickly rose; something, he felt, must be done, be said, if the whole plan were not to end in fiasco. "Cost," he called after the figure. "Cost." It was only then that the extreme calm and deliberation

of the figure with the shears struck him as strange. He called out "Prentice" sharply in warning as the fitter turned aside into a cubicle.

But it was not the cubicle from which Mr. Prentice emerged. He came bewilderedly out in his silk shirt sleeves from the other end of the aisle. "What is it?" he asked, but Rowe was already at the other door and had crashed through the glass.

Under the icicles of splintered glass he could see Cost-Travers-Ford. He sat in the armchair for clients opposite the tall triple mirror, leaning forward, his throat transfixed with the cutting shears held firmly upright between his knees.

Rowe thought: This time I *have* killed him, and heard that quiet, respectful but authoritative voice speaking on the telephone: "Personally, I have no hope. No hope at all."

MR. PRENTICE was worried and depressed. "It does no good," he said. "We want them alive and talking. Let's hope we fare better with Dr. Forester." He picked up the telephone and dialed his office. "Send me a fast car from the Yard. God knows what those local police are doing. They should be at the house by this time." He turned to Rowe. "I'll want you with me—for identifications."

It was a long and gloomy ride. A sense of failure and apprehension must have oppressed Mr. Prentice; he kept humming. But Rowe was happily drunk with danger and action.

"What do you expect to find?" Rowe asked.

"Almost anything except what we are looking for. A small roll of film."

"They may have got innumerable copies by this time."

"They may have, but they haven't innumerable ways of getting them out of the country. Find the man who's going to do the smuggling—and the organizer. It doesn't matter about the rest."

"Do you think Dr. Forester . . ."

"Dr. Forester," Mr. Prentice said, "is a victim—oh, a dangerous victim, no doubt, but he's not the victimizer. He's one of the used, the blackmailed. That doesn't mean, of course, that he isn't the courier. If he is we are in luck."

"Is it so desperately important?"

Mr. Prentice said gloomily, "We've made so many mistakes since this war began and they've made so few. Perhaps this one will be the last we'll make. To trust a man like Dunwoody with anything secret . . ."

"Dunwoody?"

"I shouldn't have let it out, but one gets impatient. Have you heard the name?"

"No. . . . I think I've never heard of him."

"We shall know the worst soon," Mr. Prentice said.

They drew slowly along a high wall and halted outside big heraldic gates. It was unfamiliar to Rowe: he was looking from the outside at something he had only seen from within. It seemed odd to Rowe, returning like this. He said, "If you don't mind, I'd rather not see Dr. Forester."

The local policeman who was on guard said, "You needn't be afraid, sir, he's quite tidy."

"Things seem to have happened," Mr. Prentice said.

In the lounge where the illustrated papers had lain in glossy stacks, Johns sat in an armchair with his head in his hands. Rowe went to him. He said "Johns," and Johns looked up. He said, "He was such a great man . . . such a great man. . . ."

"Was?"

"I killed him."

It had been a massacre on an Elizabethan scale. The bodies lay where they had been discovered: Forester, Poole, and poor Stone—Stone bound in his strait waistcoat with the sponge of anesthetic on the floor beside him and the body twisted in a hopeless attempt to use his hands.

They had to step over Dr. Forester's body—it lay at the bottom of the stairs. The doctor had been too sure of Johns; he had not realized that respect is really less reliable than fear: a man may be more ready to kill one he respects than to betray him to the police. When Johns shut his eyes and pulled the trigger he was not ruining the man he respected—he was saving him from the interminable proceedings of the law courts.

Dr. Forester had shown himself disturbed from the moment of Rowe's escape. He had been inexplicably reluctant to call in the police, and he seemed worried about the fate of Stone. There were consultations with Poole from which Johns was excluded, and during the afternoon there was a trunk call to London. . . .

Sitting in a passion of remorse in the lounge, Johns couldn't explain how all these indications had crystallized into the belief that the doctor was planning Stone's death.

At tea, Dr. Forester had made some remark about "poor Stone."

"He's in great pain," Dr. Forester said. "A tumor. . . . Death is the greatest mercy we can ask for him."

Johns had gone restlessly out into the garden in the dusk. Suddenly he heard Stone crying out. . . . His account became more confused than ever. He heard Stone cry out again. He ran through the lounge, into the other wing, made for the stairs—the smell of chloroform was in the passage, and Dr. Forester stood on guard at the foot of the stairs. He said crossly and nervously, "What do you want, Johns?" And Johns, who still believed in the misguided purity of the doctor's fanaticism, saw only one solution: he shot the doctor. Poole, with his twisted shoulder and his malign conceited face, backed away from the top of the stairs—and Johns shot him, too, in a rage because he guessed he was too late.

Then, of course, the police were at the door.

After hearing Johns' story the search was begun. The house was ransacked. More police were sent for. Lights were switched on and off restlessly through the early morning hours in upstairs rooms. Mr. Prentice said, "If we could find even a single print . . ." But there was nothing. He drooped disconsolately across the room on his stiff lean legs and drew the curtain a little aside. "So much time wasted," he said.

"Three dead and one in prison."

"They can find a dozen to take their place. I want the films; the top man," Prentice said. "They've been using photographic chemicals in the basin in Poole's room. That's where they developed the films probably. Poole was a first-class photographer. I want you to come over now to the island. I'm afraid we may find something unpleasant there for you to identify. . . ."

Mr. Prentice waded out and Rowe followed him. There was a thin skin of water over nine inches of mud. Three policemen were digging in the center of the tiny island. "This was what Stone saw," Rowe said. "Men digging."

"Yes."

There was something strained in the attitude of the diggers now. They put in their spades carefully as though they might break something fragile and they seemed to turn up the earth with reluctance. One spade made an ugly scrunching sound in the soft earth.

"Careful," Mr. Prentice said.

The man digging said, "Here it is. It's only a box."

He took his spade again and with one strong effort lifted the box out of its bed. He pried it open and another man brought a lamp nearer. Then, one by one, an odd sad assortment of objects was lifted out; they were like the relics a company commander sends home when one of his men has been killed.

"Nothing they could burn," Mr. Prentice said.

A fountain-pen clip, another clip which had probably held a pencil. Two plaited metal arm bands. Then the metal buckles off a pair of sock suspenders. And then a whole collection of buttons, and the metal parts of a pair of braces. At the bottom there was a pair of heavy old-fashioned boots with big nails worn with so much pavement tramping, so much standing at street corners.

"I wonder," Mr. Prentice said, "what they did with the rest of him."

"Who was he?"

"He was Jones."

THEY came into London with the early workers. Mr. Prentice told the driver the address of a small hotel near Hyde Park Corner, and insisted punctiliously on arranging for Rowe's room with the manager. It was

only after he had waved his hand from the car—"I'll ring you later, dear fellow"—that Rowe realized that his courtesy of course had an object. He had been lodged where they could reach him. Rowe had a small early breakfast, and afterward he walked across the park in the cool early sun thinking about the thing he had not told Mr. Prentice. The secret of the telephone number: the number he had so nearly made out in Cost's shop. He knew the exchange was B A T, and he knew the three first numbers were 271; only the last had escaped him. The information might be valueless—or invaluable. Whichever it was, he hugged it to himself. Mr. Prentice had had his chance and failed; now it was his turn. He wanted to boast like a boy to Anna, "I did it." He veered with his secret into Bayswater toward a telephone box.

He had collected at the hotel a store of pennies. He was filled with exhilaration, pressing in the first pair and dialing. A voice said briskly, "The Hygienic Baking Company at your service," and he rang off. It was only then he began to realize the difficulties ahead: he couldn't expect to know Cost's customer by a sixth sense. He dialed again and an old voice said "Hullo." He said, "Excuse me. Who is that, please?"

"Who do you want?" the voice said obstinately.

"This is Exchange," Rowe said. "We are checking up on all subscribers since last night's raid."

"Why?"

"The automatic system has been disarranged. Is that Mr. Isaacs of Prince of Wales Road?"

"No, it isn't. This is Wilson."

"Ah, you see, according to our dialing you should be Mr. Isaacs."

He rang off again; he wasn't any the wiser. After all, even a Hygienic Bakery might conceal Mr. Cost's customer—

He went on pressing in his pennies. Reason told him that it was useless, that the only course was to let Mr. Prentice into his secret—and yet he couldn't but believe that somehow over the wire some sense would be conveyed to him, the vocal impression of a will and a violence sufficient to cause so many deaths.

THE telephone box was getting stiflingly hot. He had already used up a shillingsworth of coppers; surely among these last four numbers a voice would speak and he would know. "Police Station, Mafeking Road." Back onto the rest with the receiver. Three numbers left. Against all reason he was convinced that one of these three . . .

His finger went through the familiar arcs: B A T 271—which number now? He put his sleeve against his face and wiped, then dialed.

The telephone rang and rang; he could imagine the empty rooms spreading round the small vexed instrument. He held the sound of an unanswered bell to his ear. Let it ring.

Suddenly a voice he knew said a little breathlessly, "Hullo. Who's that?" If only, he thought, putting the receiver down, she had been quite out of hearing when the bell rang—at the bottom of the stairs, or in the street. If only he hadn't let his fancy play so long, he need never have known that this was Anna Hilfe's number.

He came blindly out into Bayswater. He had three choices—the sensible and the honest choice was to tell the police. The second was to say nothing. The third was to see for himself. He had no doubt at all that this was the number Cost had dialed. He remembered how she had known his real name all along, how she had said—it was a curious phrase—that it was her "job" to visit him at the home. And yet he didn't doubt that there was an answer he couldn't trust the police to find.

It was past five o'clock in the afternoon before he could bring himself to act, and then he acted mechanically. He wouldn't think any more. What was the good of thinking before he heard her speak? A 19 bus took him to the top of Oakley Street, and a 49 to Albert Bridge. He walked across the bridge, not thinking.

The flat was on the third floor. The door opened and Anna said hopelessly, "It's you."

"Yes, me."

"Every time the bell rang, I've been afraid it would be you."

"How did you think I'd find you?"

She said, "There's always the police. They are watching the office now." He followed her in.

"I got your address from the telephone number—by watching Cost's fingers on the dial—when he telephoned you just before he killed himself."

"It's so horrible," she said. "I didn't know you were there."

"'I've no hope at all.' That's what he said. 'Personally, I've no hope.'"

They stood in a little ugly crowded hall as though it wasn't worth the bother of going any farther. She wore the same blue trousers she had worn at the hotel. He had forgotten how small she was. With the scarf knotted at her neck she looked heartbreakingly impromptu. He said, "Last night was not good either. I was there too. Did you know that Dr. Forester was dead—and Poole?"

"No."

He said, "Aren't you sorry—such a massacre of your friends?"

"No," she said, "I'm glad." She added gently, "My dear, you have everything mixed up in your head, your poor head. You don't know who are your friends and who are your enemies." Then she asked with sharp anxiety, "Do you remember everything now?"

"I remember a lot and I've learned a lot. Enough to know I'm not a murderer."

She said, "Thank God."

"But you knew I wasn't?"

"Yes," she said, "of course. I knew it. I just meant—oh, that I'm glad *you* know." She said slowly, "I like you happy. It's how you ought to be."

He said as gently as he could, "I love you. You know that. I want to believe you are my friend. Where are the photographs?"

She said simply, "He has them."

"He?"

"My brother."

"I remember. He seemed so helpful. He took me to that house. . . ."

She took the words out of his mouth. "He staged a murder for you and helped you to escape. But afterward he thought it safer to have you murdered. That was my fault. You told me you'd written a letter to the police, and I told him."

"Why?"

"I didn't want to get him into trouble for just frightening you. I never guessed he could be so thorough."

"But you were in that room when I came with the suitcase," he said. He couldn't work it out. "You were nearly killed too."

"Yes. He hadn't forgotten, you see, that I telephoned to you at Mrs. Bellairs'. You told him that. He told me

to go and meet you—and persuade you not to send the letter. And then he just sat back in another flat and waited."

He accused her, "But you are alive."

"Yes," she said, "I'm alive, thanks to you. I'm even on probation again—he won't kill his sister if he doesn't feel it's necessary. He calls that family feeling. I was only a danger because of you."

He said obstinately, "It doesn't make sense. Why am I alive?"

"He's economical." She added, "They are all economical. You'll never understand them if you don't understand that." She repeated wryly, like a formula, "The maximum of terror for the minimum time directed against the fewest objects."

He was bewildered; he didn't know what to do.

"He's going away?"

"Yes."

"With the photographs of course?"

"Yes."

"We've got to stop him," he said. The "we," like the French *tu* spoken for the first time, conveyed everything.

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

She said, "He's here. He's asleep. He had a long day with Lady Dunwoody about woollies."

"Where's he going?"

"He has permission to go to Ireland—for the Free Mothers. Lady Dunwoody worked it. You see, he's been so grateful for her woollies. He gets the train tonight." She said, "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

He looked helplessly around. A heavy brass candlestick stood on the oak chest: it glittered with polish; no wax had ever sullied it. He picked it up. "He tried to kill me," he explained weakly.

"He's asleep. That's murder."

"I won't hit first."

She said, "He used to be sweet to me when I cut my knees. Children always cut their knees. . . . Life is horrible, wicked."

He put the candlestick down again.

"No," she said. "Take it. Take it. Please." When he made no move to take it, she picked it up herself. Her face was stiff and schooled and childish and histrionic. It was like watching a small girl play Lady Macbeth.

They moved stealthily across the anonymous room toward a door ajar. She pushed it gently with her hand and stood back so that he might see.

HILFE lay on the bed on his back without his jacket, his shirt open at the neck. He was deeply and completely at peace, and so defenseless that he seemed to be innocent.

They watched him and he woke.

Rowe said, "The photographs . . ."

"The photographs." He smiled up frankly. "Yes, I've got them." He must have known that everything was up—including life, but he still retained the air of badinage. "Admit," he said, "I've led you 'up the garden.' And now I'm 'in the cart.'" He looked at the candlestick which his sister stiffly held and said, "I surrender," with amusement.

"Where are they?"

He said, "Let's strike a bargain. Let's swap," as though he were suggesting the exchange of foreign stamps for toffee.

Rowe said, "There's no need for me to exchange anything. You're through."

"My sister loves you a lot, doesn't she?" He refused to take the situation seriously. "Surely you wouldn't want to eliminate your brother-in-law?"

"You didn't mind trying to eliminate your sister."

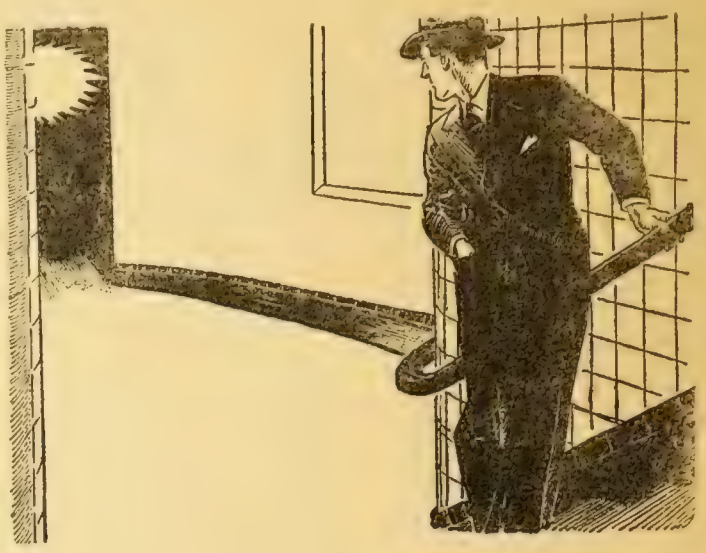
He said blandly and unconvincingly, "Oh, that was a tragic necessity. Let's be sensible civilized people," he said, "and come to an agreement."

"There's no basis for an agreement," Rowe said. "I want the photographs, and then the police want you."

Hilfe asked, "Do you read poetry? There's a poem here which just seems to meet the case . . ." He sat up, lifted a book and dropped it again. With a gun in his hand he said, "Just stay still. You see, there's still something to talk about."

"I still don't see," Rowe said, "what you've got to offer. You don't really imagine, do you, that you can shoot us both, and then get to Ireland? These walls are as thin as paper. You are known as the tenant. The police would be waiting for you at the port."

Hilfe grinned at him. "Here's a bargain for you. My safety against your past. I'll tell you who you were. No trickery. I'll give you all the references. But that won't



be necessary. Your own brain will tell you I'm not inventing."

"He's just lying," Anna said. "Don't listen to him."

"She doesn't want to hear, does she? Doesn't that make you curious? She wants you as you are, you see, and not as you were."

Rowe said, "I only want the photographs. . . ."

"And tell you your story?"

He seemed to feel some of Rowe's excitement. He shifted a little on his elbow and his gaze moved for a moment. The wristbone cracked as Anne swung the candlestick down, and the gun lay on the bed. She took it up and said, "There's no need to bargain with him."

"Anna," Hilfe whispered, "Anna."

"Give me the gun," Rowe said.

She looked at him as if he were a stranger who shouldn't have been in the room at all; her ears seemed filled with the whimper from the bed. Rowe put out his hand and she backed away, so that she stood beside her brother. "Go outside," she said, "and wait. Go outside."

When he went she closed and locked the door behind him.

For a long time afterward he could hear nothing. A quarter of an hour dragged by and the room was full of dusk.

The door opened and Anna walked stiffly toward him, holding something in her hand, and said, "There you are. You've got what you wanted."

He took the little roll in his hand. He asked, "Where is he?"

She said, "You don't want him now. He's finished."

He began to unwrap the roll carefully: he didn't want to expose more than a scrap of it. He held the roll out to her on the palm of his hand. "I don't know what he promised to give you, but this isn't it."

"He swore that's what you wanted. How do you know?"

"I don't know how many prints they made. This may be the only one or there may be a dozen. But I do know there's only one negative."

She asked sadly, "And that's not it?"

"No. . . . You'll have to tell me where he is."

"I always thought," she said, "I could save both of you. I didn't care what happened to the world. But people, you, him . . ." She sat down. "Paddington: the seven-

twenty. He said he'd never come back. I thought you'd be safe then."

"Oh," he said, "I can look after myself." But meeting her eyes he had the impression that he hadn't really understood. He said, "Where will he have it? They'll search him at the port anyway."

"I don't know. He took nothing."

"A stick?"

"No," she said, "nothing. He just put on his jacket—he didn't even take a hat. I suppose it's in his pocket."

He said, "I'll have to go to the station."

"Why can't you leave it to the police now?"

"By the time I get the right man and explain to him, the train will have gone. If I miss him at the station, then I'll ring the police."

"You mustn't go like this. He's armed. I let him have the gun."

He suddenly laughed. "By Heaven," he said, "you have made a mess of things, haven't you?"

"I wanted him to have a chance. You can't do much with a gun in the middle of England except kill a few poor devils." She looked so small and beaten that he couldn't preserve any anger. She said, "There's only one bullet in it. He wouldn't waste that."

"Just stay here," Rowe said.

She nodded. "Good-by."

"I'll be back quite soon." She didn't answer, and he tried another phrase. "Life will begin all over again then." She smiled unconvincingly, as though it was he who needed comforting and reassurance, not she.

"He won't kill me."

"I'm not afraid of that."

"What are you afraid of then?"

She looked up at him with a kind of middle-aged tenderness, as though they'd grown through love into its later stage. She said, "I'm afraid he'll talk."

He mocked at her from the door. "Oh, he won't talk *me* round," but all the way downstairs he was thinking, I didn't understand her.

THE long train stood darkly along number one platform. He felt sure that Hilfe would travel first class; as a refugee he lived on borrowed money, and as the friend and confidant of Lady Dunwoody he was certain to travel in style.

He made his way down the first-class compartments along the corridor.

It was a long train, and the porters were already shutting doors higher up before he reached the last first-class coach. He was so accustomed to failure that it took him by surprise, sliding back the door, to come on Hilfe.

He wasn't alone. An old lady sat opposite him. Rowe could see the weighted pocket where the revolver lay, and the look that Hilfe turned on him was not reckless or amused or dangerous; it was surprised.

Rowe said, "You won't want to talk here."

"She's deaf," Hilfe said, "stone deaf."

"I want the negative," Rowe said.

"Anna should have kept you longer. I told her to give me enough start. After all," he added with gloomy disappointment, "it would have been better for both."

"You cheated her too often," Rowe said.

"What are you going to do?"

"Wait till the train starts and then pull the cord."

Suddenly from very close the antiaircraft guns cracked—once, twice, three times. The old lady looked vaguely up as though she had heard something very faint intruding on her silence. Rowe put his hand into Hilfe's pocket and slipped the gun into his own.

Hilfe said, "I think we ought to talk things over."

"There's nothing to talk about."

"It wouldn't do, you know, to get me and not to get the photographs."

Rowe began, "The photographs don't matter by themselves. It's you. . . ." But then he thought, They do matter. How do I know he hasn't passed them on already? He said, "We'll talk," and the siren sent up its tremulous howl over Paddington.

Hilfe said, "I'm still ready to swap."

"You haven't anything to swap."

"You haven't much, you know, either," Hilfe said. "You don't know where the photos are. . . . If you give me back the gun, I'll let you have the photographs."

"If you can give me the photographs, they must be with you. There's no reason why I should bargain."

"Well," Hilfe said, "if it's your idea of revenge, I can't stop you. I thought perhaps you wouldn't want Anna dragged in. She let me escape, you remember. . . ."

"Yes," said Rowe.

Hilfe said, "They probably wouldn't hang her. Of course, that would depend on what I say. Perhaps it would be just an internment camp till the war's over. And then deportation if you win. From my point of view," he explained dryly, "she's a traitor, you know."

Rowe said, "Give me the photographs and then we'll talk." The word "talk" was like a capitulation. Already he was beginning painfully to think out the long chain of deceit he would have to practice on Mr. Prentice if he were to save Anna.

"Give them to me," Rowe said.

He was surprised by a sudden joviality. It was as if Hilfe, after all, had not lost all hope—of what? Escape? Further destruction? He laid his left hand on Rowe's knee with a gesture of intimacy. He said, "I'll be better than my word. How would you like to have your memory back?"

"I only want the photographs."

"Not here," Hilfe said. "I can't very well strip in front of a lady, can I?" He stood up. "We'd better leave the train."

IT was as if Hilfe had taken charge of his own defeat. He moved purposefully up the platform and Rowe followed like a valet.

Hilfe led the way down the steps to the lavatories. There was nobody there at all—even the attendant had taken shelter. Hilfe looked in an L. C. C. mirror and smoothed his hair.

"What are you doing?" Rowe asked.

"Oh, saying good-by," Hilfe said. He took off his jacket as though he were going to wash, then threw it over to Rowe. Rowe saw the tailor's tag marked in silk, Pauling and Crosthwaite. "You'll find the photographs," Hilfe said, "in the shoulder."

The shoulder was padded.

"Want a knife?" Hilfe asked. "You can have your own," and he held out a boy's compendium.

Rowe slit the shoulder up and took out from the padding a roll of film: he broke the paper which bound it and exposed a corner of negative. "Yes," he said, "this is it."

"And now the gun?"

Rowe said slowly, "I promised nothing."

Hilfe said with sharp anxiety, "But you'll let me have the gun?"

"No."

Hilfe was suddenly scared and amazed. He exclaimed in his odd dated vocabulary, "It's a caddish trick."

"You've cheated too often," Rowe said.

"Be sensible," Hilfe said. "You think I want to escape. But the train's gone. Do you think I could get away by killing you in Paddington station? I wouldn't get a hundred yards."

"Why do you want it then?" Rowe asked.

"I want to get farther away than that," he said in a low voice.

He brought up desperately the old childish phrase, "I'll swop." He went urgently on, "Rowe, I'll give you your memory back. There's no one else will."

"Anna," Rowe said.

"She'll never tell you. Why, Rowe, she let me go to stop me. Because I said I'd tell you. She wants to keep you as you are."

"Is it as bad as that?" Rowe said. He felt fear and an unbearable curiosity. Digby whispered in his ear that now he could be a whole man again: Anna's voice warned him. He knew that this was the great moment of a lifetime. He was being offered so many forgotten years.

Hilfe grimaced at him. "Bad?" he said. "Why—it's tremendously important."

Rowe said, "I don't want to hear," and turned away.

"Where are you going?" Hilfe said. He cried out sharply, "The police?" and when Rowe did not reply, he came toward him. "You can't go yet—not without hearing about your wife."

"My wife?" Rowe came back down the steps; he couldn't escape now: the lost years waited for him among the washbasins. He asked hopelessly, "Am I married?"

"You *were* married," Hilfe said. "Don't you remember now? You poisoned her." He began to laugh again. "Your Jean. You were tried for murder," Hilfe said, "and they sent you to an asylum. You'll find it in all the papers. I can give you the dates. . . . Go along," a voice said, "to Anna now," and he looked across a dimmed blue interior to a man who stood by the washbasins and laughed at him.

"She hoped you'd never remember." He thought of a dead rat and a policeman, and then he looked everywhere and saw reflected in the crowded court the awful expression of pity.

"What are you going to do?" a voice said. His brain rocked with its long journey.

"All right. You can have it. Take it."

He slipped the gun quickly into Hilfe's hand.

"Of course," Hilfe said, "I could kill you now. But why should I? It would be doing you a service. And it would leave me to your thugs. How I hate you, though."

"Yes?" He wasn't thinking of Hilfe: his thoughts swung to and fro between two people he loved and pitied. It seemed to him that he had destroyed both of them.

"Everything was going so well," Hilfe said, "until you came blundering in. What made you go and have your fortune told? You had no future."

"No." He remembered the fete clearly now; he remembered walking round the railings and hearing the music; he had been dreaming of innocence. . . . Mrs. Bellairs sat in a booth behind a curtain. . . .

"And just to have hit on that one phrase," Hilfe said. "'Don't tell me the past. Tell me the future.' And then, on top of everything, Anna. Why the hell should any woman love you?" He cried out sharply, "Where are you going?"

"I've got to telephone to the police."

"Can't you give me just five minutes?"

"Oh, no," Rowe said. "No. It's not possible." He walked up the steps. Before he reached the top he heard the shot. He didn't go back; he left that much of the job for Prentice to finish.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

LIN YUTANG, as witty and civilized a man as any writing today, has turned his hand from charming treatises on personal philosophy and his compilations of Oriental wisdom to stir the seething pot of political problems.

The result is a provocative, quotable, philosophical and often witty book, with just a trace of anger showing through. But above all, **Between Tears and Laughter** (G. P. Putnam's, N. Y. $2.50) is a clear call to the better nature of mankind.

Dr. Lin looks about him at the Western World at war, threshing out its plans for peace after war, scheming at power politics while fighting, and is sometimes angry, sometimes dismayed, but never entirely discouraged. What angers him is that he sees the war being fought now as an imperialistic enterprise, a war for the perpetuation of the British Empire principally, and for other European empires incidentally. It disturbs him that Winston Churchill's political philosophy can encompass the announcement of the Four Freedoms on the one hand and the refusal of Indian freedom on the other.

Lin Yutang

It dismays him that he finds, behind our policy of limited aid to China now, the fearful possibility of a play at power politics which aims at not destroying Japan quickly because she may yet be useful as a counterfoil against Russia. He points to Europe with its imperial standards and its belief that other parts of the world should contribute to the upkeep of those standards, and says there is your cause of war and the focal point of infection for breeding the next war.

Lt. George Bristol

He points out the irony of asking Indians to fight for world freedom while forbidding them the privilege of fighting for Indian freedom; the shortsightedness of expecting Asia to continue to play the role of slave and supplier of the Western World. Asia is no longer the "white man's burden." It will, in the future, be either the friend and ally of the West, or its inevitable foe, since Asia now recognizes its own ability to stand up for freedom and the rights of man.

Dr. Lin has hope, too. Hope that springs from faith in the common man. He believes that the people of the world want and are ready for a peace that will come not from economic safety alone but from the reasonableness of man, and he believes that the will of the people will move its leaders in the right direction. They must do that, he asserts, or fight World War III.

THOUGH they have been working it industriously lately, the publishers have not yet exhausted the vein of books about the armed services. And fortunately, too. There is a gold mine of fun to be had in reading **Salute Me!** by **Lieutenant George Bristol** (Dial Press, N. Y. $1.75). This is the Private Hargrove of the Officers Candidate School—the story of the boy who made good and won his gold bars—and of what happened in the winning and wearing of them.

And don't miss **Love at First Flight**, by **Charles Spalding** and **Otis Carney** (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston $2), the story of another lad and how he won his Navy wings—a book which must be read and laughed through to be appreciated. Lester Dowd was no born flyer. At first, his way with planes was wrong—but he battled his way through some of the Navy's funniest adventures and came out on top.

strong, and Aunt Mary gave him a quick look and pressed her lips together.

First, after I'd gone into the kitchen to do my lessons, their talk hadn't disturbed me much. It had been mostly about Miss Wilmot's home in the eastern part of the state, where she'd lived with her sister, and how different the schools were there, and how it was going to take a while to get used to an ungraded high school. Aunt Mary asked her why she'd come, when it must have been much easier and pleasanter where she'd been, and Miss Wilmot said that was just it—it was too easy and pleasant; it was no challenge, she said. . . .

Then I heard Marty's name, coming out clearly through the blur of talk, and I stopped working and listened.

"THE boy Marty," Miss Wilmot said, "seems to have a lot of spirit. I was wondering—it would help me if I knew—what are his interests, Mr. Lamson? Have you directed his energies into any special field? I thought I'd like to supplement at school whatever you've been doing here at home—"

Uncle Steve gave a little embarrassed-sounding laugh. "I'm afraid that's not my department," he said. "I'm a busy man. My sister here is the one who looks after the children. She—"

"You been having trouble with Martin?" Aunt Mary cut in. "That's it, isn't it? If ever a boy was headed for jail—"

"Oh, come, Mary," Uncle Steve laughed in that same way again, "don't exaggerate boyish pranks. You'll have Miss Wilmot thinking we're raising a criminal."

"What are you raising, Mr. Lamson?" asked Miss Wilmot, and her voice had a smooth, even sound.

"I don't get you—"

"I said, 'What are you raising?' You don't seem to know what he wants to be, or what he cares about. Miss Lamson nags him and tells him he's bad. The only one who has seen that he's unhappy and confused is his young sister. . . . What *can* you raise against such a background?"

Her voice had stayed quiet and pleasant all along, so it was a shock when Aunt Mary spoke, the whip of sound cracking through the wall.

"How dare you?" she said. "How dare you walk in here like this and criticize us? I gave up everything to come and look out for these two orphans. And you *dare*—" I could hear a chair scrape back, and Aunt Mary's quick short steps cross the room. "I knew, the minute I heard you were coming here, that you must be a bold, brassy creature to take on a job like this. Good night."

The door slammed, and for a minute it was quiet in the next room.

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Then Uncle Steve said, "I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize, please," said Miss Wilmot. "I deserved that. I had no right to come into your home like this and call you to account. I'm only a teacher, after all—" She stopped a minute, and when she spoke again her voice sounded different—quick and anxious. "But, Mr. Lamson, believe me, that boy's in trouble. He needs attention. He needs—I don't even begin to know yet what he needs."

I heard her get up and walk around the room, back and forth, and then stop and sit down again.

"These boys think high school is sissy," she said. "They'd like to be working in the plant, or fighting, doing something to help, if they were only old enough. And Marty has grief and bitterness to add to his restlessness. Oh, Mr. Lamson, there's so much to do for Marty. I can't do it alone. I'll need your co-operation—"

SHE left it like that, with an upswing to the last word as if it were a question, and for quite a while Uncle Steve didn't answer her. I could picture him sitting bent forward in his chair, his hands clasped between his knees, the way he always sat when he was thinking.

Then he said slowly, "And I thought it was so noble of me just to take these kids in—just to give them a home. . . . Miss Wilmot, you must be a very remarkable person—a very wonderful, remarkable teacher. To see a boy your first day here and get into a white heat over him, and immediately set about trying to help him like this, outside of the duties you're paid for. . . ."

"It wasn't quite the way you put it," she said. "I wouldn't have known so much so quickly if it hadn't been—rather forcibly brought to my attention."

"What happened?"

"You mustn't ask me that." I heard her chair scrape back then. "Let's both think a little more about Marty, shall we? Then, if you like, we can talk it over again another time."

"Yes. I want to. I have a great deal to think about." They walked across to the door. "My sister—" Uncle Steve said then. "Don't feel that she's hard or mean. It's just—she's a little narrow, that's all. Her life hasn't been much. She doesn't understand."

"I know. I should never have said what I did." She laughed, and it was the kind of laugh that made you feel warm and happy and like joining in. "My zeal has a way of carrying me too far," she said.

The door closed, and I thought she'd gone, but a little later, when I went up to bed, I could hear them still talking outside, under my window. Their voices were low, and I couldn't catch it all, but I heard Miss Wilmot say something about these being bad times for a boy, with violence and destruction just everyday happenings, and Uncle Steve said he'd been so busy helping to build the machinery for righting the world, he'd never thought about the importance of building men and women to keep it right in the future.

Then I couldn't hear them any more, but I believe they stopped talking about Marty and all that, because they did a good deal of laughing, low, and there was a lighter, friendlier sound to the hum of their voices.

After that I must have dozed off, and Uncle Steve must have come back inside. Marty's voice woke me, loud and angry down in front of the house.

"You didn't need to come telling on me," he was shouting, "like I was a little kid."

"I didn't tell on you, Marty." That was Miss Wilmot, speaking gently. "I'm your friend, believe me. I want to help you."

"I don't need no help," Marty said, putting on all that bad grammar to annoy her, I guess, or because it made him feel tough.

"Everybody needs help," said Miss Wilmot. "I know I do. This is a big job I've got, Marty, trying to teach a bunch that doesn't want to be taught, in a place where people think it's no woman's job to begin with. I'd like to make good, but I need help." She stopped, maybe waiting for him to say something. "You could help me, Marty," she went on. "You're the leader of the boys. What you say goes."

He must have stood there a minute without speaking, and then come on inside. I heard the door bang, and Miss Wilmot's footsteps going away, and then Marty's running fast up the stairs, into his room next to mine. In a few minutes there were sounds that made me get out of bed and knock on Marty's door.

"It's Beth," I whispered.

"You can't come in. I'm busy."

"Please, Marty. I want to tell you something."

He turned the key in the lock and opened the door just wide enough so he could stand in it and keep me out. He was gripping the knob so hard that his knuckles made big white lumps on the back of his hand.

"You leaving?" I asked him. I stared straight up into his face. It was so thin, and his eyes looked so black against its whiteness, and so unhappy.

"I'd have left long ago," he said, "only I didn't want you to be here alone with—her." He jerked his head toward Aunt Mary's room down the hall. "But now there's the new teacher. She'll look out for you."

"She will?" I gaped at him. "How do you know?"

"I know," he said. "You want anything, you just go to her. If only—" He stopped, and didn't start again for quite a while. Then he said, "Listen. You tell her I'm sorry about today, will you? I mean, after I'm gone. You tell her if only she hadn't told on me tonight—"

"Marty," I broke in, quick, "she didn't tell on you. I was here the whole time. I heard everything. Uncle Steve guessed there was something and asked her, but she wouldn't tell."

He looked at me hard. All at once he grinned, for the first time in weeks.

"Say, go to bed, will you," he said, "and let a fellow get some sleep."

UNCLE STEVE said Miss Wilmot was a dynamo. It was about a month after she'd come, and they were together in the empty schoolroom. I'd stayed to help her with some papers, but he sent me out, and then didn't wait till I was far enough away.

"You've certainly set things humming here," he said. "The school, the pupils, me. You're a dynamo, Lee—a very enchanting dynamo. . . ."

I was outside by then and couldn't hear the rest, but I could sort of

"I can't figure out yet why they classified me 4F."

guess it. And I thought how right it was, those two together. They'd both set things humming. With Miss Wilmot there, school was an exciting place, every lesson an adventure. She could even make the *x*'s and *y*'s of algebra come alive and clear in my poor dull head, and for those like my brother Marty, who were good at all kinds of figures to begin with, she used them to open a kind of door into a wonderful new world.

For instance, one day she brought a big chart to school and had a couple of the boys nail it to the blackboard in front of the room. It was covered with circles and numbers and arrows, and I could see no sense to it at all, but when she asked if any one knew what it was, Marty yelled out that it was the picture of an airplane instrument panel.

Uncle Steve came later—it was his day off—and explained all about it, and whenever he asked any questions, Marty was the first with his hand up. His eyes were all shiny—Marty's, I mean—and there were two little raggedy blotches of color in his pale cheeks.

Uncle Steve came every week after that. Nobody who didn't want to had to stay for his class, but only those who kept up good records in their other subjects were admitted. Before long, most of the boys and quite a few of the girls were taking the course.

I stayed, mostly to watch, because I didn't understand much of what was going on—only that this was something Miss Wilmot and Uncle Steve had cooked up between them. They called it a Preflight Course, and it was meant to teach everything about flying that could be learned outside of a plane.

SOMETIMES, too, the whole class went to the big meadow back of our house, where Uncle Steve had what he called "an old crate of a plane" that he'd built himself out of used parts and things. He'd been planning to break it up, since the government needed what was in it, but now he saved it a little longer so that he could show the class how some of the things they'd learned about worked on a real ship. He'd let the boys get into the pilot's seat, with the switch off, and pretend to be flying, telling what they'd do under different conditions, getting the feel of it.

In no time at all the restlessness went out of the boys. There were no more fights, no more playing hooky. Marty was the way he'd been when pop was alive, happy and interested in everything, looking into people's faces when he spoke to them. He spent a lot of time with Uncle Steve—talking about planes, I guess, and other things—and those two got to be pals almost the way Marty and pop had been.

A few times, when nobody was around, Uncle Steve took Marty up in the plane, and later he even let him fly it, sitting next to him, of course, and he said Marty was a born flyer.

In school, Marty was a model. He couldn't do enough for Miss Wilmot. I'd see him sit there at his desk watching her, his eyes never leaving her face, as if he didn't want to miss the first second she might want something. When Uncle Steve wasn't there, he always walked from school with her, and later he'd come home with his eyes like dark bright marbles and those ragged splashes of red in his cheeks, and I'd wonder what wonderful things they'd been talking of. But Marty never said.

He didn't even get angry or sullen with Aunt Mary, or shout at her when she picked on him. It was as if he didn't even hear her, as if nothing she said could get to him.

Uncle Steve was the same way in the evening, when Marty was up in his room and I was in the kitchen, and Aunt Mary and Uncle Steve sat alone in the parlor. Once she asked him if he was going to marry Miss Wilmot, and he said that was ridiculous—how could he expect a young woman to take care of two grown children instead of having babies of her own?

After that Aunt Mary was always going on about Miss Wilmot. I don't think she'd ever forgiven her for criticizing Aunt Mary's way of handling Marty, and she wouldn't admit his improvement was mostly the teacher's doing. She kept saying that no decent woman would carry on the way Miss Wilmot did if she wasn't going to get married: that she looked and talked more like an actress than a schoolteacher anyway, and that the Preflight Course was just an excuse to get Uncle Steve there and be alone with him afterward. She said everybody in town was talking. . . .

But I don't think Uncle Steve even heard her. Sometimes I'd come in and see him just sitting behind his paper, not saying anything, a little smile on his face. It was as if each of them, Uncle Steve and Marty, was closed away from all nastiness, in a secret happy world of his own.

I WAS walking home thinking about all this the day Uncle Steve told Miss Wilmot she was a dynamo. When I got to the house, Aunt Mary was on the porch, looking down the road to the school.

"Where are they?" she asked, as soon as she saw me.

"Who?" I said, though I knew well enough.

"Steve and—that woman." She said the words as if they had a bitter taste. "Were they at the school when you left? Did you leave them alone there?"

I didn't answer, but she took that to mean yes anyway.

"It's got to stop," she said, closing her mouth over each word in that way of hers, as if she were putting a period to every last syllable. "She's not fit to teach young impressionable

minds, a woman like her. I'm going to do something. . . .

I watched her put on her hat, and it seemed to me I ought to stop her, or get to the school before she did, but I just stood there.

"What can you expect?" Aunt Mary was running on. "No decent, genteel woman would come to a place like this to teach a lot of rough near-grown boys. Only one who likes it better the more boys and men there—"

She broke off, staring into the mirror where she was putting on her hat, and I turned around to see Marty standing at the bottom of the stairs. He must have been lying down, because he was rumpled and in his stocking feet, which was why we hadn't heard him come down. His face was so white he looked sick, and when he spoke his lips shook over the words.

"You shut up about her, you liar," he said. "You shut up."

Aunt Mary whirled around toward him, and her eyes looked hurt, but she talked in that thin angry voice she was always using to Marty.

"LIAR, am I?" she said. "Why don't you ask them, your wonderful Miss Wilmot and Uncle Steve? Why don't you ask them if they're not crazy for each other, kissing and hugging in the empty schoolroom where she's supposed to be guiding innocent young minds? They can't deny it. They've been seen."

"Liar—liar—liar—" said Marty, as if it were some awful kind of song. And I cried out, "Oh, Marty—" because I couldn't bear it. He looked the way he had right after pop had died, and all that had happened since seemed for nothing now.

"Oh, I know," said Aunt Mary, sounding more tired now than angry. "Don't think I don't know she's got you under her spell too. It wouldn't surprise me if she'd even—"

Whatever she was going to say was never said. Marty glided forward, quick and silent in his stocking feet, and his hand shot out. There was the sound of a slap, loud in the quiet, and a gasp from Aunt Mary. She stood holding her mouth, and from under her hand the red marks of Marty's fingers sprayed out across her cheek. For a second none of us moved. Then Marty turned and ran out the front door, shoeless as he was, and Aunt Mary dropped her hand from her face and stood quietly, shaking.

The next minute the door banged, and Miss Wilmot and Uncle Steve came in through the kitchen, laughing, their cheeks red from the autumn cold.

"Oh, here you are, Mary," Uncle Steve said. "We were looking—" He stopped, staring at her. "Why, what happened to you? Your face is all red." He looked from her to me. "Is something the matter?"

Aunt Mary couldn't answer. Her hands were clasped together in front of her, and now tears were slowly

"Gee—do grease spots come off?"

dropping on them. Miss Wilmot put her arm around her.

"Miss Lamson, please don't," she said gently. "Please tell us what happened." She looked closely at Aunt Mary's face. "Is it—was it—Marty?"

Aunt Mary shook off her arm and stopped crying. "Who said anything about Marty?" Her voice was sharp and steady, as if she'd never shed a tear. She turned and looked at Miss Wilmot. "Listen," she said. "You're not fooling me, pretending to do so much for Martin and to be so noble, planning these courses with Steve and all—pretending it's just for the good of Martin and the other boys. . . . I know what you are—"

"I know what she is, too, Mary," said Uncle Steve, stepping between Aunt Mary and Miss Wilmot and speaking quietly. "She's the finest, loveliest woman I've ever seen. She's my fiancée."

Aunt Mary's face turned gray, and the fading mark of Marty's hand stood out against it like blood.

"Your—" she began, and stopped. Her voice was a whisper. "But I thought—you told me she wouldn't come and take care of the children. You told me she wouldn't marry you—and so I thought she must be—well, just fooling around—just—"

"I told you I couldn't expect her to marry me," Uncle Steve said. "I didn't know—"

"You see, he'd never asked me." Miss Wilmot put her arm around Aunt Mary again, and now it stayed there. "He thought it wouldn't be fair." She smiled up at Uncle Steve. "I had to all but ask *him* before he understood how I felt. I'm lucky I can be with him, even if it's not in my own home with children of my own, when women all over the world are separating from men they love. I'm young. I can wait for the rest."

It was a long time before Aunt Mary said anything. When she did, her voice was different from any way I'd ever heard it, sad and almost gentle, the way her eyes were sometimes when she looked at Marty.

"I've been a narrow-minded, prejudiced old fool," she said, "holding a grudge against you because you said I didn't know how to raise the boy—ready to think you were no good because you're attractive and charming—" She gave a little tight smile, her eyes still sad. "This will be your own home," she said. "I'm going back East, where I belong."

I stepped forward now and touched Miss Wilmot's sleeve. I believe they'd forgotten until then that I was there.

"Marty," I said. "He—went out. He didn't even have his shoes on." It seemed a silly thing to say—about his shoes—but I couldn't think of any other way to make her see there was need to worry.

MISS WILMOT looked not at me but at Aunt Mary, and Aunt Mary told her exactly what had happened, except that she left out the part where Marty'd slapped her.

"Oh, Steve," said Miss Wilmot when Aunt Mary'd finished. She grabbed Uncle Steve's arm and her voice was low and frightened. "We've got to find him, Steve. He's so sensitive and high-strung. A thing like this might—"

A sound cut across her words. A sort of coughing sound that changed to a sputter and then to a rich rolling roar. Uncle Steve stood listening for a second, as if he couldn't believe what he heard. Then he raced for the door, the rest of us following.

"The plane!" he yelled. "Marty's got the plane!"

Something squeezed at my heart so I could scarcely breathe. Marty up there in the air alone! All the way to the meadow I saw pictures in my mind. The plane diving straight for the earth—Marty falling

out, a little black speck against the sky—Marty lying pale and still on the ground—Marty pinned under the plane . . .

As we reached the meadow, we saw the plane soar up into the air, and at that distance even Uncle Steve's old crate looked graceful and beautiful with the sun shining on her wings. I remember thinking that, and feeling relieved, not finding Marty already hurt or dead. Then Miss Wilmot spoke, and her voice sounded squeezed and hurt, like my heart felt.

"Steve," she said, "can he—will he—"

Uncle Steve stared at the sky, his face set sternly, the way men's faces are when they're afraid.

"I don't know," he said. "He's never been up alone. I don't know."

Aunt Mary began to cry again. "It's my fault," she sobbed. "I've killed him."

Then I began to cry too, without making any noise, and the plane,

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"Uncle" Joe Cannon, the late Speaker of the House, was once telling Chauncey Depew, in somewhat lurid terms, about a fish he had nearly caught.

"About the size of a whale, wasn't it?" asked Depew.

"I was baitin' with whales," said Uncle Joe.—*Thesaurus of Anecdotes.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

way up in the air now, danced crazily before my eyes.

We stood so for what seemed forever, our faces turned up, not speaking, just watching. The plane went up and away, until we could scarcely see it any more. Then it circled back, growing larger and clearer, dipping gracefully sideways.

"Look at him!" Uncle Steve shouted suddenly. He smashed his fist into his palm. "Look at him! He's banking. By heaven, he's banking!"

I stared into the sky, hardly breathing, and the tears dried stickily on my face, until Uncle Steve spoke again. "He's coming down." His voice was tight and quiet. "Watch it."

But I couldn't watch it any more. I shut my eyes and prayed. I heard the roar of the motor, so loud it hurt my ears. Then there was a little *sput-sput*, and the motor died.

I had to look then. The plane came down just ahead of us. The landing wheels bounced off the ground once, and then again. The third time there was no bounce, just a sick, crashing sound, and the plane lay on its side in the meadow like a hurt animal.

We ran. Uncle Steve got there first. He reached into the cockpit and straightened up with Marty in his arms. Marty was pale and his hair was plastered wetly against his forehead and one of his feet hung in a funny way, but he was grinning. "I almost made it," he said. "All but the landing." And then he fainted.

IT was after everything was settled that Miss Wilmot went in to see Marty. Marty's broken ankle was set and the doctor had gone and I was in bed. I heard her knock on his door, and then their voices came clearly through the thin wall between our rooms.

"Marty," she said, "why did you take that plane up? Why did you frighten us so?"

He didn't answer until she said "Marty" again, softly.

"I thought that would be a good way to die," he said then. "In a plane." A ring came into his voice that I'd never heard before. "Only, when I got up from the ground and saw I could manage her alone, I forgot all that. I forgot everything but flying."

"But why did you want to die, Marty? I thought you were happy now."

Again he didn't answer, and she said, "Marty, it's much better to bring things out in the open. Kept closed up inside, they hurt and fester and never heal."

"You'll laugh at me."

"No, Marty. You know I won't. I'll never laugh at you."

"Well, it was what Aunt Mary said—about you and Uncle Steve. You see, I—well, maybe if I'd had a chance to get used to it—only, the way she told it, it was so sudden and so—kind of nasty."

"You love me, too," Miss Wilmot said gently. "Isn't that it, Marty? You love me, and when you thought I was being what you call nasty, it—knocked you for a loop, didn't it? I wish you'd trusted us more, Marty, instead of going off half-cocked at the first word."

"I don't know. I guess I was crazy. Only when I got up there in the sky, everything was different." His voice filled with excitement. "I felt calm up there, and peaceful. Strong, too, as if I could do anything. And then I didn't think of anything but flying and wanting to bring the plane down safe."

"You almost did, too. Uncle Steve says it's miraculous what you were able to do with so little practice."

"Gosh, did he say that?"

"And after this term you're going to flying school. Aunt Mary's going to send you."

Marty was still saying "Gosh" when Miss Wilmot went out. Uncle Steve must have been just coming up the stairs, and they met at the end of the hall near my room.

"What did he say?" Uncle Steve asked. "Did he tell you anything?"

"We needn't worry about him any more," Miss Wilmot answered. "He's got his wings. He's grown up."

And then I didn't hear anything more until, quite a while later, I heard their footsteps mingling as they walked down the stairs together.

THE END

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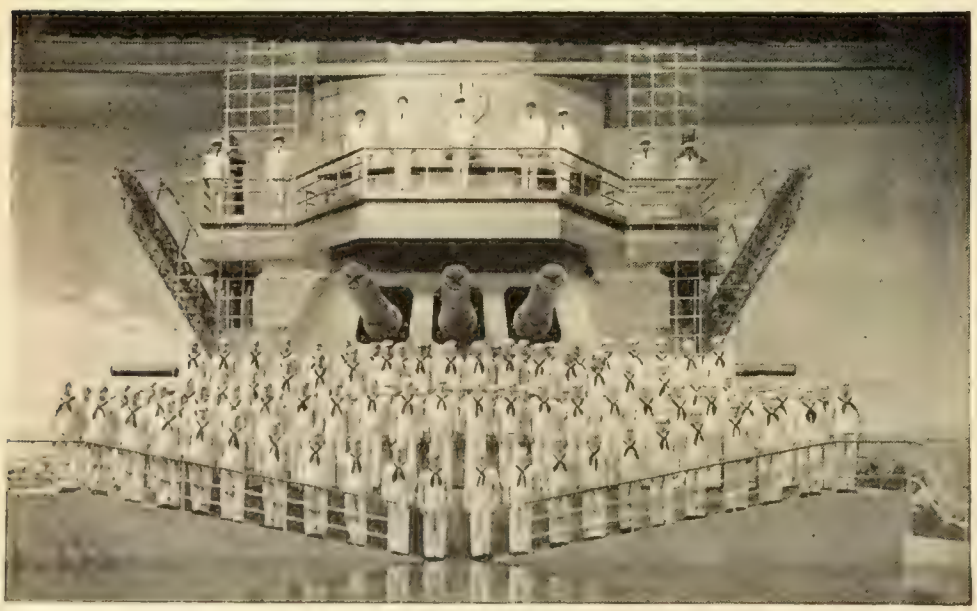
LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

The finale of Yip Yip, Yaphank, We're on Our Way to France, proved only too true . . . the boys left that night.

Ronald Reagan and George Murphy, directors of TITA and YYY respectively, hear a complaint from Sgt. Alan Hale.



The Navy gets a salute from the Army when the soldier cast of This Is the Army sings Give a Cheer for the Navy.

THIS IS THE ARMY

(Warner Brothers)
The United States Army
George Murphy, Ronald Reagan, Joan Leslie

WARNER BROTHERS' screen version of Irving Berlin's highly successful all-soldier show, This Is the Army, is at least every bit as good as the original—and enough extras have been added to make it even better.

The picture not only includes most of the outstanding numbers from the stage production, but it goes back a couple of decades to include several of the routines from Yip Yip, Yaphank, Berlin's 1917 all-soldier show, which was also presented to raise money for the Army Emergency Relief Fund.

Warners has added a thread of a story and a top-notch civilian cast headed by George Murphy, George Tobias, Charlie Butterworth, Ronald Reagan, and Joan Leslie to tie the two shows together. But these additions are only the icing on the cake. The best of the movie remains the thrillingly executed musical numbers from This Is the Army and Yip Yip, Yaphank.

The 350 assorted privates, corporals, and sergeants who helped make every performance of This Is the Army's eight-month stage run a standing-room-only affair, have repeated their roles for the screen with the same admirable enthusiasm and skill, under the direction of Michael Curtiz.

All in all, there are seventeen Irving Berlin songs in the picture—each one better than the last—with This Is the Army, Mr. Jones, I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep, and I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen worthy of special mention. We're on Our Way to France, the finale from Yip Yip, Yaphank—when the men actually walked off the stage, out to the street, and onto the convoy that took them to France—brings a round of applause and a few unashamed snuffles from the audience. Sergeant Joe Louis uses his punching bag to beat out the rhythm for the What the Well Dressed Man in Harlem Will Wear number, and Irving Berlin's screen debut to sing his own Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning! brings down the house.

This Is the Army is a heart-warming movie packed solid with enough entertainment for three films. The boys sing their finale number—This Time Is the Last Time—like they mean it, and we hope they're right. Good as This Is the Army is, we hope we never see another all-soldier show.

WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED

(Universal)

Richard Quine, Noah Beery, Jr., Anne Gwynne

WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED is Universal's tribute to one of America's outstanding educational institutions, Texas A. & M., the college that turns out more Army officers than West Point in addition to its regular academic curriculum. The tour of the campus, the look-see into the life of the Aggies (students), is accomplished through the character of Brad Craig (Richard Quine), an American boy who has lived most of his life in Japan. After considerable trouble, he adjusts again to the American way of life—until his strange sympathies for the Japs result in his being accused of treason. An unusual ending, plus the efforts of director Walter Wanger, co-stars Noah Beery, Jr., and Anne Gwynne make this an interesting film.

BOMBER'S MOON

(20th Cent.-Fox)

Annabella, George Montgomery, Kent Taylor

HERE we go again! Those amazingly stupid Nazis just aren't any match for the wit and brilliance of an American flying ace and a courageous Russian woman doctor. If you really believe the Nazis are that easy to beat, then Bomber's Moon is your dish. But if you are convinced that the Allies are up against a tough, brutally intelligent enemy, you may find it a little hard to take. Bomber's Moon is an improbable little thriller concerned with the escape of an American pilot (George Montgomery), a Czech refugee (Kent Taylor), and a Russian Army doctor (Annabella) from a German prison camp. Their flight to freedom results in a sometimes exciting, generally well acted—but highly unimportant melodrama.

"This is it! The picture we've been waiting for!" We can think of no more fitting words than these of Hedda Hopper in her famous Hollywood column, to announce the long-awaited coast-to-coast premieres of

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

These special engagements will open in certain cities about October first. To describe what you will see then is a task before which our vocabulary quails. So we are both relieved and delighted to turn the microphone over to America's most popular columnists and the reviewers of the New York press, and to tell you entirely in their own words about the greatest of all Paramount Pictures.

• • •

This, then, is Ernest Hemingway's novel screened in all its richness of color and character," with "all the deep meaning of the book."

• • •

It is "unforgettable entertainment" and "a memorable motion picture," filled with "melodrama as tense and vivid as anyone could normally stand."

• • •

Its stars are **GARY COOPER**, who is "flawless," and "individual" **INGRID BERGMAN**, who "gives one of the outstanding performances of all time."

• • •

"The supporting performers are nothing short of perfect," including new-star Katina Paxinou who "is unforgettable in the role of Pilar;" Akim Tamiroff, whose Pablo "is a dark, devious creature you'll never forget;" and Joseph Calleia and Arturo de Cordova, who "contribute fine performing that is as rare as it is wonderful."

• • •

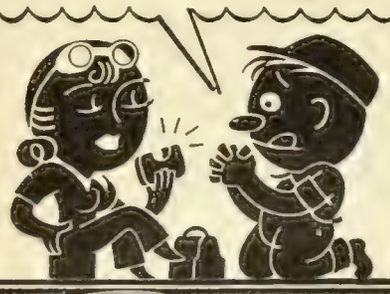
This "enormously impressive motion picture" is "produced as magnificently as any film has ever been" and directed "flawlessly" by producer-director **SAM WOOD**, with B. G. DeSylva as the studio's executive producer. Dudley Nichols' script is a "masterpiece," while "the artistry of Technicolor is superb."

• • •

No wonder " 'FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS' is playing on Broadway to the biggest business in motion picture history," and "deserves the smash success for which it is headed" in the nation-wide special engagements now about to be launched by

Paramount Pictures

Maizie sure
can pack a punch
Into an ordinary
lunch! She's found
Heinz Mustard
just the thing
To give a sandwich
zest and zing!



2 KINDS
Brown
and
Yellow

57

Genuine Stone-Ground
Heinz
PREPARED MUSTARD

Save Fingers with
Steel-Grip Finger Guards
Perfect for burring, grinding, polishing, punch press work, etc. Durable leather with elastic web back. 10c each postpaid.
INDUSTRIAL GLOVES COMPANY
902 Garfield, Danville, Illinois

CAT'S
The quality heel and sole with 9 lives!

PAW
NON-SLIP RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

SUSAN HAYWARD

JOHN GARFIELD

JEAN ARTHUR

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
BATAAN (M-G-M) Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, Robert Walker	*Drama* (a group of thirteen "expendables" cover the retreat of our Army during the last days on Bataan).	Pulls no punches . . . starkly grim . . . exciting, dramatic . . . superb cast . . . don't miss this one. (7-10-43)
BEHIND THE RISING SUN (RKO) Margo, Tom Neal	*Melodrama* (the development of an American-educated Japanese boy into a bloodthirsty "warrior").	Compelling movie . . . some sequences slightly far-fetched—but good on the whole. (8-28-43)
BEST FOOT FORWARD (M-G-M) Lucille Ball, William Gaxton	*Musical comedy* (a glamorous movie star spends a hectic weekend at a boys' military academy).	From the Broadway play . . . fresh-as-paint production numbers . . . good tunes . . . nicely paced and thoroughly entertaining. (8-14-43)
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson	*All-Negro musical* (a fantasy concerning the struggle of good and evil forces for the soul of Little Joe Jackson).	Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)
DIXIE (Paramount) Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour	*Musical* (the development of the art of minstrelsy—via the life of Dan Emmett, first minstrel).	Not up to Bing's other pictures . . . too much "formula" . . . vague story makes it merely mediocre. (7-24-43)
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount) Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou	*Drama* (the screen version of Ernest Hemingway's great novel of love and war in Spain).	Breath-taking Technicolor . . . overlong—does not move . . . capable direction . . . top-notch acting. (8-28-43)
HEAVEN CAN WAIT (20th Century-Fox) Don Ameche, Gene Tierney, Charles Coburn	*Comedy-drama* (a man dies and applies for admittance to hell, sure heaven won't have him. He tells the story of his life).	Delightful and adult satire . . . moves at a sprightly pace . . . good cast . . . witty and subtle situations and dialogue. (8-21-43)
MISSION TO MOSCOW (Warners) Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka	*Drama* (living history. Ambassador to Russia Davies' report on the Soviet Union).	Intellectual achievement . . . vital, gripping, dramatic . . . cast superb . . . a tribute to our ally. (6-19-43)
SO PROUDLY WE HAIL (Paramount) Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard	*Drama* (the stirring story of the first American women at the front lines—Army nurses on Bataan).	Vital . . . authentic and stirring war film . . . casting is just about perfect. (8-7-43)
THE CONSTANT NYMPH (Warner Bros.) Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine	*Melodrama* (the story of the "mad" Sanger family taken from Margaret Kennedy's famous novel of the '20s).	Dated story . . . mannered and forced now . . . old-fashioned, romantic escapist entertainment . . . good cast. (7-31-43)
THE MORE THE MERRIER (Columbia) Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Joel McCrea	*Comedy* (jam-packed wartime Washington takes a good-natured ribbing).	One of the funniest pictures of the season . . . smartly paced plot . . . swell cast. (5-29-43)
THE SKY'S THE LIMIT (RKO) Fred Astaire, Joan Leslie, Robert Benchley	*Musical comedy* (a Flying Tiger—incognito—and a magazine photographer—pretty—make a good dance team).	Not as good as the usual Astaire dance film (this is his sixteenth) . . . good music and dancing but weak plot. (9-4-43)
WATCH ON THE RHINE (Warner Bros.) Paul Lukas, Bette Davis	*Drama* (the story of an anti-Fascist who fights and lives for freedom).	Sensitive, intelligent movie . . . has depth and significance . . . wonderful script, acting . . . one of the year's best. (9-4-43)

CALLING ALL CARS!

Continued from Page 19

room but can't because he hasn't taken out his new plates, the car having been in storage. A mellifluous voice tells him not to worry about such a trifle. "We'll send plates over right away." There are dealer plates which can be hung on any passenger vehicle. Well, when the owner arrives for the bargaining, a stooge deftly removes the plates. The owner, refusing to make a deal, decides to drive away. He can't. He hasn't any plates.

Not infrequently a dealer offers a price he never intends paying. When the deal is closed the seller enters the cubicle called "office" for the final details. There he's politely told that there'll be a slight sales tax, and the dealer promptly knocks off as much as twenty dollars, for more often than not the seller doesn't realize there's no such item. No legitimate dealer charges for a mechanic's inspection; the gyps levy up to fifteen dollars. They even soak the suckers as much as ten dollars for clearing title, which actually costs about seventy-five cents and is rarely bothered about by the regular dealer. Even the local and federal governments are being bilked, many of the fly-by-nights operating from hotel rooms and rented desks. They keep neither records nor books for tax purposes.

THE local dealers, through their associations in the various major centers, do their best to combat the situation but meet with scant success. Besides, they have their own problems, legitimately created by the boom. The New York dealers are yelling bloody murder over the invasion by the out-of-town dealers who set up temporary establishments and buy for themselves as well as for other dealers of their respective sections. New York, being the heart of the worst hit gas area, provides a good source for cars, and what the Gotham dealers object to is that these cars are being competed for by the "foreigners" who have no other interest than getting the cars out of town. The local dealers point out that they maintain permanent places of business with fixed costs and that they depend on creating good will for after the war, when the sellers will become buyers again. Furthermore, they contend that the out-of-towners are increasing their costs, especially in advertising. L. F. Jacod, a well known used-car dealer on Broadway who has been in the business for more than twenty-five years, says, "I used to spend perhaps five hundred dollars a month for advertising. Now I'm compelled to spend up to three thousand a month to keep up with those fellows."

Shipping the cars to the various sections of the country has been one of the major problems of the buyers from out of town. Transporting by

I have made many whiskies in my lifetime but only one have I signed
And a token of the high standards I strove to have written into law, is the U.S. bottled in bond stamp with which it is sealed
I urge you to sample it, for here is a noble bourbon which the most critical palate will hail as mellow and delicious
E. H. Taylor, Jr.
This Whiskey is 4 Years Old
100 PROOF
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
100 PROOF
Please be patient. We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Taylor fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.
A LETTER ABOUT OLD TAYLOR, AS ITS ORIGINATOR MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN IT - National Distillers Products Corporation

rail is expensive and is a price-raiser to the ultimate buyer. Last winter Eastern dealers were getting around this in ingenious fashion. Discovering that there were many persons anxious to get to different distant points, they offered their cars for driving as a service to themselves as well as to the would-be migrants. Small ads in the papers announced: "Are you traveling West? Automobile drivers wanted to Chicago and points west. Drive as your own. Take family or friends." The government allowed the dealers sufficient coupons for the purpose and the travelers were required to pay their own insurance, buy the gas, and put up a small bond for any damages incurred. Those who applied usually were persons from the West who wanted to go home, some New Yorkers who had formerly lived in the West and wished to go back, and other New Yorkers seeking jobs in fertile spots like Texas and on the Coast.

When the OPA put an end to this practice, the Smiling Irishman, who claims credit for the mentioned plan, devised another. He circularized the various Army, Navy, and Coast Guard camps, offering the same service to the men being transferred. This also has been halted and the rails and truck trains are back in service.

The present OPA ruling prohibits delivering a car more than 200 miles to its permanent berth. But it is being rumored in the trade that even this is being evaded. One dealer pointed out, "What's to prevent me from having a car driven two hundred miles, going through the motions of reselling, and having it driven two hundred more—a sort of chain system, see?"

SOME of the more tender-hearted dealers have a side problem not wholly connected with the business—namely, cheering up the owners who have parted with their cars. One of them said, "You know, those birds just sit here and mope for hours after I've paid them for their cars. Honest, I feel like a heel sometimes."

Men have the reputation of loving their cars more than their wives. But apparently the women aren't much better. Recently a car drove up to a dealer's showroom, a woman at the wheel. The 1941 Buick she brought was purchased for $850. She walked away, only to return a few minutes later, crying and blowing her nose. "I can't do it," she sobbed. "I can't go home without it. I've got to have my car back." The sympathetic dealer returned it. The woman drove off.

"Five minutes later she's back again," the dealer related. "The dame is bawling again. But she says, 'I'll have to be brave. I'll just have to do it.' So I gave her the money again. You see, the last thing these people want to do is to sell their cars. That's why we have to make the prices interesting."

THE END

I'M TARGET NO. 1

Continued from Page 24

that tried to slip through his lines or sneak up for a pot shot donated a couple of ears—or a grinning head—that the hunters showed to prove they were doing their job.

In another camp the Japs were always sneaking up and trying to pick us off. In one of their raids they shot our easygoing Irish cook in the butt.

He went crazy with indignation, and every night went out looking for the so-and-so that shot him. He would work like the devil to get through his work before dark, and then take an automatic pistol, a machete, and a tommy gun and go hunting Japs on his own. He would go right out into the jungle among them. He'd knock them out of the trees with his tommy gun, or settle them in the bush with his pistol or machete.

He killed three or four a night, but always came back sore because he hadn't got the right one yet. How he knew which the right one was, nobody could guess. But he seemed to bear a charmed life, and continued his night hunting till we left the camp.

Strange things happen in a war like this, and the weirdest of all was Colonel Polifka's experience.

We were mapping every foot of the Solomons and other islands off New Guinea. Polifka was flying north, nearing New Britain at about 35,000 feet, when he opened his window and leaned over to look down. His oxygen tube tangled with his controls and shut off his supply.

He passed out—and came to forty-three minutes later, 170 miles south of New Britain, flying at 3,000 feet in a valley surrounded by 10,000- and 11,000-foot high mountains. His first move was to shut off his automatic camera. But the series of pictures it had shot, one every forty-five seconds, definitely established the length of time his plane had flown itself while he was unconscious, and also showed the craziness of its flight.

Regularly for months after that he would receive prints of negatives exposed during the flight, sent him by other flyers, with sarcastic comments attached.

"Who was sleeping through this one?" was scribbled across one wild shot. "Do you always fly upside down?" asked another, enclosing a print to show what he meant. "Isn't this a little out of focus?" queried a third, sending a shot taken while the plane was apparently scratching its nose on the edge of a cliff.

These captioned bits of film even followed Colonel Polifka from the South Pacific to the War Department in Washington, where he is now stationed.

Polifka, like the rest of us, had many narrow escapes. Known as "Zero Bait" for his daring in drawing enemy fighters out where our flyers could attack them, he naturally had his feathers ruffled more than once by Jap fire. But his closest call was when he flew over the carrier Lexington just after she had been bombed and torpedoed. Hurt and mad, and smacking at everything in the air, she caught Polifka in her flak pattern.

It actually looked as though her ack-ack was shooting him upward, like a trick shot keeping a coin in the air, and when he limped home his plane was as bedraggled as a shredded kite.

"The shellacking I got from those American guns," he told me, "will keep me from ever wanting to fly a Zero."

THE END

Editor's Note: By request of the War Department, for military reasons, the name of the photo reconnaissance pilot who has told this story of his experiences as "target No. 1" is withheld.

"Mind if I introduce you two? My feet are killing me."

(Continued from page 42)

the sill. It is only a short distance and I drop to the alley. I brace myself, and George drops Mr. Huber after me.

Now, I have worked on the Brooklyn docks and I have often caught packages heavier than Mr. Huber. But my heart is just not in catching him. I sort of fold and fall flat, with Mr. Huber on top of me. For a second I lay still. Then I think what I am under. I let out a whoop and scramble to my feet. I am covered with cold sweat.

Meanwhile George shuts the window. It is almost dark in the alley. As soon as my nerves steady, I stand Mr. Huber on his feet and hold him up by the slack of his jacket. He sways like a marionette on a string.

I begin to wonder what is keeping George. Once or twice I try to prop Mr. Huber up, so I can go look. But Mr. Huber will not prop. He is too limber. It is like trying to stand a piece of garden hose on end. Suddenly I hear steps. For a moment I consider leaving Mr. Huber, and doing it quick. But it is only George.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," he says, "but I got to talking to the barkeep. I told him you and Frank ducked out the back because you were afraid of the M. P.'s. He set up a beer and we had quite a laugh over you."

I am too mad to speak at first.

"You sit in there drinking beer and laughing while I stand out here and hold this up," I say. "I got a good mind to give you a poke!"

I draw back my arm; but Mr. Huber begins to settle, so I have to catch him. George moves away quick.

"We still have an hour to kill," he says. "Let's park Mr. Huber somewhere and then go somewhere else. That way, if we're caught, we won't have so much explaining to do as we will if Mr. Huber is along."

I see this is a good idea. Mr. Huber will take a lot of explaining. I stoop and put my shoulder in his stomach. He flops over my back. I straighten and carry him like a sack of grain.

"Get going," I growl.

WE start down the alley, and before we go far we come to a junk yard where there are parked fifty or sixty wrecked cars. We pick out a 1929 Chevrolet sedan and put Mr. Huber in the back seat.

I feel like I got a million pounds off of me.

"What about a beer?" George asks. He is feeling good too.

"Check!" I say. Another beer will sure hit the spot.

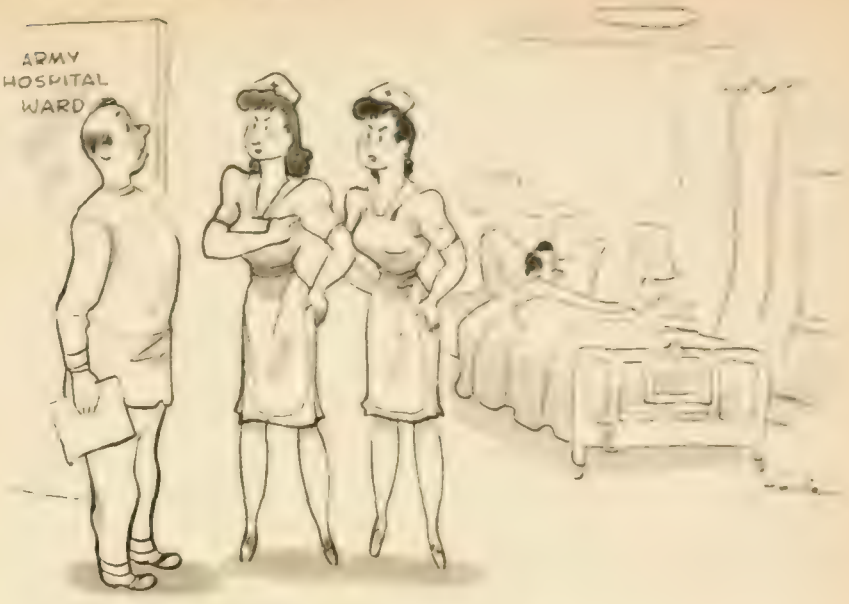
We are both so happy at leaving Mr. Huber we forget to be careful. We walk out of the alley, without looking, right into a couple of M. P.s.

"Let's see your passes, soldiers," one of these M. P.s says.

I am sick. But George is calm.

"We will gladly show our passes," he says.

THE HOME FRONT



Captain Wolpert isn't half as sick as he's going to be. We've just discovered he's become engaged to the both of us!"

He fumbles around and pulls a slip of paper out of his pocket. My heart sinks when I recognize the cleaner's slip. These boys are too smart to fall for a gag like that. But as George starts to unfold the slip he carelessly drops a handful of change that he brings out with the paper. The nickels, dimes, and quarters roll on the sidewalk in all directions.

Instinctively I stoop to help George pick up his money. The M. P.s do the same. They are right guys, at that. But just as I am about to catch a quarter that is spinning, George gives me a punch. I get the idea fast. I let the quarter go, and run like hell after him down the alley.

Now, those M. P.s are no slouches, either. We get only a couple of steps before they snap out of their trance and are after us. I hear their feet pound very close and very fast behind. Too close and too fast.

But George is smart, like he has been chased before. As he runs he knocks over the ash cans that line his side of the alley, so they roll out in the roadway. I catch on, so I bat the cans out from my side of the alley, too. This slows us a little, but it slows the fellows chasing us a lot more. I hear their pace change as they try to dodge those cans rattling and banging over the pavement. There is a terrific crash, and another. Some of those cans have connected.

George ducks into the junk yard, and I follow. We skim among the cars, and pick ourselves a 1925 Ford touring, without a top to keep us from getting out of it in a hurry. My heart is beating hard. The M. P.s pass down the alley. I hear their shoes scrape the pavement. And one is limping.

I look up at the stars. Everything is peaceful and quiet. I relax. But George, he is not one to waste any time on the stars.

"It is too risky to carry Mr. Huber far," he says. "We will take him just to the mouth of the alley and hide. When the first car passes in the street, I will scream like some one is hit. At the same time, you dump Mr. Huber in the gutter. Then we fade away while the driver gets out and thinks he has run down Mr. Huber. Simple! Isn't it?"

But I have a disturbing thought.

"What if the driver is not fooled?" I ask. "Mr. Huber may look like he has been dead for some time."

George thinks this over.

"You may have something there," he says. "We must fix the time of the death better. Mr. Huber doesn't have a watch, so let me have yours."

I MUST be in a daze or have more beer than I think, for I hand over my watch which I get for the Army, and which has a radium dial.

"Twelve o'clock," George says, studying it. "Twelve thirty-seven is a nice-sounding time for an accident. And that will give us plenty of time, too."

He turns the hands, and then, before I know what he is doing, he smashes my watch on the side of the car. I am furious.

"Hey!" I yelp. "That is my watch. Why don't you use your own?"

"Mine is not good enough," George answers, real smooth. "Besides which, I drop a dollar's worth of change out there and do not say anything, and here you bellyache about a watch."

Before I can answer back, George climbs out of the car and says it is time to go. It is very dark and all the cars look alike. I tell George I want to rest, and for him to go ahead and find Mr. Huber and to come back for me. But the real reason is, I just do not want to come upon Mr. Huber unexpected.

In about ten minutes George returns. He is worried.

"Either we have mislaid Mr. Huber," he says puzzled, "or some one has found him."

I have an idea.

"You don't think Mr. Huber has gone off by himself, do you?" I ask hopefully.

"Not Mr. Huber," George answers with great confidence. He nods his head sagely. "He is not going anywhere, the condition he is in. I just missed him in the dark."

This time I go with George. With Mr. Huber around loose, I do not want to be alone. And, luckily, we stumble on him right away.

"Just as we left him," George says triumphantly. He puts my watch on Mr. Huber's wrist. "Pick him up and let's go."

This time, when we get to the mouth of the alley, we are cautious. With Mr. Huber along, we got plenty of reason to be. We look up and down the street very careful. Three or four cars are parked along the curb, but that is the only sign the town is inhabited. No one is in sight.

George looks at his watch.

"Twelve thirty," he says. "That is close enough to the time Mr. Huber's watch is set at. A few minutes either side of twelve thirty-seven won't make any difference. Let's get down behind one of those parked cars and dump Mr. Huber the first car that passes."

I carefully set Mr. Huber down and prop him against the car we crouch behind. I put his books beside him.

"Rough him up," George says cheerfully. "We want Mr. Huber to look like he is knocked here—not placed here."

When I hesitate, George rolls Mr. Huber over a couple of times in the gutter, which is very dirty. He does a very artistic job of mussing.

"Remember Frankie and Katie," he whispers, when I start to protest.

Just then we hear a car. It is coming fast. George stands up and staggers out like he is drunk. The car swerves with a screech of brakes. George lets out a long howl that rolls the ice up and down my spine. Meanwhile, I scooch Mr. Huber forward. In a second I am following George down the alley. I never feel so happy in my life.

I never figure exactly how we make it back to camp without getting stopped. Most of the way we go across fields and drainage ditches, of which New Jersey has a great number. Several times we got to fall flat to duck a guard or a M. P. When

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A bartender, who for many years had bought eggs from a Scotch farmer, said one day, "Now, Sandy, if you'll be big-hearted and give me thirteen eggs and call it a dozen, I'll buy you any drink you like." "All right," agreed the Scotchman. Sure enough, when the bartender counted the dozen eggs there were thirteen of them. "You're a good sport. Now what'll it be?" "Let's see," said Sandy hesitatingly. "Make it sherry and egg."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

finally we make our tent, it is like getting home. It is dark and cold, but I never see anything look so inviting.

George and I whisper a little, guessing what happens to Mr. Huber. But this is not a topic of conversation either of us likes, so we go to bed. Just as I go to sleep, I feel some one shake me. It is the cook.

"Roll out," he says. "You and George are on K. P. today. And the sarge says to tell you, you are on K. P. every day till further notice. He says if you are not tired enough to be in bed by eleven, a little K. P. should not faze you."

Now K. P. being what it is, George and I do not have any chance to talk till we get a rest that afternoon peeling carrots, of which the Army has even a greater number than potatoes. George has been thinking. He has the whole thing figured out.

"We can relax now," he says. "Everything is sure to have gone off all right. If whoever found Mr. Huber suspected anything, the M. P.s would have traced us down before now. Still, I would like to know what happened."

"I don't care if I never find out," I say.

I hear George gasp. He turns from his natural color, which is like one of the carrots we peel, to gray and then to white. It is like he sees a regiment of M. P.s.

"My gosh!" he says. "Look!"

I look. It is Mr. Huber walking toward us.

George recovers first. He jumps up and holds out his hand like, now, he is selling insurance. But Mr. Huber gives George the old ice treatment.

"I should like to know just what happened last night," Mr. Huber asks coldly. "And just why, and under what circumstances, you saw fit to abandon me in the gutter."

George and I are so relieved we laugh till we are weak.

"We thought you were dead," George explains, when he can talk.

"SO!" Mr. Huber yells. "So! It was a good gag to leave me in the gutter like you did. You thought I was dead, so just threw me away. It is lucky I was picked up by friends, for if the M. P.s had found me like that I would never get a stripe."

"You don't understand," George says soothingly. "You told us last night your insurance wasn't effective until this morning. We thought you had broken your neck, and were only trying to make it appear like you hadn't died until after midnight. We wanted little Katie and Frankie to get your insurance. You ought to be grateful for what we did."

Now, Mr. Huber does not have much sense of appreciation.

"You ought to be shot!" he yelps, when he can stop making sounds like he is choking on a bone. "It is scoundrels like you who cheat reputable insurance companies out of millions every year. And to think you tried to make me a party to an insurance fraud on the government! Shooting is too good for you."

Mr. Huber whirls and stalks off. I do not even get a chance to ask him about my watch. I look at him go, and I am very bitter.

"That is gratitude for you," I say.

But my bitterness is nothing to George's.

"And after all we do for him, he talks to us like that," George says sadly. "When he fell last night, he almost convinced me I needed some insurance. But if I take any now, it will not be from him. I am one prospect he is not going to sell!"

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

HACKSIDENT: Two taxis, head on.

TOETAL: Ten, if you count the ones on both feet.

BRAYN: What a donkey thinks with.

CELLARBRATION: Throwing a party in the basement.

BLIMPUDENCE: Back talk in a balloon.

GORYENTAL: A Jap who commits hara-kiri.

CUPLE: Two mugs of java.

BANGQUET: Dinner for firecracker manufacturers.

THEIRTILLERY: The enemy's; opposite of ourtillery.

DISHCOURAGING: Dirty plates and saucers.

there was a chance to watch the man. But that wasn't the answer—at least not the whole answer. The wheels had begun to turn. And Jaspers did not really matter now. He was ahead of the others, leading the pack. If something happened to him, there'd be another along to ask questions, to ferret out the facts—the sheriff, the D. A., or some Joe Smith.

Rack tipped his chair back. There was nothing he could do but watch and wait. And hope the spruce was whipped before the last of the long, long row of toy soldiers fell . . . and everything came unstuck.

RACK TINKER parked the light truck in front of the biggest warehouse on Machinery Row. He went along the loading platforms, past sliding doors that bore the names of well known equipment manufacturers. The office was a glassed-in corner. A middle-aged woman left her desk to open a window and smile at Rack.

"Nick's out back," she said.

"Thanks, Maud," said Rack. "I'll find him."

The building was almost empty. A new tractor stood against one wall, lonely there. Rack stopped. This was a double-drum cat—the greatest advancement in logging since the high-lead. The cat had a two-drum hoist mounted just back of the driver's seat. Rigged to a spar tree, the hoist could bring logs to a landing as fast as the old-time steam donkey engine, and still it had a tractor's mobility. The moves from spar tree to spar tree took only a fraction of the time needed by a donkey engine.

Stump would hock his soul for that, Rack thought.

He went on, walking slowly now. A shop had been built into this corner of the warehouse, and here Nick Harshberger stood beside a torn-down Diesel engine. "I can't get men an' I can't get parts," he said. "An' every logger in the country's howlin' for gear. I had a shaft turned for this thing three times an' it don't fit yet. I'm goin' nuts!"

Rack Tinker said, "Hello, Nick."

"Beat it," Nick said. "I got troubles enough."

"I was just leaving," Rack said.

And they grinned at each other. Harshberger was fifty-odd, a salesman with a mechanic's hands. His gray suit was stained and rumpled. He looked, now and always, as if he'd just crawled out of a haystack, but you forgot that when he smiled.

"So you got lucky," he said.

Rack said, "Where'd you hear that?"

"Here and there. I get around." Harshberger looked at his hands and scowled. "Maud'll give me hell again. She's always yellin' at me to stay out of the grease." He turned his small-boy grin on Rack. "Let's get it over. Let's see the list."

Rack Tinker handed him a sheet of paper.

"Two cats," Rack said. "One double-drum."

"You want the moon too?" Harshberger asked.

He pushed a clutter of tools aside and spread the list on the workbench. He looked up finally, concern sharpening the lines of his face.

"Man," he said, "that's a mess of gear!"

Rack nodded. "You can get it if any one can."

"Which I doubt," Harshberger said sourly. "And it won't help you to butter me up. There ain't twenty-six hundred feet of new main line in this end of the world, an' if there was, it'd take cash on the barrel head an' a priority like you never seen."

"What about secondhand line?"

"Maybe—for cash." He eyed the list again. "The haul back we can

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In order to play in Rosemary, John Drew shaved off his mustache, thereby greatly changing his appearance. Shortly afterward he met Max Beerbohm in the lobby of a London theater, but could not just then recall who the latter was. Mr. Beerbohm's memory was better.

"Oh, Mr. Drew," he said. "I'm afraid you don't recognize me without your mustache."—*Thesaurus of Anecdotes.*

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manage, an' the straw line. Not new, y'understand, but good. The little stuff I can get—axes, peaveys, an' the like. But the cats, Rack. There's the real headache."

"You've got one cat, Nick."

"Reach for that," Nick Harshberger said, "an' get your arm busted in ten places. Five different outfits are waitin' for that cat, and all of 'em with money in their pants." He chewed his lower lip. "I can phone around, though. I might be able to scare up a secondhand rig—maybe two."

"We've got to have them."

Harshberger said, "You an' everybody else."

With a stub of pencil he jotted down figures on the back of Rick's list. "Was a time when we had to sell this stuff; now we got to fight buyers away. An' if we give one guy something, we make everybody else mad." He totaled the column of figures. "Roughly," he said, "this's gonna cost you—about twenty grand."

"What kind of terms can I get?"

"In these times," said Nick, "cash."

Rack Tinker said, "It was nice seeing you."

"Wait a minute." Harshberger's eyes turned shrewd. "You got a partner with bank credit. With this contract, you ought to have credit yourself. You been a good customer an'—"

"Two-bits' worth of hay wire one month, two-bits' worth of stove bolts the next."

Harshberger grinned. "It adds up."

"Then our good will's worth something," Rack said. "Make it five thousand down, the rest in sixty days."

Nick said, "We'll talk to Maud."

He led the way back to the office.

"Rack wants some gear," Nick told Maud. "The whole order'll run twenty grand, maybe a little more. He wants to give us five down and pay the rest in sixty days. What do you think?"

"Rack," said Maud, "how's Addie?"

"Still in there pitchin'," he said.

She was silent for a time, her eyes shiny with thought. "Half down," she said at last; "the rest in two payments; the balance cleaned up in sixty days."

"You make it tough," Rack said.

Nick Harshberger scrubbed at his hands with a bit of grimy cloth. "What about us?" he said. "If you go floppo, we got a lot of trouble to get our stuff back. Besides, you got a jag of myrtle, an' you got Prio."

"How do you know how much myrtle's left?"

"We're in business," Maud said. "There's some things you've got to know if you're going to stay in business." Her smile was gentle. "Say hello to Addie for me, Rack."

"Yes," Rack said, "and I'll see you."

Rack took the light truck down the main street of Westburyport and put it in the parking lot at the rear of the bank. The attendant was a tall man with white hair. He was young, perhaps thirty; his body was magnificent—wide-shouldered, clean-limbed. He'd been a logger until a blasting cap had exploded in his face, blinding him. Now his magnificent body was forever chained with sightlessness.

Rack said, "Tommy, how are you?"

Tommy grinned. "Got 'er by the tail, Rack." He turned to his small shack. "Look." He fumbled until he found a time clock on the wall. The clock was new and shiny. With pride Tommy said, "A beauty, eh?"

"She's that," Rack agreed. "What's it for?"

"I got tired of you guys clippin' me," Tommy said, "so now I punch a card for you. Got the time right on it, and the date. All I got to do is look at the card and I know just how long you been here."

Rack laughed. "That's a fine rig."

Tommy laughed too—there was a bubbling good nature about the man nothing could suppress. Seriously he said, "It puts me on a business basis. You guys'll know how long you been here. No guessin'. And I got a record for my income tax. I write a price right on the card and put it in this here box."

Rack took his ticket and left. He was in front of the bank when the whistle at River Mill blew twelve o'clock. Impatiently he muttered, "Damn it!" Then he went past the bank entrance to a small restaurant, where he had coffee, a sandwich, and a cigarette.

When he paid his check, the girl at the register gave him the wrong change. Rack left the change on the rubber pad and grinned at her.

"Janie," he said, "that's thievery."

Janie said, "Coffee, a sandwich, a shake, and a crab salad. Add it up yourself."

"A crab salad—" Rack began.

A cool voice behind Rack said, "Don't argue—pay the lady."

Rack turned. This girl had yellow hair done in a crown of braids. Her tweed coat was worn capelike. In one lapel, oddly, was a small loose-leaf-binder ring. She was tall and fetchingly ample and her gray eyes met Rack's with an impudent smile.

"Gale Nordlund," Rack said, and scowled at her. He turned and scowled at Janie. "It's a clip," he said, but he took the change.

The girls laughed.

Janie said, "A cheerful sucker, isn't he?"

"It's what he gets for not sitting at my table," Gale Nordlund said. "And, besides, a check is a matter of principle."

RACK took her out to the sidewalk.

"I don't mind the check," he told her, "but buying a milk shake for that figure—" He shook his head.

"Don't get fresh, bub!" Gale Nordlund drew her coat across full breasts. "Anyway, the crab salad was strictly from the diet book. I hate crab."

Rack chuckled. "I hope it poisons you."

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I wanted to see Richardson."

Gale said, "Bankers take a long lunch hour."

"I know," said Rack. "I guess I'd better see Jim while I'm waiting."

"Good," Gale said. "I owe him a visit."

Rack laughed. "Clyde's in Washington and the bull whip's getting rusty. O. K., bring it along." He took her arm. "You'll have to walk. My gas stamps are getting low."

She said, "I owe it to the milk shake."

They went down the street of Westburyport. Turning where the road branched off to River Mill, they climbed the hill that overlooked the mill, the town, and the harbor. The houses were scattered here. The black asphalt road curved on through a tunnel of trees gone riotously drunk with fall color.

"A day for walking," Gale said.

Rack Tinker looked down at her. The sharp air had brought pink to her cheeks. She took the steep grade with a lithe stride that matched his own, breathing easily through partly open lips. Nice people, Rack thought; good to look at, good to know. . . .

But—when you knew her—a little on the slave-driver side. Gale had a head full of ideas, things she wanted people to do. When people didn't see eye to eye with her, she could think of a dozen clever ways to crack the whip. Not that her ideas weren't good. They often were. They'd been very good for Clyde Prio. Rack allowed himself an inward grin.

He said. "Clyde tells me you're miffed at him."

"And at you," Gale said.

"It wasn't my idea."

"But you let him do it." Gale's frown was earnest. "He hadn't the money for that contract. Good Lord—he hocked his shirt!"

"Think he'll lose it?"

"It's certainly a gamble."

"YOU'RE irked because he slipped his leash—because he wrote a check without permission," Rack said. "You should keep his check book in the safe with his clean hankies."

Gale flared. "That's not funny!"

"To me it is," Rack said cheerfully. "A woman in a man's pants is very funny."

Gale walked in angry silence for several minutes. She said then, "At least I'll have my way with you. No more gallivanting around the country for you, my friend. You'll settle down, and you'll work!"

"You think I've been a short-stake logger," Rack said.

"That's right!"

Rack made a wry face. "All you women think alike . . . the worst of a man. I think I was getting an education."

"Education your foot!" Gale said. "Bumming from camp to camp is bumming and nothing else!"

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"I did stop for a course or two in forestry."

"But did you get credits for them? No! You were too lazy to get the entrance requirements. The way you men make a hodge-podge of your lives is disgusting." She looked up at him. "What do you expect to be in ten years? What do you want to be?"

Cheerfully Rack said, "A hodge-podge."

The road turned again. Ahead of them was a low rambling house built of huge logs. It looked solid and durable enough to last forever.

"Jim built 'em to stay," Rack said.

Gale agreed. "Too bad he can't live as long."

Soberly Rack said, "I'll give him a year."

"Dr. Mallory gives him less."

They found Jim Horton in a wheel chair before a great stone fireplace. He was a small man and frail. His hair had turned white, but somehow his brows had remained black, as commanding as ever. Nearly seventy years had dulled the harsh edge of sharp features, pain had rubbed the shine from deep gray eyes. He didn't hear Rack and Gale come in.

"Jim, you old bat!" Rack said.

Jim Horton twisted around in his chair.

"Rack!" A sudden smile warmed his face. "Come in. Come in. Can't get up. That damned peg don't fit no more. Can't stand the sight of crutches." He looked hard at Gale. "Hello, young lady."

Gale said, "Hello, Jim."

The old man's eyes went from Gale to Rack and back again. A laugh cracked in his thin throat. "A good pair," he said. "And sit down. Makes me tired lookin' at you."

THEY found chairs by the fireplace. The room was filled with the things the old man liked. He had no woman to tell him otherwise. His guns—clean, well oiled rifles—stood in a wall rack. Two hunting knives were on his desk. A fly rod, fully assembled, lay on the table. The old man hadn't fished in thirty years, but he could sit in this room, cast through the archway, and hit a dinner plate in the far room two times out of three. All his things could be reached from the wheel chair.

Rack said, "You heard about the spruce?"

"Sure. Sure I did." Jim's eyes were on Gale, narrow and thinking. Suddenly he laughed. "Now I've got it. You're Otto Nordlund's girl. Work for Clyde Prio. Gale's your name."

She said, "You got the job for me."

"No. Not exactly." Jim chuckled, remembering. If the near past gave him trouble, the far past was a clear picture. "Got it yourself. All I did was fix the deal. Did him a favor, too. He told me so the other day."

Rack grinned. "You gave him a ball and chain. She bought him a suit of clothes the first week."

"Smarty!" Gale said. "It was a month."

And they talked about it, because the old man liked remembering. They argued. Rack said Clyde Prio had been a happy man in his dusty law office. The town was his size, the business too small to interfere with his hunting and fishing. He might have stayed happy if he hadn't agreed to hire the valedictorian of Westburyport High School for his secretary.

It was the truth that Gale had bought Clyde Prio a suit of clothes a short month after she'd come to work for him. "For the next state senator," she'd told Clyde.

"But I don't want to be a politician!"

"You're too good not to be," she'd said.

And she'd given him the newspaper that announced his hat already in the ring. But he didn't have to campaign; he'd put his foot down there. He'd held it down until the

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The similarity of Americans and Canadians in speech, customs, habits, and dress is so striking that it is difficult for even United States immigration inspectors to discover any disparity between them. There is one way, however, which is of great help. When a person claims he is an American and the inspectors suspect that he isn't, they ask him to repeat the last three letters of the alphabet. If he says, "X, Y, Zed," he just doesn't get in.

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letter came from his opponent accepting his challenge to a public debate. His challenge! "Miss Nordlund!" he'd bellowed. "You're fired!" But before he'd written her check, she'd written his half of the debate—a painstaking job, in the best high-school style—and then, after she'd gone to all that trouble . . .

So he'd put off firing her until after the debate. Then, at the last minute, some one had stolen the speech she'd written. He'd ad libbed. He hadn't debated, really. He'd just told the people what he thought the community needed. They'd agreed with him; they'd elected him. And later he'd found the missing speech tucked carefully away in the bottom drawer of Gale's desk.

"So he figured," Rack said, "the safest thing he could do was get along with her."

Indignantly Gale said, "He doesn't complain—certainly the voters don't!"

Jim Horton cackled delightedly. "Make you a fine wife," he told Rack.

"Whoa now!" Rack said. He pointed to the loose-leaf-binder ring in her coat lapel. "That's her trade-mark. I don't want it in my nose!"

"He put it there to be funny," Gale explained.

Jim laughed again. "Clip it on him. Damned young whippersnapper! Needs a firm hand." He leveled a thin gray finger at Rack. "Best thing in the world for you, boy. Make you a man."

Rack grinned. "She'd wear my pants."

"Good if she did."

Gale said, "No, Jim. I wouldn't have that good-for-nothing if I won him in a box of crackajack."

Jim Horton put his head back and his corded throat jumped with mirth. The laughter brought tears to his eyes. Watching him, Rack was glad they'd come. Jim Horton wiped his eyes, bobbed his head, chuckling.

"Now about that spruce?" he said.

"I'm going to sell it to you," said Rack. "It ought to put that two-for-a-nickel mill on its feet."

To Gale, Jim said, "Talks big, don't he?"

Gale said, "That's all he is—talk."

Rack made a derisive sound at Gale. Turning to Jim Horton, he said, "Want to argue about prices?"

"Nope. Not today."

"Why not?"

"It ain't my mill." The old man's face was aglow, his eyes bright with excitement. "Turned it over to Sam! Lock, stock and barrel. All his!"

RACK'S face was startled. Then, as the full import of the news got to him, his eyes grew bleak.

"So I talk to Sam?"

Jim Horton leaned forward, troubled. "Sure. What's the difference, me or Sam?"

"No difference, Jim." Rack managed a smile. "He's a good hand. I was just—well, a little surprised. You've been running River Mill as long as I can remember."

Jim sat back, relieved. "Long enough!" He chuckled. "Time I turned it over to Sam. A good boy. Cecil and Jed—a little wild. Not bad—wild. Sam, now—there's a sharp lad. He'll give you a price."

Rack pushed to his feet. "I'll see him, then."

"Don't go," Jim said. "I'll buy a drink."

They stayed with the old man for a drink and another, and then they left. Rack's face became sober as soon as the door closed behind them. Sam had the mill. It was a whip in Sam's hand. A whip he'd use to break Broken River . . . to smash Rack. Thinking back, Rack realized he'd always known it would one day come to this. There was a driving violence in Sam Horton, the same violence that had ruled his brothers Cecil and Jed. Somehow he'd learned or guessed part of the truth about that—that mess that lay in the past. And now—justice was not for him, for justice involved the consideration of right and wrong. Sam wanted vengeance. And he'd have it, no matter what the cost.

What is it that is hidden in Rack's past? And will Sam Horton use his knowledge of it to keep Rack from fighting for the Bishop contract? Another action-packed chapter of this unusual novel will appear next week.

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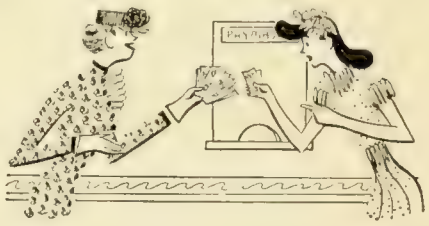
Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

AGE CANNOT WITHER: If you're a business woman over fifty-five years of age you're probably earning more than your younger sisters. This was the finding of a survey of the women belonging to the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Inc. The 56-to-65-year group turned out to be the highest wage group, with the annual median earnings of club members ranging from $1,012 for those under twenty-five, to $1,636 for the experienced girls aged fifty-six to sixty-five. In volunteer war



work, too, older women are proving more reliable than younger ones, according to Mrs. Elizabeth W. Shire, who is sixty-three herself and who works regularly in the kitchen of the Andrew Furuseth Club of the United Seamen's Service, where American Women's Volunteer Services staff the canteen and serve meals to seamen. Mrs. Peter Jantzer, also in her sixties, volunteered before Pearl Harbor and has worked for the AWVS six days a week ever since.

FIT FOR THE GODS: David Cowles, manager of the Ritz Tower's Penguin Bar and Restaurant, in New York, has a way with unrationed foods. Even the pickiest epicures who have been beefing about beef are putty in his hands. They swoon over his green-turtle steaks, broiled, and served with red wine sauce, and his sea bass poached in white wine with mushrooms. His Maine lobster, steamed in seaweed, has them by the nose. The foreword to his menu reads: "In ordering our meals, let us recall that high-point rationed foods are synonymous with those vitally needed by our armed forces—that a bounty of tempting edibles impractical for their use remains solely for us to enjoy." What a man! He makes us take what we can get and like it.

POT LUCK IN MONTANA: The Rev. George E. Meyer of Baker Community Church in Montana has figured out a way to minister to his flock, scattered though it is over an area of one hundred square miles. He moves about himself, instead of expecting people to use their cars to get to him. Result: he preaches to packed houses by conducting services in the homes of parishioners. Church is combined with pot-luck dinners. Familiar hymns and short sermons have brought dozens to church who have never been before.

The Green-Eyed Monster

A B card and a top that's down
Provoke an unofficial frown
From all the rest of us whose cars
Were long since sacrificed to Mars.

Just why, we snarl, should any one
Enjoy the bland September sun
And look so vigorous and jolly
While we must crowd on bus and trolley?

STAGGERING STATISTICS: Forty-three per cent of last year's 1,800,000 brides married servicemen. . . . The population of the country rose 1.2 per cent last year, to a total of 135,604,000, mainly because births exceeded deaths by almost two to one. . . . Some time this year the women will outnumber the men in America, regardless of war casualties, for the first time in history. Their majority will probably increase at about 100,000 each year hereafter, according to Frank R. Wilson, former Census Bureau official and now an assistant to the Secretary of Commerce. This is because of the lengthening life span of the so-called weaker sex, and the greater vulnerability of males to the hazards of life. Those extra 100,000 females yearly will play hob with the business picture, for when they are denied the chance to marry, many will become career women and give the men tough competition.

CAREER CATS: A St. Louis cat received from the War Production Board a award for meritorious service. By giving birth to four kittens at an St. Louis ordnance plant, she solved the mouse problem and soothed feminine workers into a speed-up of production. . . . A Manhattan cat is on the pay roll of a midtown delicatessen. Her job is to sit on green bananas to ripen same.

LET THEM WEAR LACE!

Continued from Page 33

up in the first tidal waves of Nazi paper-money buying.

In two years, since the beginning of clothing and fabrics rationing, the French have received just two lots of forty points—for both yardage and finished clothing and household items. The first forty were issued in June, 1941. As point values were, a single dress (27 points), a slip (12 points), and a small handkerchief (1 point), all in the shoddiest rayon, exhausted the quota, with nothing for household needs. Yet for fifteen months no more points were issued.

At last, in September, 1942, a second forty points were released, on a new card with even lower buying values. This card, after nine months, is still current—and is likely to be while the Nazis stay. Under it a dress in the cheapest utility goods, if found at all, cleans up the forty points. Smaller items are rated: nightgown, twelve points; drawers, six points; stockings, six to twelve points, according to fabric; handkerchief or gloves, two points. Men's items, even scarcer and higher, run: shirt, fifteen points; undershirt, eight points; socks, six points up; necktie or collar, two points.

Most of the listings are purely academic; the items are unfindable at any price. A man's robe or dressing gown can't be bought with points at all—only with an emergency permit. Application for the permit, with no assurance of getting it, requires the filing of a certificate from a registered physician—attesting the medical essentiality of the purchase! Similar certification is necessary to apply for the right to buy an extra cake of soap, or more than fifty grams of cotton wool. But your certificated "cotton wool," when you get it, will be cellulose.

WITH the cheapest sleazy suiting listed at twenty-seven points a meter (in the piece or made up), and household fabrics in proportion, any larger purchase such as a suit, overcoat, or sheet could never be made with points. It requires that tortuous alternate device of the French rationing system, the *bon d'achat*, or priority buying order, issued by the local *mairie* or *Bureau de Rationnement* within its centrally allotted quota. *Bons* have always been hard to get. Here are a few of the three dozen odd questions a friend in Nice, a naturalized Frenchwoman of thirty years' standing, had to answer in filing application for one for a single bed sheet:

If you are not an Israelite, are there any Israelites among your family, including connections by marriage?

If your husband came from somewhere else, give all details, including when and why he left there.

If you have living parents, what are their names, residences, and occupations?

If you have living brothers or sisters, list their names, addresses, and occupations.

Do the same for husbands of your sisters and wives of your brothers.

Have you any brother or brothers in England or the United States?

Have you any other male relatives in England or the United States?

Have you written since July, 1940, to any one in England or the United States? If so, give names, addresses, and identifying details.

IN the last nine or ten months, behind the sealed walls of wholly occupied France, the Nazis, through incredibly drastic decrees affecting clothing replacements—as through concurrent food cuts—have been capping their previous efforts to force every remaining French adult into their active war program. In October, 1942, in some departments, in November in others, all priority orders for any one aged eighteen or over, male or female, were "temporarily suspended." So were all applications for future *bons* for any one over seventeen—with two significant exceptions. One is of workers in approved French factories, all of course now working for the Nazis. The other and principal exception continues a practice, instituted in July of last year, in favor of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen going to work in Germany. Such workers, after signing up for a specified early departure date and receiving the German *Ausweis*, are issued *bons d'achat* for a complete head-to-toes outfit, and 1,000 francs to buy it with.

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At an annual community meeting down in the "Harlem" of Birmingham, Alabama, some one seated in the back of the room called out in a loud voice:

"Mistah President, Ah moves dat Rastus Jones am a low-down, dirty member of the black market."

Infuriated, Rastus Jones leaped to his feet. "Who makes dat motion?"

A giant coal-black Negro arose. On his face were several knife scars from previous fights.

"Ah does."

"Den Ah seconds de motion," said Rastus, as he sat down.

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The new squeeze on French clothing is such that the French can no longer send even minor items to their sons, husbands, fathers, and brothers, now almost naked after three years in German prison camps. Underwear is one particular need for which the prisoners have always begged the home folks in their letters. Until last fall, when such a letter was presented, rationing boards usually came across with a buying order for the requested item, and it could be dispatched to the specified prisoner through the Red Cross or one or two other approved French agencies. Since last September all individual shipments to prisoners have been forbidden. Instead, there've been several big country-wide collections of used underwear—ostensibly to be mended and distributed generally among the prison camps; but recent letters from the prisoners mention no receipts of clothing and continue to plead especially for underwear. So the French are convinced that even their used underwear is now being worn by the Germans.

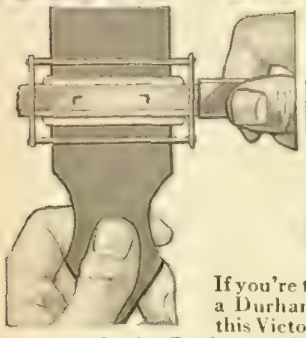
THE French adult who won't work for Hitler can't even get needed footgear. Even without the prohibition, the chance of getting a pair of shoes in France would be slim. In one city I visited the family of an army colonel on the reserve list. His last issue of leather-soled army shoes is still in pretty good shape after three years, thanks to careful nursing. His wife has to manage her daily food hunting and queue standing in his torn old shoes, paper-stuffed. For other wear she has her only surviving shoes, tarnished silver dancing sandals—in this day when dancing is legally forbidden and only Death dances in France! The two sons, eight and eleven, have shoes in such condition that they can't go to school in bad weather. The mother applied the winter before last for shoe-buying permits for herself and the boys. They hadn't come through when I last saw her—and almost certainly are still pending.

If and when their permits come through, the only type of shoes she'll be able to buy for her boys will be *galoches*—bootlike, with heavy wooden soles and uppers of stiff, unlined crude leather. Especially on city pavements, they blister and inflame the feet badly; children cry at having to wear them. But it's that or nothing.

Shoe repairs are also rationed through a registration system. One has to be inscribed officially with a particular cobbler, who assigns a number to each of his quota of customers and does their work in strict rotation. He won't even let you drop off your shoes until your number is up; you have to keep watching his windows for it to be posted. You get no completion date when your shoes are taken; instead you continue watching the window for the reappearance of your number. Neglecting to walk around for a frequent look-see may have tragic results. Nowadays even old shoes in the cobbler's care have a way of disappearing. Vichy's police are no help; they're too busy checking political infractions.

You wait months for the simplest repair—while the shoemaker hunts the materials. Leather is so short that soles have to be patched with other things. For small holes, metal is the most sought substitute; anybody still possessing an old sou or five-centime piece slips it to his cobbler for this purpose. For resoling,

THIS STROP



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one has to take wood; even that is not easy to locate. Uppers are patched with anything from pieces of old belts to scraps of jersey and paper.

In clothing, too, *stoppage* (reweaving), darning, patching, and every other kind of makeshift refurbishing have become France's biggest and virtually its only general garment industry. Everything is repaired to the last shred of wearability—and then pulled apart for the fibers composing it. These have to serve for sewing and mending, in the lack of any other kind of thread.

All sewing and darning thread is rationed. In two years it has been possible to buy only twelve francs' worth. The first six francs' worth had to do for fifteen months. Represented by a single stamp on the first clothing and fabrics card, it had to be bought in one installment. One bobbin of today's ersatz thread was about all that was obtainable for the stamp. Only rayon thread is made, a cheap yellowish grade that breaks off constantly. The current clothing card has two stamps for thread, but with each stamp one can buy only three francs' worth.

I wouldn't have believed how scarce ordinary needles have become if I hadn't lost those in my traveling kit and hunted vainly through dozens of stores for one. Wooden buttons can be found occasionally, but none made of anything else. Any storekeeper or vendor who has these items dispenses them at the rate of one needle, two pins, or two buttons at most to a customer. Remaining dressmakers are generally as short of such sundries as the housewife.

HAVING clothes cleaned is another problem. Dry-cleaning, if done at all, takes three months at a minimum—and then often ruins the garment. Surviving cleaners open only at unannounced odd intervals, usually for a few hours once a month or so when they manage to get a little ersatz cleaning fluid. One has to keep walking around till one happens to catch them open. Dyeing is done only in black or brown, extremely unreliable.

Laundering is complicated by soap rationing. Fats are all swept into the German war machine; such soap as exists is largely clay. The soap allotment is a niggardly little 2½-ounce piece (smaller than an American five-cent cake) for a whole month's personal needs, and eight ounces, usually powdered and even worse in quality, for the month's cleaning and laundering.

In hotels, soap tickets must be turned in by the guest if he wants changes of sheets and towels. Even at that, in the best hotels, one sheet every two weeks and one towel a week is the change rate. In private homes, even the most scrupulous, bed linens are seldom changed oftener than once every two months nowadays. In many homes, not only tablecloths and napkins, but sheets and pillowcases have become a memory. Still well-to-do householders are without them. It's not just that new ones are unbuyable: the Nazis have gathered up most of the big reserves which every respectable French family, even a modest one, had by old custom. They're on beds in German hospitals or torn into bandages for German wounded.

NIPPLES for babies' bottles are so scarce old ones are passed from family to family. There are no razor blades. When a window (or anything else) breaks, it stays broken. Even cardboard to cover the broken pane is virtually unfindable. There are no nails or other repair materials. Any string found at all is made of twisted paper. One has to negotiate the inky total blackouts without flashlights; batteries in any size are unbuyable. Not even an ordinary candle can be found today. Last year a few churches still had a scanty supply of tapers; Vichy drew on these for its Christmas-tree illumination.

Only forty-watt bulbs are made—or allowed. One has to turn in an old one to get a new one—if one can find a new one. Bulbs, like all electrical supplies, are too scarce to ration.

Even more serious is the rationing of every lighting, cooking, and heating source. France has to live today almost as primitive man did in his cave, in a murky, virtually heatless gloom. Most of its electric current is diverted to Nazi war factories.

Gas, where it's installed, is allotted only for cooking. Twenty cubic meters a month is the highest household ration. Where there's no coal, it has to do for winter heating also. But you can't use your ration when you want to. Gas pressure is cut to *nil* between prescribed hours; cooking is impossible except at those hours. Pressure is stepped up to the using point for about an hour at each meal period in Lyons, Marseille, and other big cities. Elsewhere, as in Beaulieu, it's for only half an hour.

Running hot water in hotels and homes is almost unknown today. Having it oftener than one day a week at most is against the law; in many departments the maximum is one day every two weeks. And in summer, when the public baths are open, even baths are rationed. One every two weeks is the legal limit in Vichy and elsewhere. In winter, for the last two years, public baths have been closed—as a government fuel-conserving measure. Since few French homes have bathtubs, most Frenchmen go bathless throughout the cold weather.

At elegant diplomatic receptions in Vichy I'd see imposing-looking officials scratching themselves surreptitiously. Current conditions have produced bad epidemics of mange.

Winter—a fourth winter under Hitler! The French aren't just hoping our armies will reach France before it; they're praying!

THE END

WHAT'S AHEAD FOR THE MOTORIST

Continued from Page 11

such as gasoline and fuel oil. We must (4) have means to convey the products to the points of use and to distribute them. We must (5) have men and women to operate these facilities. Finally, we must (6) have sufficient financial incentives in all operations of the industry to keep the wheels in motion.

When and if difficulty is experienced in maintaining the continuity that exists between these six "musts," and as a result the supply reaching the population is reduced below the point at which there is plenty for all, we must have a really effective method of distributing the ultimate available supply in a manner that best serves the public interest.

On the whole, people in the East have been willing to co-operate and have taken without too much grumbling the more severe rationing that they have had to tolerate. However, there has been some criticism directed at the Petroleum Administration by Eastern newspapers and representatives in Congress and state officials because other sections of the country have not been as limited in the use of gasoline as motorists of the Atlantic seaboard. One bright young senator has even charged us with sectionalism.

When we first suggested that we might have to extend the East's gasoline diet to the Midwest, instantly the Midwest rose up in protest. Apparently each section was willing to "let George do it."

THERE are reasons why we haven't found it necessary to ration the Midwest drastically before this. And so let me explain again why the Midwestern motorist has been allowed to buy about four gallons per week while the Easterner has had to get along with one and a half.

Our carrying capacity into the east coast area will have reached its peak when the second of the two big pipe lines from Texas is in full operation. As I have stated, the first relief occurred when "Big Inch" started to work about a month ago.

Meanwhile, the petroleum requirements of the military have been increasing daily. They increase faster than we can keep up with them, considering our limited shipping facilities—limited notwithstanding that they have been greatly augmented as a result of the highly co-operative efforts of the railroads, the oil industry, and the government. Therefore, when you read in the newspapers that petroleum deliveries in the East have reached an all-time high and that more and more of it is going into that area, remember that at the same time more gasoline and fuel oil are going out to take part, hand in hand, in the fight against the Axis.

No matter how much petroleum we may bring into the Atlantic seaboard, it will mean nothing to the individual motorist so long as the Army and Navy and the war industries have need of it.

These, plus the farmer and the war worker, have prior rights that must be recognized because the safety of our nation and the lives of our soldiers depend upon the recognition of them.

Unhappily, we have to face this crisis at a time when we are preparing also for next winter, when the north winds will blow and no one will be thinking particularly about pleasure driving. Every gallon of gasoline that we don't have to ship into the East for unessential purposes makes room for the shipment of a gallon of heating oil that is going to be a welcome guest along about next February when the thermometer registers below zero. We are bringing that heating oil in now, and we will have to bring in more and more if the people are to be assured

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The OPA reports that its Hartford, Connecticut, office cat, known as Inflation, has borne kittens named Directive, Questionnaire, Form 1309, and Rollback. Their father is unknown but is tentatively registered as Black Market.

—Associated Press.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

of even as much heat as they had last winter. We are putting it in storage, so that when winter comes we won't be caught with such a low inventory that people of the Northeastern States, where it really does get cold, will be without fuel—actually freezing instead of being just uncomfortable.

That is one reason why we are trying to hold down gasoline consumption in the East—so that the Eastern householder won't be complaining next winter that his house is too cold for either comfort or health.

"But," says the Eastern motorist, "you still haven't told me why I have had to make most of the sacrifices, or why my friends and relatives in the Middle West have been getting more gasoline for their cars."

If there had been any way on earth whereby we could have diverted more petroleum supplies from the Midwest to the East with existing facilities, we would have done so before this, and gladly, for the relief of the East. But, until "Big Inch" was finished, there wasn't any way. Railroads, trucks, barges, and the pipe lines that we had—all of them in the east coast service—were hauling a full load twenty-four hours a day, and not another gallon could we add to their cargo. We have been creating additional capacity as rapidly as possible, as witness the second great pipe line that we are pushing from Texas into the New York-Philadelphia area.

Too often, I think, we forget that the East was formerly dependent upon oil tankers for 95 per cent of the petroleum that it used, and that when the oil tankers were sent to war, sunk, or otherwise prevented from delivering petroleum to the East, it was impossible to replace that very efficient carrier without causing hardship and inconvenience.

So far as the future is concerned, and with respect to the adjustment which has just put the Midwest on a leaner gasoline diet, there is the further serious question of the physical supply of crude oil.

The supply may become so low that not only the Midwesterner, the Southwesterner, and the Easterner, but the nation as a whole will have to stint itself.

The long-range reason for rationing in other sections of the country as in the East is that we haven't been discovering enough crude oil. Our experts tell us that by the end of the year our total productive capacity will just about equal our consumption, and when that point is reached we will be face to face with the danger of producing inefficiently, with the probability that in any event our production will decline.

AT the present time, excepting only on the Atlantic seaboard, the object of gasoline rationing is to conserve rubber. Rubber was and is a national problem. Crude-oil supply is also a national problem. Gasoline supply is not one problem but a series of problems, depending upon geography.

Until the crude-oil supply problem has had further scrutiny from many points of view, it would be premature to say that gasoline needs to be rationed to save crude oil. Regardless of the nation-wide supply situation, we cannot produce extra gasoline at the expense of critically needed war products or needed fuel oil, and we must be prepared to adjust gasoline consumption to our refining, transportation, and supply resources.

And so the Eastern motorist must simply console himself with the knowledge that if he has been making a bigger contribution to the fight against a petroleum shortage than some one else, it is not because of discrimination, or of a desire on our part to ration. The simple answer is that he is located less strategically with respect to the oil fields, and transportation facilities to carry the oil from where it is to where it is needed are insufficient.

So, as the Midwesterner wakes up to find that he hasn't as much gasoline as he has been having, he can ascribe it to the fact that more of the Midwest's transportation facilities have been taken over to haul crude oil to the Midwest refineries and to deliver gasoline and lubricating oil to the East for trans-

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lubricating oil to the East for transshipment to the fighting fronts.

Of course I am frank to admit that much of the confusion that now prevails in the minds of motorists would be eliminated if officials not directly connected with the Petroleum Administration would desist from issuing statements on a subject with respect to which the responsibility lies with the Petroleum Administrator for War.

I have attempted to impress on others in Washington my opinion that a determination of major gasoline rationing policies should not be made without the knowledge of the Petroleum Administration. This opinion was arrived at on the theory that there is a direct relationship between the amount of petroleum that is available and the number of gasoline coupons that are issued. In other words, if the Petroleum Administration is to keep the petroleum "bank account" filled, it should know what "checks" are being drawn against it.

It has been my position that for the Petroleum Administration to have this responsibility would tend to minimize the opportunity for misunderstandings that so often result in conflicting statements that have recently confused and irritated automobile drivers, particularly in the East.

WHILE no one in authority has agreed with me entirely that the Petroleum Administration should be allowed to approve, in advance, changes in major rationing policies affecting petroleum supply and transportation, we have recently taken what may well be a step in that direction with the organization of a Petroleum Rationing Policy Committee. This committee consists of representatives of the War Production Board, the Office of Defense Transportation, the Office of Price Administration, the War Food Administration, and the Petroleum Administration for War. Although the rules of the committee do not give the Petroleum Administration any more authority than it had, they amount to a tacit promise that no policy will be adopted or changed without first having been passed on by the committee. Should a member disagree with a decision of the committee, he has the right to appeal to the War Production Board, which is required to make a final decision within two days.

Briefly, this means that if the committee functions properly—and we are going to do our utmost to help it do so—there will be fewer occasions when one agency will announce a policy change today and another agency denounce it tomorrow. Failing this, our next best hope lies in the prospect of prevailing upon the people themselves not to give credence to any statement on the subject of petroleum that does not bear the imprimatur of the Petroleum Administration for War.

THE END

CLIFF-HANGERS MAKE A COMEBACK

Continued from Page 15

the plot with unabated resolve, nor ever pause for sleep or refreshment.

According to Republic fan-mail statisticians, the young commendably do not approve of a stalwart who lushes, and they don't believe in the gal who, upon being rescued, reaches for a cigarette to soothe her tortured nerves. She'd better not clasp her knight in grateful arms, either, else a disdainful chorus of cracking voices will be raised against her. Accepted technique here is to wipe the blood and hair from the forehead, extend the hand, and say with deep sincerity, "Thanks."

SPENCER BENNETT, O'Sullivan's director, considers this one of Kay's best scenes in any episode. Bennett, fifty, who is the dean of serial directors (having made his first for Thomas A. Edison at Fordham in 1912), is a lean, handsome, quiet-spoken man who still is enthusiastic about his work. He accomplishes his Herculean task of creating sixty two-reel sagas of violence and destruction each year by a mixture of doggedness, high pressure, and cunning. With a dead line constantly nagging at him, he cannot allow his pace to slacken, despite cast-depleting accidents, of which there are many, sudden script changes, of which there are more, or shortage of prop material, which is practically total.

Once he needed fifty horses that would whinny when called upon to do so. The trick-animal company said they could produce the horses for fifty dollars a day apiece. "Nuts," said Bennett, who was running short on his budget. He corralled fifty ponies and bought a crate of sponges and a gallon of spirits of ammonia.

Dipping a sponge in ammonia, he held it under a horse's nose. It whinnied. All the other horses whinnied in response.

"Hell!" Bennett said. "See if you can get that hardware store to take back the rest of the sponges."

Some days later the Wranglers Association, protector of all good horses, told him they'd received a complaint about his inhumane treatment of the beasts. Bennett investigated, found that the trick-animal company (which had done the complaining) put tobacco under their horse's lips to make them whinny. Calling in the humane society, Bennett put it to a vote. Which was worse, he asked, the chaw method or the sniff method? The S. P. C. A. rather thought the horses got a kick out of the ammonia. "Just like grandma and her smelling salts," Bennett explains.

Since there is no Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Humans, Bennett has never been in any trouble over his little devices for getting

extra performance out of his actors. In prime physical condition himself, he cannot understand why people sometimes go to sleep in their camp chairs after only twelve or fourteen hours of falling down mountains, nor why, upon being awakened to shoot an extra night sequence, they go through their paces in a groggy, dispirited fashion. Bennett's system, on these occasions, is to set fire to a sheaf of newspapers and get out his gun. Then he holds the blazing paper in front of the sleeper's face and fires a shot into the floor. Bennett's theory holds that the subject, initially well startled by the gun's report, has the additional stimulus of emerging from a deep sleep to confront a wall of flame, and that this will keep his adrenals secreting at top speed for the required length of time.

He needs every ounce of ingenuity he can muster to finish a picture in these days of shortages and limitations. O'Sullivan, his producer, has become notorious through the years for destroying everything on his sets, specifically rented furniture, during the fight scenes which are his *tour de force*. This was all right with everybody before the war, because O'Sullivan paid for replacements. Now there are no replacements, so no one wants to rent him anything.

Worse, from Bennett's viewpoint, is the lack of breakaway chairs and of windowpanes. Balsa wood, from which the chairs as well as stock blunt instruments have always been made, is a war priorities material. The windows were spun sugar. "Last time we hit Kay on the head with a log," Bennett recalls ruefully, "she staggered around and finally sat down in a fire. It was awful. We couldn't use her on a horse for weeks." The number of stunt men who are gashed while diving through real glass also worries Bennett, who points out that adhesive plaster on a face is picked up by the camera.

SLICK-HAIRED, amiable O'Sullivan, speaking in rich Brooklynese, sneers at Bennett's troubles. "So Aldridge doesn't pull her punches and the stunt men holler about it," he tells Bennett. "So O. K. At her price, she should pull her punches! And at the price I'm paying those guys, they can break real Morris chairs over each other. I've got the Marvel to worry about." While cutting the next-to-last episode of the Marvel serial, O'Sullivan discovered that any one of five gentlemen in the cast might turn out to be the hero when he unmasks at the end. "I wake up screaming in the night, thinking about it," O'Sullivan says. "Suppose the kids don't like the guy I picked? They'd tear me to pieces!"

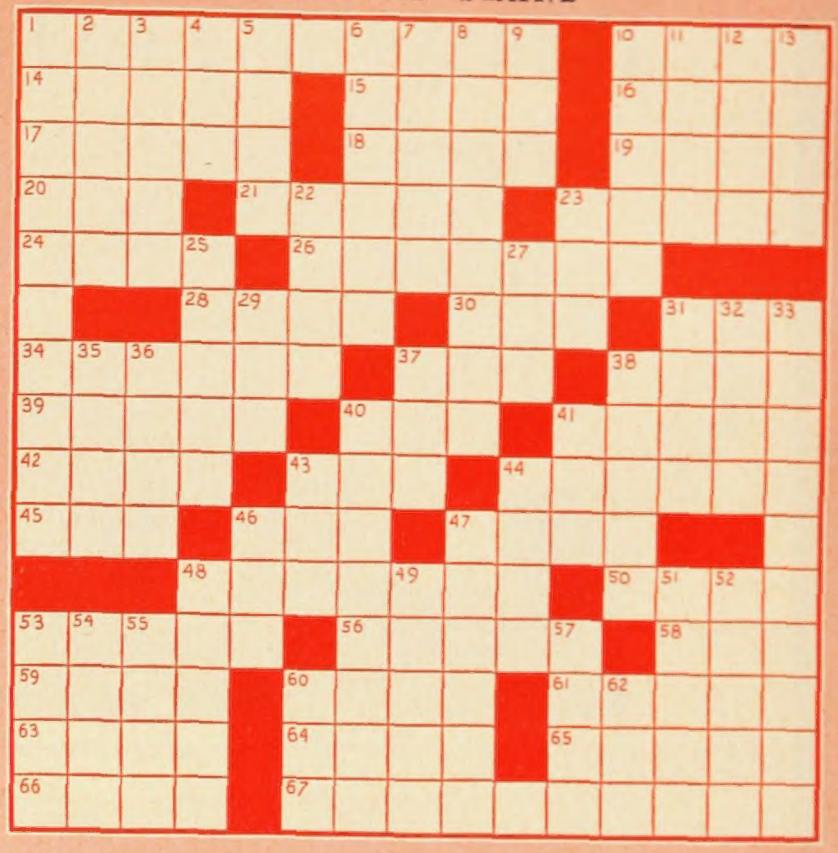
"But why unmask him at all?" the reporter asked. "They never do in the funnies."

O'Sullivan blanched. "If I end it like that," he said simply, "thirty thousand kids will march on San Fernando Valley."

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 These anemic eyebrows tickle gals silly
10 Mishmash
14 Gals make him leery-eyed
15 Something the indigent doughnut maker is always in
16 Member of the Fairy Command
17 *Mug's parking place*
18 Famous last word
19 Blue Boys
20 Twippers Velacitate Erutippeters (abbr.)
21 The Hun asked for it; the Hun is getting it
23 How to relieve your gas problem
24 Clothed gal's nickname
26 In the torrid state of the moist pullet
28 They're filled with rhyme and reason
30 O. K. with the old bean
31 Summer Vanishes Fast (abbr.)
34 Religious insect, it keeps preying
37 The early part of October
38 I've just heard of a rich one that bought a pack of *dogs in order* to follow the hounds
39 Elijah's other name
40 It has a lot of push, but is often behind the 8-ball
41 What congressmen and war profiteers give me (pl.)
42 Bunch of long green financial lettuce
43 Goebbels' baloney
44 C
45 The last word in masculine freedom (fem.)
46 Little Sally
47 They may be cut up and *downtrodden* but they prove their metal in an uncanny way
48 Visionary with double sight
50 What all horseplayers hope to get
53 Kind of cheese
56 Hubs
58 Yammering Mamas Aggravate (abbr.)
59 It's beginning to wobble
60 ½ of a double-talk disease
61 Silly, isn't he?
63 Six standing on its dome
64 Chinese Vlegetable
65 Take it easy when you see this, you note wrestlers
66 *Make romanticklish* sounds like crickets
67 Guy who understands the influence of stars on us men

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Big British gun, recently in Africa
2 Pretty pointed and arch
3 What kind of Gulch is Broadway called?
4 Shane Entices Headaches (abbr.)
5 Every old Boer knew a this or two
6 Axis war bonds
7 Ya odyssey this guy's pome
8 Snazziness
9 It's dough but it doesn't quite make sense
10 What people called Lightnin' never move with
11 Blab
12 Well known Red
13 Ask a favor of destiny
22 Ruff females
23 The first sleeper
25 Kind of peace total war must bring
27 Affected the emotions of
29 Goes wit' dem and dose
31 Window in a tank
32 After this, Caesar vidied and vickied
33 Rag on a bone and a hank o' hair
35 X-word medicine
36 Nixes
37 After three strikes shouldn't John L. Lewis be this?
38 Kind of teeth that bite when sat on
40 No more young flyers will be made these until their voices change
41 The first mush you loved
43 The few so many owe so much to (abbr.)
44 I'd like to collect my salary in one
46 A royal sock in the head makes an Englishman one
47 Order for the general
48 The Yankees get the runaround on these
49 Then there was the *intellectual* horse who ate this—to get horse sense
51 Fighting for a decision
52 Make with the human blast furnace
53 *Visited Daridarama* Jonesimoto (Jap.)
54 A G, a kiss, and two black eyes
55 Vun
57 Horizontal member of the foundation
60 Booze Produces Accidents (abbr.)
62 Dentists Enjoy Openings (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

ABBASSO IL FASCISMO!

Free from Fascism, Sicilians efface a slogan while fingers are upraised in the V symbol.

ABBASSO il Fascismo! Down with Fascism! The cry rings out from Italian throats. Soon German voices will take it up. Before long the whole world will unite in one swelling chorus: Down with Fascism!

For Fascism has failed those who followed its evil star. The plan to force the Fascist way of life on the world, conceived by hard and soulless men, is wrecked upon a greater hardness . . . the tough impervious core which to their surprise they found within the supposedly "soft" nations where men are free.

It is fitting that Fascism should fade out first in the country of its origin—that the people who first came under its illusion should be the first to achieve disillusionment. Many a thoughtful Italian must ask himself to what heights his country might not have risen if the energies and planning which went into the dishonest strivings of Fascism had been applied to more honest endeavors. How much wealth and glory could his country not have earned for itself if into the creation of wealth had been poured the same effort as was put into the stealing of other people's possessions?

The peoples who believed the false prophets of Fascism are paying now and will pay for years to come in sorrow and regret for the brief thrills they got from glamorous parades and trappings and the chance to shout their lungs out for il Duce and der Führer. The world may temper its revenge, but Fascism has cost too much in tears and blood and trouble for us ever to forgive and forget entirely. The wounds it has made are too deep not to leave permanent scars.

The basic ideas of Fascism are that men are created unequal, that one race is superior to another, that the master race can do no wrong, that the world belongs to those bold enough, strong enough, and dishonest enough to steal it, and that the end justifies the means. This callous concept of human relations has led to new lows in brutality, double-dealing, and inhumanity.

We in America, of course, always knew these ideas were wrong. We found it hard to believe whole nations could take them seriously and act upon them. Our inability to recognize in time the threat to ourselves and our way of life is costing us dearly. But if in the end we learn our lesson well, the cost is cheap. We know now how precious indeed are the liberties we were accustomed to taking as a matter of course. We know how dear to us is the right to live as we please, work as we please, talk as we please, worship as we please. We know now what a bad bargain it would be to trade our freedom for any mess of pottage, no matter in what guise it is presented. Any time we give up one iota of our liberties for anybody's political promise, no matter how enticing, we are taking the first step on the road to the same sort of suffering and travail which will be the lot of the ex-Fascist nations for years to come.

This war has taught us also that the world is not a large place any more and that nothing of consequence can happen anywhere in it without affecting us. We know now that we cannot afford to go our own way, either politically or economically, because in the end it costs too much in lives and treasure.

It's far cheaper to chip in our share of the cost of world peace and prosperity as we go along.

Paul Hunter

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